THE FABLE OF THE DREAM BENEFACTOR

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By George Ade

The Benefactor.

ONCE there was a Multi-Millionaire who felt jealous when he heard of John D. handing his pet University another Million every time a new Student Matriculated and others scattering their gifts and benefactions about.

He saw that a very Rich Man who wishes to be Respected must fill his Clothes with Currency and go out and slather it around and holler for everybody to have Something on him and keep the Change.

He decided to follow the prevailing Fashion and spend his Money before he died, thereby giving the Ha-Has to the Legal Profession.

But when this would-be Philanthropist got ready to cut the Strings on his Bundle he struck a Snag.

The Philanthropy Business had been overworked.

Every Town large enough to be indicated on the Map had a Carnegie Library. He found that the Orphans were receiving more Care and Attention than the Children of Club Women.

About the only Little Ones who got into the Country in the Summer were the Homeless Waifs.

As for Colleges, they had multiplied so rapidly that all through the Middle West it was practically impossible to get Harvest Hands.

It began to look as though the benevolent Millionaire would have to burn his Money or else leave it to the usual Nephew who lived on High Balls and Musical Comedy.

"Surely there is Suffering somewhere in this World," said the perplexed Millionaire. "Someone is waiting for a Helping Hand. Now to find him."

He began a careful Study of Social Conditions and soon discovered that the real Sufferer, the mute and patient Victim who was getting the Hooks oftener than any one else, was the poor Reptile whose Wife got up in the Morning and grabbed the Paper to see if the Family was mentioned.

He was the banner Patsy of all Creation and he was the Boy that was praying for someone to come along and throw him a Life Line.

By further Investigation the Multi-Millionaire was horrified to learn that here in this smiling Land of Plenty there were thousands of sad-eyed Men and Women who put on their Good Clothes when they would rather not do so, who went out when they would rather stay Home, who Ate when they were not Hungry, Drank when they were not Thirsty, Conversed by the hour with People who bored them, listened to Speeches they did not want to hear, applauded Vocal Music that was too fierce for words, fondled Infants they wanted to thortle, and read novels that drove them, gasping, out into the Fresh Air.

"Oh, why should we send Relief Ships to India when there is so much Misery right here in our own principal Residence Streets?" asked the philanthropic Millionaire.

So he founded and endowed a Society for the Relief of those who are Invited Out. The Purpose of this glorious Organization was to prove that Entertainments should entertain.

As a First Move, the Benefactor invited all the well-known Citizens to a Formal Dinner in honor of a Statesman who wore Medals for talking against Time.

All the Local Orators who were accustomed to paying for their Plates by telling the same Stories that used to go so well in the early days of McIntyre and Heath were on hand.

A feeling of Sadness seemed to brood over the large Assemblage until it was discovered that in front of each Plate was a Card saying that anyone attempting to make a Speech would be thrown out on his Bean.

Three or four of the Spell-Binders were temporarily stunned, but the Main Bunch laid their Faces down among the Cut Flowers and wept for Joy.

The Dinner proceeded with tremendous Enthusiasm. There were No Dark Clouds on the Horizon threatening a Wind-Storm.

No one was wondering how long the Mayor or the Congressman was going to Spout, or whether they had Manuscripts concealed on their Persons. No one said anything about the Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul. The Man with the Megaphone Voice cut no Ice whatsoever, for they had him sewed up.

Everyone went home feeling good.

Next Day no less than forty grateful Persons stopped the Reformer on the Street and bade him Godspeed in his Noble Work.

The next Thing the Society did was to offer a Cash Bonus to any one giving a Reception at which there would be no Standing in Line and Shaking Hands!

Also it offered annual Salaries to all Celebrities who refrained from reading long-winded Papers to helpless Organizations.

A special Fund was set aside for the purpose of having Children in the Public Schools taught, by means of Charts, the Deadly Effects of the Lap Supper.

Then the Society offered a Bounty of Two Dollars for the scalp of any Person guilty of Amateur Theatricals, and a Reward of $100 for the Body, dead or alive, of any one proposing a Lady Minstrel Show.

A diamond-encrusted Brooch was offered to every Young Woman who would pledge herself never to sing anything that she learned at the Conservatory.

Special Endowments were offered to Colleges on condition that graduates should not be permitted to arise on a Hot Day and quote from Freud.

A large Sum was set aside to secure the passage of a Law prohibit the sale of Flutes to any one except a German employed in an Orchestra.

A Hall of Fame was established for Bridal Couples that refused to take Presents and cut out the Reception at the Home of her Parents.

Then the Multi-Millionaire inaugurated a Grand Movement for the final Emancipation of Those who wear Dress Clothes.

He worked on the Legislature to aside three Days in every Week for the private use of those who want to do as they please without being pulled and hauled.

Any one who broke in on these days with Invitations was liable to Prosecution, the Penalty being a Fine or Imprisonment or both.

By the time this practical Reformer had spent a couple of Millions helping the unfortunate Upper Classes to throw off the Shackles, he was the most popular Character in the Country.

POTASH ON MODERN BANKING

By Montague Glass

"Yes, Mawruss, you can't recognise one of these here snappy, up-to-date young salesmen for commission houses no more," Abe Potash remarked recently. "They look like such typical bankers."

"What do you mean—typical bankers?" Mawruss Perlmutter protested. "A typical banker has got side whiskers, a black string tie, a frock coat and elastic side congress gaiters."

"Not no more," Abe declared. "A typical banker nowadays dresses the same like anybody else, with just a little more color in the necktie, y'understand, and maybe also the coat is gathered in the back and has gussets behind the sleeves so that the banker could show the other members of the Loan and Discount Committee just how he got an 87 at the Swamp Ridge Country Club last Sunday before they go to work and close down on a couple of customers in the silk business."

"In fact, Mawruss," Abe continued, "the old-fashioned banker which begun at the bottom of the ladder as a bench boy in the bank and worked his way up to the president, y'understand, usually gets lost in the merger when his bank is taken over by a large, snappy, up-to-date bank, of which the president worked his way up from a rotten 125 mark in the Reform Bank of the Southwestern Championship amateur title at the Wee Doch and Dorris Country Club, and got took into the Board of Directors of three banks and two trust companies, with a 75 already."

"It's wonderful the way golf has got such a hold on the business life of the country, Abe," Mawruss said.

"I bet yer," Abe agreed fervently, "which if I had a son, Mawruss, I would give him the beginnings of a good sound business education with a couple of these here Scotch professionals, Mawruss, and see him rise to be anyhow one of the two hundred or three hundred vice-presidents which no really up-to-date bank or trust company could get along without, y'understand."

"But, of course, Abe, if you expected that some day he would be able to put through a merger of several banks and trust companies, he should also be a first-class, A number one, cracker jack auction bridge player," Mawruss declared, "because, after all, it's the friendships made by a man who can get his partner out of a four no-trump doubled, y'understand, which counts in after life."

"Well, in some cases, yes," Abe said, "but the real big things in the business world, Mawruss, is reserved for them young fellers whose fathers seen to it that they didn't fool away their time with such nonsense as single and double entry or stenography and typewriting, but made them stick at polo—sometimes called horseback-croquet—till their names was household words in the executive committee rooms and offices of the boards of directors of all the big New York and Chicago banks."

"Naturally, Abe, because what banks has got to have nowadays is the kind of publicity which is going to attract the real big depositors," Mawruss remarked, "and from having a couple of hundred vice-presidents who in their off hours are elegant fifteen-ball pool players or who can win a three-fifty hand in spades by two points and never turn a hair, Abe, ain't going to attract no better class of depositors than pool and pinochle players, y'understand, and no bank never got deposits of over $100,000,000 out of pool and pinochle players, Abe."

"That's because the whole idea of business has gone under a great change in the last few years, Mawruss," Abe said, "which when you and me first went into business, Mawruss, bank presidents got talked about because they wore overcoats five years old and ate a couple of apples for lunch. They also used to walk uptown in the evening and save thirty cents a week carfare that way."

"As for being guarantors of a season of grand opera, Mawruss, and footing a hundred thousand dollar share in a deficit of two millions, y'understand, one of them old-fashioned bankers never would have loosened up for a nickel not if the combined cities of Chicago and New York didn't have no more music than one performance of Trovatore per annum. But depositors take a broader view of bank officials nowadays, Mawruss. They want to do business with a big institution and they figure that officers of a big institution couldn't be small in or out of business."

"At the same time, Abe," Mawruss suggested, "it looks to me that when a bank official has footed a deficiency for grand opera to the extent of a million dollars or so in one season, y'understand, he has done enough to prove to the depositors that he ain't small outside of business hours, Abe, but when he goes to work like a bank official did in Chicago the other day, and tries to clinch the matter in the minds of the depositors by divorcing his wife and marrying one of the prima donnas of the opera company, Abe, he's oversold his depositors on the proposition."

"Sure I know," Abe agreed, "but it's only in such conservative businesses as the moving picture industry and politics that a man has to be careful what his partners find out about his amusements outside of business hours, Mawruss. In a snappy, up-to-date business like the banking business has become in recent years, Mawruss, you've got to overlook such things.

"The modern banking business is in its infancy, Mawruss, and what would seem like sensational methods in such old-fashioned, well-established lines as moving pictures and the manufacture of radio apparatus, y'understand, people is willing to make allowances for in the case of a business which is only in its experimental stages so-to-speak, like these here new chains of banks."

"Well, certainly, in the old days, Abe, when you was blowing your wife and family to a round of Swiss cheese sandwiches and coffee after the theatre, y'understand, and you happened to see in the restaurant somebody connected with your bank, understand me, you felt guilty like you had been discovered drinking champanyer wine out of a chorus lady's slipper," Mawruss said, "which you could imagine what you would feel like today yet if banks still had them carfare-saving officials and you was one of them twin six driving depositors." So I suppose that they've simply got to have them prima donna fanciers for bank presidents nowadays so as to make the depositors feel at home in the bank and to get their business away from these banks which continue to have old-fashioned ideas about not lending money to high livers even when they carry a good balance."

"And what is more, Mawruss, them new style bank presidents who began at the foot of the ladder two years ago as vice-presidents, y'understand, can turn you down for further accommodations and still make you feel a whole lot more comfortable than the old-fashioned bank official, who began as bench boy, could when he loosened up for an addition of ten thousand dollars to the line you already had with the bank, understand me," Abe said.

"Why, I can remember when if you would give me my choice of going to see Old Man Feder at the Kosciusko Bank about the loan we had there or of having an operation for appendicitis, Mawruss, I would have chose the operation. I used to come away from there feeling like I'd had a Turkish bath with all my clothes on.

"Whereas if I go and see a bank official about our loan nowadays, Mawruss, he wouldn't let me get a word in edgewise until he's talked about the shows he's seen lately and told me a couple of stories he's heard at a meeting of the Clearing House Committee which in former days you would have wondered what kind of a stag party it could have been where even a drummer could have picked up such a line of conversation."

"Well, I'll tell you, Abe," Mawruss said, "so far as I can see, there was a whole lot more banks falling solemnly and respectably in the old days than are making money cheerfully today yet.

"In fact, Abe, it was the bank official which never took a vacation in thirty years that was able to cover up his juggling with the funds of depositors' money, whereas in the modern, up-to-date bank, all the officials from the president down to the fortieth assistant cashier spends so much time away from the bank trying to get new business by playing golf with prospective depositors, y'understand, that they're obliged to be straight in their accounts."

"And that is the reason why they have all them hundreds of vice-presidents and assistant cashiers in up-to-date banks, Mawruss," Abe said. "They've got to have anyhow from four to five officials on the bank premises while the rest of the executive officers is playing golf, attending bankers' conventions, and going to business men's annual luncheons, dinners and theatre parties."

"Well, you can say this much about modern, up-to-date banking, Abe," Mawruss remarked: "It certainly keeps bankers out in the open air."

"Or anyhow up late nights," Abe concluded.

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PICK YOUR MONKEY

By G. K. Hanchett

Men who think the human race descended from apes had better keep quiet about it or the monkeys will declare war.

Hundreds of thousands of African baboons, over twenty-one years of age, would give the last drop of their life-blood to avenge this insult.

Other people believe that all men were once cuckoos and that most of them still are.

This sounds more reasonable!

William Jennings Bryan says this is bunk.

He doesn't believe in evolution.

Only the other day he wrote a college professor down in West Virginia and asked: "From what ape did you descend?"

We will admit the question was delicate and personal, yet who can blame the Great Commoner for waging sarcastic?

Someone must curb this evolution fad, or the first thing we know society folks will be taking it up and begin talking about their monkey ancestors.

When they hire someone to look up their family tree they'll have to send him to the jungle to do it.

The only coat of arms worth having will be made of fur, four feet in size, with a curly tail.

Up to the present time, society queens have been satisfied in going back a couple of thousand years and proving that one of their ancestors picked the flowers, that made up the bouquet, that hid the asp, that stung Cleopatra.

His heroic Example induced many weak and faltering Souls to Swear off on the Entertainments that had been slowly but surely leading them towards the Foolish House.

After he passed away, his Statue was set up in every Park and his Birthday was observed in the Public Schools with a Half-Holiday instead of a Programme of Recitations and Speeches.

MORAL: Some People are too Polite to call for Help.

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As long as there were no horse thieves in the family they were satisfied.

Now, with the fad of evolution threatening our best circles, there must be a monkey in every family tree.

Mrs. Van de Fiddle, noted dowager, will say in supercilious tones: "Yes, the de Fiddles came from the famous Congo gorillas."

When a poor guy wants to wed an heiress, all he will have to do is to prove there is a baboon in his family.

Mrs. Reverend Sandy will read a paper at the monthly meeting of the Senior League, showing how her apish forefathers invented the method of swinging by their tails from tree to tree, and reciting a list of the notorious Figg-Broomstalks who have swung since.

Mrs. Premble Barton Smith De Lancey Jones will point with pride to the fact that her great-great-great-great-great-great-great grandfather's monkey wife, in her younger days, was one of the cleverest bandy-legged dancers in captivity, and that the family fortune was founded upon pennies collected on the streets of Babylonia.

Wilson Tyte Tite, the great hair-tonic manufacturer, will advertise that the recipe for his great dandruff-removing preparation has been handed down through the ages from the days when one of his baboon progenitors used to explore the fur of a fellow in search of foreign matter.

The next thing we know we will be having clubs of prominent citizens who call themselves the Sons and Daughters of Monkeys, with a Monkey House in every village.

Not That Kind of Wind.

An eminent physician, attended by a number of medical students, was making the round of a hospital ward and stopped beside a bed whereon lay a man with a very prominent chest.

The physician, having elicited from the sick man the fact that he was in the habit of playing a wind instrument, went on:

"Yes, all that puffing and straining is most prejudicial to the lungs, most prejudicial.

"What wind instrument used you to play?" he asked," addressing the patient.

To the huge delight of the students the patient replied:

"The concertina, sir."

An Awkward Question.

Gertrude had been inquisitive all the evening. Her father had answered her questions patiently, but he was becoming exasperated.

Finally she said:

"What do you do at the office all day, daddy?"

Daddy's patience gave way. "Oh, nothing," he said.

Gertrude pondered over this answer for a moment. Then she returned valiantly to the charge. "But how do you know when you have finished?" she asked.

True Politeness.

Mrs. Cobb decided to visit New York and spend a day with a friend.

Her grocer had not called by the time she was ready to leave, so she wrote on a card:

"All out. Don't leave anything," and tacked it on the door.

Upon her return at night she discovered that the house had been ransacked. On the card which she had left on the door these words had been added:

"Thanks, but we couldn't take the heavy furniture."

It Struck Him Rich

"He always tries to see the bright side."

"What's happened?"

"He was run down by an automobile yesterday and almost killed, yet the first thing he said when he regained consciousness was, 'See what after fifteen years I've got a chance to cash in on an accident policy.'"

Generous

MOLLY (aged six)—Mummy, I know what I'm going to give you for your birthday. A nice rose-bowl.

Mother—But I have one, dear.

Moly—Yes, I know, but—I've just broken it.

Advertisement.

MRS. ALEXANDER BRADLEY'S FIVE-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER DANGEROUSLY ILL

Here is a little bit of true life put into a letter. Mrs. Alexander Bradley of Danbury, Conn., says: "After 14 long years trying different remedies I have at last found a good medicine—Dr. True's Elixir.

"I was nearly discouraged. I was giving the oldest girl something nearly every night, but now I keep a bottle of Dr. True's Elixir handy, and only give it occasionally. I have tried so many things, but now as soon as I see signs of worms I give Dr. True's Elixir for quick relief.

"My son, 4 years of age, was always troubled with worms when small and 'Dr. True's' was unknown to me then. I always have it on hand now, as I have another small child. They even ask for more. Now please print this letter so other anxious mothers may know the good results which follow Dr. True's Elixir for children suffering with worms and constipation, as I cannot recommend it too highly."

Symptoms to watch: Constipation, offensive breath, swollen upper lip, deranged stomach, occasional pains, pale face of leaden tint, eyes heavy and dull, twitching eyelids, short, dry cough, grinding of the teeth, red point on the tongue, starting during sleep, slow fever.

A great deal of sickness comes from irregular bowels, a vital part of the body. At the first signs of constipation give Dr. True's Elixir—for it is the right kind—gentle, pleasant to take, with no griping or distressing after-effects.

A well-known New Yorker writes: "While visiting in historic old Plymouth (Mass.), my family became acquainted with your Dr. True's Elixir and True Family Laxative and Worm Expeller. It does all you claim for it in aiding digestion and relieving insomnia and constipation. Please ship me six large size bottles, for mother is in need of it."—Wm. L. Ralph.

Nearly every grown-up as well as every child needs a laxative. Keep the bowels regular by using Dr. True's Elixir, 40c—60c —$1.20.

Advertisement.

WEAK NERVOUS PEOPLE Find Strength and Energy in ELVITA PILLS

Elvita Pills Enrich the Blood, Strengthen the Nerves, Build Up Physical Power, Give Vigor and Nerve Power to Nerves. Tired Out, Despondent People, Shake off your weakness. Be strong—steady—clear-headed and full of vigor. TAKE ELVITA PILLS.

Elvita Pills have always stood the test. They relieve nervousness, weakness, exhaustion, general debility, nervous prostration, nervous weakness, nervous exhaustion, mental depression and unstrung nerves, caused by the following: Overwork—Indulgence in alcohol, tobacco or excesses of any kind. Your tired, overworked system must have something to build it up—or you will soon find you literally drag around. Elvita Pills Taste the pleasures and success that come from strong nerves and abundant energy. Take Elvita Pills. Every day's delay means just so much more drag on your system. Start today to be in condition to assert yourself. Elvita Pills Remedies are sold by all reliable druggists.

ELVITA DRUG CO.
3 Tremont Row
Boston

ELVITA BROMO-GENTIAN COMP.

Is a bitter tonic. It stimulates the appetite and aids digestion—25 years in private practice has proven it to be exceedingly valuable for various dyspeptic nervous debility and nervous or irritable stomachs.

A teaspoonful or two taken before retiring helps to induce a restful sleep. Sold at druggists $1 a bottle.

The famous Elvita remedies sold at Armstrong Stores, North Station, Young's Hotel, Parker House, Richardson's Dewey Square, and other reliable drug stores.

Advertisement.

The DOCTOR'S ADVICE

by Dr. Lewis Baker

Mrs. B. T. writes: "I suffer much with indigestion, have a feeling in stomach as if bloating. Can you help me?"

Answer: For indigestion, dyspepsia and such symptoms as you mention, I advise the use of the tablets Trioppetine. Full directions in each carton with full directions. They prove very effective.

Orrin writes: I have been taking salts to purify my blood and cure my skin of itching and eruptions, but get much benefit. Please prescribe for this."

Answer: "I advise 3-grain Sulpheru tablets (not sulphur tablets), composed of sulphur, cream of tartar and vegetable extract, to relieve your constipation and purify the system. Take this treatment for several months for best results.

"Patient" writes: "I want your free advice. I seem to have gone all to pieces. I am irritated and annoyed by dizzy moments, flickle appetite, no strength, and have no pleasure for me any more."

Answer: There are thousands who live too fast and then find themselves in your plight. The nervous system has been deranged. A tonic invigorating medicine like Cactinea tablets will afford aid to Nature by supplying more force, energy and vim to your system a chance to recuperate, when calm nerves will take the place of shattered nerves.

"Laborer" asks: "I am so affected with painful kidneys that I cannot work regularly. My sleep is disturbed by frequent calls, only to void small amounts and follows burning, smarting pains. Back aches and often have chills and fever, making me real sick for a day."

Answer: A good tonic, soothing and neutralizing medicine for such complaints is Balmwort tablets. Try them and continue a few weeks and I am sure you will write me of your recovery.

Mrs. C. L. G. writes: "I suffer several headaches and periodic pelvic pain. Can I get relief?"

Answer: I have found 5-grain Sulphol tablets very effective in such cases. They contain no opiates to harm you.

Daughter asks: "I suffer greatly owing to too much work. Can you advise me of a good reduction remedy?"

Answer: Any well-stocked pharmacy can supply you with 5-grain Arbolone tablets, packed in sealed tubes with full directions for use. These tablets have proven wonderfully effective in reducing abnormal fat.

Mrs. M. asks: "My scalp itches terribly, is feverish, and a great amount of oily dandruff is present. Can you advise me what to do?"

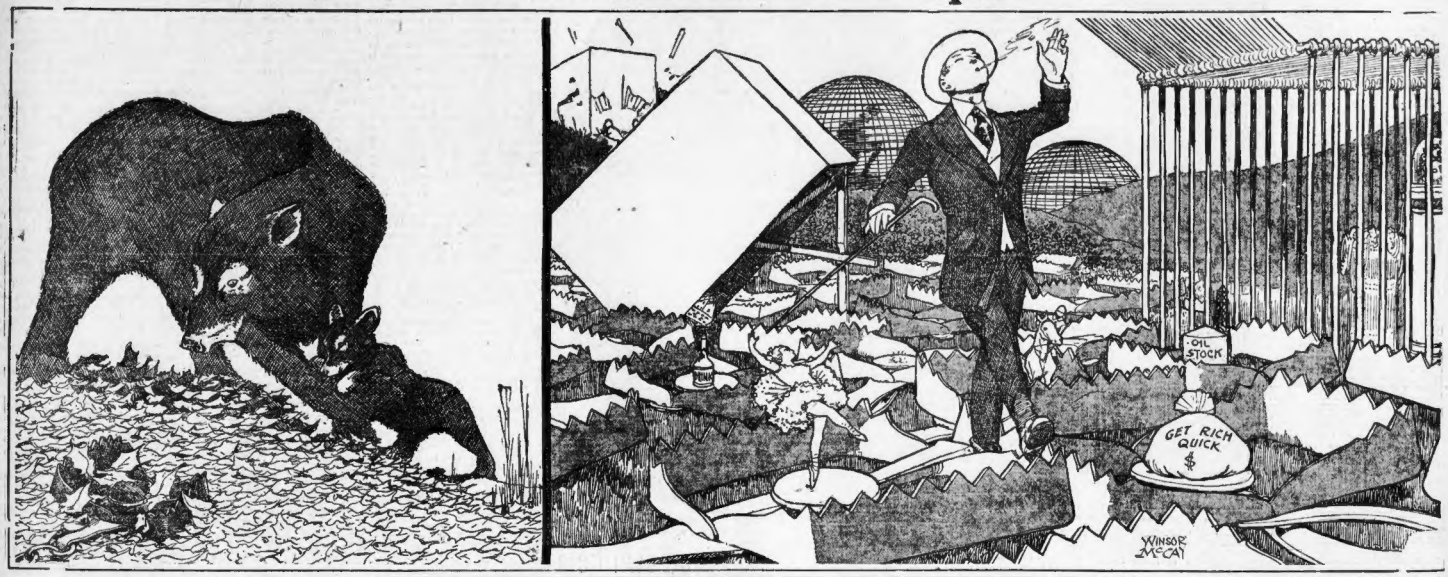
Answer: First shampoo the hair and then apply plain yellow Mineral oil once a week as per directions. This relieves the itching, overcomes the dandruff and makes the hair beautifully glossy and lustrous. Obtain in 4-oz. jars of druggists.

Note: For many years Dr. Baker, 313 College Bldg., Dayton, Ohio, has been giving free advice and prescriptions to millions of readers through the press columns, and doubtless has helped as many diseases and ailments more than any single individual medicine. Cactinea tablets will afford aid to Nature by supplying more force, energy and vim to your system a chance to recuperate, when calm nerves will take the place of shattered nerves.

Dr. Lewis Baker, Dear Sir:—I feel it as a duty to write you. Four years ago my husband had a bad cough and found no relief from all cough medicines we could try. We finally tried the Mentho-Laxene prescription and made it up as cough medicine and it quickly cured him. It now gives me great relief from asthma, from which I suffer in winter time, as you know here in Oregon we have it so rainy instead of snow. I send stamps and coupon for your free "Guide Book, Health and Beauty." Thanking you, I am, Yours truly Mrs. M. H. Van Wart, Lents, Ore gon.

EDITORIAL WOMEN'S ACTIVITIES, SOCIETY, DRAMATIC SECTION
BOSTON SUNDAY ADVERTISER
New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper BOSTON, SUNDAY, JUNE 11, 1922 New England's Greatest Sunday Newspaper

It's a World of Traps



If the Average Young Man Had the Intelligence of an Old Bear, How Much Better It Would Be for the Average Young Man.

All Along the Road of Life Traps Are Scattered. And for the One Trap of Steel That Threatens the Wild Animal, a Thousand Traps Lie in Wait for the Average Young Human Being.

Yet Nearly All the Animals Know Enough to Look Out for Traps and Avoid Them. Among Men the Average of TRAP INTELLIGENCE Is Lower.

Mr. McCay's Message to Young Men in This Cartoon Is "Watch Your Step." Don't Be More Foolish Than a Bear, a Muskrat or a Tiger.

"For among my people are found wicked *men:* they lay in wait, as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men."—Jeremiah v., 26.

A SEEKER after big game, anxious to get fine skins free from bullet holes, may pass a whole Winter trying to trap an old grizzly and then fail.

The wise bear goes carefully on his way. He never heard a word of warning from his mother. He has probably not seen other bears in traps—all of us human beings have seen our sons or friends trapped. Yet **SOMETHING** teaches the bear to be careful. He sniffs, looks and watches carefully if human beings are anywhere about.

He seems able to smell cold steel and keep away from it.

And if in the end he does get trapped, he at least tries to break the trap and leave it behind him.

As soon as he feels the cold steel grip his foot he knows what has happened. Old hunters will tell you that many a time they have found their trap holding the foot of a bear or some other wild animal, the animal having gnawed off its foot to escape.

* * *

Very different with young men, and older men, too, walking through the jungle of life.

The young often blunder into the first trap that offers. The old, having been trapped a dozen times, can **STILL** be trapped.

Each time they seem to say, "That trap looks very pretty. I like the bait that it holds. There can't be any harm in **THAT**. I think I'll just **TRY IT.**" They try, and snap goes the trap again.

* * *

From the very beginning traps have been set with the bait ready, and we poor humans, that learn so slowly, have always nibbled at the bait.

There was the snake holding out the apple bait. Eve took it and Adam bit into it.

And, unlike the bear, Adam had been **TOLD.** He had been warned, he knew that the fruit of that one tree was the trap in the Garden, but he couldn't keep away from it.

If you show an animal a trap and let him look at it you will never catch him. But you can catch the same man a dozen times in the same trap. If you doubt it, ask the divorce courts, the victims of confidence games, the "easy marks" or the get-rich-quick victims. Examine the strong boxes even of able financiers when they die. You find them holding much trash along with better securities.

* * *

An elephant is said to have the brain nearest to man's—far lower in power, of course, but most thoughtful and careful—among animals.

An elephant will feel every bridge with his foot before he walks over it to make sure that it will not give under his weight. He is suspicious about going into swamps. As for catching him in a trap, it is almost impossible unless you can get him stampeded along the road where the pitfall has been prepared. Then fear sometimes kills caution.

* * *

If you want to catch a wild animal you must at least use bait that would be of some **USE** to the animal, or that **APPEARS** to be of use.

You can make a trout spring at an artificial fly, but as it seizes the fly you must instantly jerk the line hard enough to make the hook fast, otherwise the artificial fly is instantly spat out.

Human beings will swallow perfectly worthless bait and keep on swallowing it. It seems impossible to teach them.

Mr. McCay's picture shows you traps spread along the road through which we all travel. It is the road of civilization, and it is a kind of jungle in its way.

There are in the jungle of civilization men and women as dangerous as poisonous snakes—even more dangerous. They poison the body and poison the mind; snakes only poison the body.

* * *

With his cartoon of a world filled with traps Mr. McCay sends this message:

"I think this picture might be useful to some old and young readers. Many, of course, NOTHING can help. They are like the well-known New Yorker busy losing his money in a gambling house at a Winter resort. A friend warned him that the gambling game was 'crooked'—fixed so that winning was impossible. 'Why did you tell me?' said the gambler, annoyed. 'Don't you know this is the only gambling house in town? Now I can't play.'

"All animals go out looking for traps and try to keep away from them.

"Too many men less wise than the animals go out LOOKING FOR THE TRAPS, ANXIOUS TO FIND THEM.

"Read the stories of fools brought into court, the stories of young men gobbled up by females, whose very blush, thickly painted on, should have been sufficient warning of the trap. Or consider the young girls of great wealth, snapped up as a chicken snatches a grain of corn by imitation noblemen from Europe, or by the real article, sometimes worse than the imitation.

"I try to show in my picture that this is a world full of traps. For one trap in the forest where wild animals are caught there are a hundred, or a thousand, in the city, where young men and women are caught.

"The strange part of it is that in cities the traps are labeled, easily seen; they don't even have to be hidden.

"When it comes to traps, a bear is ten times as intelligent as the average man. Watch your step."

* * *

There are all kinds of traps set for men, but as with other things—fire, earth, water; faith, hope, charity, etc.—the traps go by three, and the first three are baited with "Drink, women, self-indulgence."

Drink is a bait that has trapped millions and cheated many of their chance in life.

The wrong kind of woman is another kind of bait that, since and before the day of Marc Antony, has turned power into stupidity and failure.

Self-indulgence is a sort of marsh trap into which, most easily, its two-legged humans fall.

Among animals you will find the older teaching the young animals to keep away from traps. The bear will go ahead and save its cub from danger. The old elephant goes ahead of the young elephant.

But often among human beings—and that is the worst and most disgusting part of it—you often see the father deliberately leading the son into the very trap by which the father has been caught.

You will see a man encouraging his son in drinking and smoking, or in something far worse. You will see him taking that son into doubtful company, and you will hear the foolish, unworthy excuse, "I want my boy to know the world."

As the teeth of a steel trap leave their marks on an animal's leg, and often mean death and ruin, so the teeth of the social trap, the vicious society or the vicious habits, leave their marks on the soul of youth, and in the end mean ruin.

* * *

The oldest trap, one into which Noah fell and many millions before and since, is alcohol. This country is striving to wipe out that trap by law.

Millions in the past have fallen into it and have been drowned, morally and mentally.

Whether the **LAW** can save us from traps of any kind—alcoholic or other—or whether we must learn, each for himself, to avoid traps as the animals learn, the experiment now being made in prohibition will tell us.

Meanwhile, as Mr. McCay says, "Watch your step."

* * *

Remember Samson, with Delilah cutting off his hair. That was one of the old traps.

He pulled down the temple, but it was too late. He should have said to Delilah, "You mind **YOUR** business. I am a virtuous giant."

Remember that whoever lays a trap to catch you considers you, first of all, a fool. Indignation, if not the instinct of self-preservation, should make you refuse to be caught.

You pick up a little flat piece of board and see the metal spring that has caught a mouse by the neck. You despise that mouse, perhaps, as you throw it out. But you needn't.

For every mouse caught and strangled in the trap there have been a dozen men caught in a trap less cunningly devised and less difficult to avoid.

A mouse that can be caught in a trap baited with cheese would have too much brains to be caught in a trap baited with oil stocks if it could read and if it knew what happened to others that took such bait.

A mouse tempted by a trap baited with a lady mouse, painted and spangled, would know enough to say, "No; I know **ANOTHER** lady mouse, quieter, more reliable. I will call on **HER.**"

* * *

A man may lead a sensible, long, useful life if he is on the lookout for traps, showing, at least, as much sense as a bear.

WATCH YOUR STEP.

* * *

Millions have done their mourning **AFTER** the trap had seized them.

Consider the verses, so powerfully written, in the eighteenth chapter of Job, verses 8, 9 and 10:

"For he is cast into a net by his own feet, and he walketh upon a snare.

"The gin shall take *him* by the heel *and* the robber shall prevail against him.

"The snare *is* laid for him in the ground, and a trap for him in the way."

Bildad the Shuhite, one of the original "Job's comforters," knew of the traps and deplored them. Still, they are laid out in the big city, in the little village, and in the quiet country.

They are spread in every kind of business, in every school and college.

But intelligence avoids them, observation discovers them.

WATCH YOUR STEP.

News of Women's Activities

Who's Who In The State Federation

DO you know who's who on the executive board of the State Federation of Women's Clubs?

This board was elected at the annual convention held recently in New Bedford. With the federation becoming more active each year, with new clubs joining and more women, yes, and men, too, becoming interested in what the federation stands for, a word or two about the official family is not amiss.

Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole of Brockton succeeds to the office of president of the Massachusetts State Federation of Women's Clubs with a wealth of service, both in the federation and in her home community to her credit.

She has served the federation successively as first vice-president for two years, second and fourth vice-president for terms of one year each, and as corresponding secretary, general federation secretary and director. Her ability as a lecturer on current events is recognized throughout the State, and through her many engagements she has endeared herself to hundreds of club women who welcome her as their leader.

She is a past president of the Woman's Club of Brockton, one of the largest clubs of the State, and also of the Matrons' Club of the First Universalist Church of Brockton. Other interests in her home city include directorship in the Visiting Nurse Association, Family Welfare Association, Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, membership in the Fortnightly Club, as well as being auditor of the Brockton Branch of Civic Federation and trustee of the Brockton Hospital. She is also a member of the Presidents' Club and the Ex Club of Boston.

Mrs. Poole was born in Wakefield, the only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. W. H. Morrison, now of Nashua, N. H., and formerly of Brockton for the past twenty-five years. She was graduated from the Salem Normal school and later taught in the Brockton schools.

Mrs. Frederick G. Smith, first vice-president, represents the Fortnightly Club of Somerville, which she served as president from 1906-1911. Previous offices held in the Federation include those of second and third vice-president, chairmanship of civics and she is now director of Americanization. She also holds membership in the Repertoire Club and the Browning Club of Somerville and Presidents' Club.

Mrs. Joseph S. Leach, second vice-president, of the Walpole Woman's Club, has served both as its corresponding secretary and president. She has been both third and fourth vice-president of the Federation, served two years as General Federation secretary, as chairman of Conservation, a member of the Civil Service Reform department and as chairman of the Massachusetts War Victory Commission. She is the present director of Home Demonstration Work.

She is also president of Norfolk County Home Economics Council and on the advisory council of Massachusetts Agricultural College, Women's Department. Home community interests include vice-presidency and former presidency of Walpole Visiting Nurse Association, Red Cross, Republican Town committee, trustee of Norwood Hospital Association, and during the World War chairmanship of the Women's Division, Walpole Public Safety Committee.

She is a member of the Presidents' Club, Parm and Garden Association, Massachusetts Audubon Society, Massachusetts Forestry Association, Edward Everett Hale Lend-a-Hand Club and Walpole Branch Alliance.

Mrs. Wallace P. Hood, third vice-president, is a representative of the Danvers Women's Association, which she has served as former president, vice-president, corresponding secretary and press correspondent. She has been for two years fourth vice-president of the Federation, following a term as director of the Fifth District. Patriotic interests include regency of General Israel Putnam Chapter, D. A. R., from 1899-1914, and chairmanship of the committee and trustees for buying and restoring the historic Holten House.

She is founder of the Danvers Salem Normal Club, president of the Hague Classes of the Salem Normal School, past president of Unity Club, director of Salem Society of Higher Education, former advisory board member of Essex County Agricultural School and Danvers representative of State War Community Service Committee. Study classes in old furniture, china and glass and gardening are among her hobbies.

Mrs. Hood is also a member of Danvers Historical Society, Topefield Historical Society, Presidents' Club and Ex-Regents' Club.

Mrs. Arthur D. Potter, fourth vice-president, has served twice as president of the Woman's Club of Greenfield, which she represents. For three years she has been director of the Eighth District of the Federation, and has been a member of both the art and mothercraft committees. She is now first vice-president of the Hampden County Women's Club, is a member of the advisory council of the women's department, Massachusetts Agricultural College, and a member of the Presidents' Club.

In Greenfield she has been two years on the executive board of the Chamber of Commerce, and is a member of the National and State affairs committee, of town meeting, of the Town Planning Board and during the war was chairman for Greenfield of the woman's committee of the Council of National Defense.

Mrs. Frank F. Spaulding, clerk, represents the Friday Club of Everett, of which she was president in 1912-1914, and former vice-president and chairman of education. She has served the Federation as clerk for two and one-half years, as director for nearly three years and as a member of the education department.

She is a member of the Presidents' Club. In her home city she is a director of the Everett Home for Aged Persons, a member of the Advisory Committee of Evening Schools, and during the war won three stripes for distinguished service in management of the Red Cross rooms.

Mrs. Herbert C. Bliss, assistant clerk of the Pierian Club of Attleboro, has been president and secretary twice. For three years she served as chairman of the Badge Committee of the Federation. She is a member of the President's Club, of which she is a former director and of the Etseric Club of Attleboro and has been active on the music committees of both home clubs.

Miss Agnes L. Dodge, corresponding secretary, is a representative of the Melrose Highlands Woman's Club, of which she was president from 1911-1913. She has served the Federation as director and as a member of the Civil Service Reform and Public Health Committees. She is clerk of the Melrose Planning Board, secretary-treasurer of the New England Federation of Women's Clubs, and a member of the New England Women's Club, the Women's City Club of Boston and the Presidents' Club.

Mrs. Frederick S. Davis, Treasurer, has served as president, secretary and treasurer of Ex-Regents (D. A. R.) Club of Boston. She is former vice-president of West Roxbury Woman's Club, a member of Brightheimstone Club, Daughters of the Union, and of Massachusetts D. A. R. as a regent of Mary Draper Chapter and past State vice regent. The Morgan Memorial is one of her special interests.

Mansfield Post Meets

The last meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the James J. Mansfield Post, No. 153, American Legion of Concord, before October, will take place Tuesday evening in the Veterans' Building, Walden street. Miss Mary A. Flavin, the president, will have charge of the meeting.

Acton Woman's Club

The annual meeting of the Acton Woman's Club will be held on Wednesday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. George Richardson. It will take the form of a picnic. The election of officers for the ensuing year will be held at this time, and annual reports of officers and committee will be made.

This is a Week of Country Fetes

Photo by Marceau.
MRS. J. MON HALLOWELL

Photo by Gere.
MRS. FRANCIS E. SLATTERY

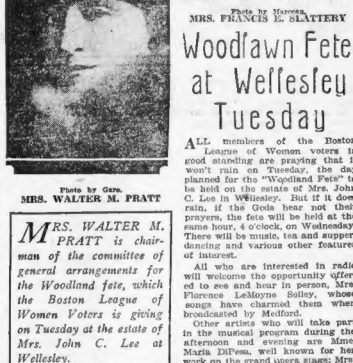


Photo by Gere.
MRS. WALTER M. PRATT

Woodlawn Fete at Wellesley Tuesday

ALL members of the Boston League of Women voters in good standing are praying that it won't rain on Tuesday, the day planned for the "Woodland Fete" to be held on the estate of Mrs. John C. Lee in Wellesley. But if it does rain, if the Gods hear not their prayers, the fete will be held at the same hour, 4 o'clock, on Wednesday. There will be music, tea and supper, dancing and various other features of interest.

All who are interested in radio will welcome the opportunity offered to see and hear in person, Mrs. Florence Leldyone Solley, whose songs have charmed them when broadcasted by Medford.

Other artists who will take part in the musical program during the afternoon and evening are Mme. Maria DiPesa, well known for her work on the grand opera stage; Mrs. William M. Blatt, reader; Miss Josephine Mossey, violinist, and Miss Pauline Dueth Barry, pianist. Mrs. Malcolm French is in charge of this feature of the program.

For the adventurous, fortunes are to be told by Mrs. Margaret Gallagher, and the games and sports being arranged are in charge of Mrs. William Barry, who will provide entertainment for young and old.

Supper will be served under the direction of Mrs. Charles S. Hill, Mrs. Walter M. Pratt of the Hotel Somerset is in charge of general arrangements. Mrs. Pratt is also chairman of the League's ways and means committee and the League's finance committee.

Others serving on Mrs. Pratt's committees besides the chairman of sub-committees already named are Mrs. Leverett S. Tuckerman, 2nd; Mrs. A. Ten Eyck Hale and Mrs. Frank Hill.

Arrangements have been made with the railroad for special cars from the South Station at 2:20 and 3:20 daylight saving time, or visitors can go by trolley to Wellesley square, where a 20-minute walk up Grove street brings one to the entrance of the grounds. If desired, automobiles will carry passengers, and a small entrance fee to the Fete will go to the support of the League's civic work.

Among the patronesses working for the success of the fete are: Mrs. Roland M. Baker, Mrs. Junius O. Beebe, Miss Amelia Muir Baldwin, Mrs. Alanson Bigelow, Jr., Miss Mary E. Bradlee, Mrs. H. Addington Bruce, Mrs. David Cheever, Mrs. Albert I. Croll, Mrs. Tucker Daland, Mrs. Bancroft G. Davis, the Misses Dabnee, Miss Rose L. Dexter, Mrs. Guy K. Dustin, Mrs. Everett O. Fisk, Mrs. J. Malcolm Forbes, the Misses Flint, Miss Julia W. Frothingham, Miss Marion Greeley, the Misses Horsey, Mrs. Henry Lowell Hiscock, Mrs. James Edward Hollis, Mrs. John Lindsley, Mrs. Arthur W. Moors, Mrs. John F. Moors, Miss Fanny C. Osgood, Miss Abby S. Perry, Mrs. Benjamin F. Pitman, Miss Helen M. Ranney, Mrs. Arthur G. Rotch, Mrs. Henry B. Russell, Mrs. Henry Lyman Shaw, Mrs. Robert Gould Shaw, Mrs. James R. Torbert, Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall Tuckerman, 2d,

MRS. WALTER M. PRATT is chairman of the committee of general arrangements for the Woodland fete, which the Boston League of Women Voters is giving on Tuesday at the estate of Mrs. John C. Lee at Wellesley.

Mrs. Francis E. Slattery will be in charge of the supper served at the "Lest-We-Forget Fete," to be held next Saturday on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson, Brookline.

Mrs. J. Mott Hallowell has charge of the dance. From 4 to 9 o'clock there will be dancing to music furnished by the Fifth Infantry Band.

On With The Fun At Girl City Club House

NO terrors does the heat hold for the members of the Girl's City Club. No indeed! It merely gives 'em a little pep. Today those who want to go to Scituate by truck are to spend the day at "Driftway," and it's to be a "good old-time seashore day" for all club members. The party starts at 10 o'clock, lunches go as baggage.

Tomorrow at 8 o'clock, the Girls' City Club Athletic Association holds its last meeting of the season. Reports will be read and the names of those who won the awards will be announced. Meeting in the chimney corner, but there won't be a fire!

On Wednesday there will be a canoe trip and athletic association social at Riverside. Train leaves Trinity place at 4 o'clock. Those who can paddle are asked to make themselves and their accomplishment known at the office.

Another week-end party is planned for Friday at Woods House, Rockport. The party is being arranged by the Ace High Circle. Expense will not exceed eight dollars.

Anderson Estate Open to Public on Saturday

VARIED and vari-colored are to be the attractions at the "Lest-We-Forget Fete" to be held on the estate of Mr. and Mrs. Lars Anderson at Brookline next Saturday afternoon and evening. The fete is open to the public, admission being fifty cents.

There will be dancing during the afternoon and evening on the velvety lawns of "Weld" to the music of the Fifth Infantry Regular Army Band, which will come down from Fort Devens for the occasion. The band has just returned to this country from the Army Occupation in Germany. Mrs. J. Mott Hallowell is in charge of the dancing pavilion.

One of the features of the fete will be the little Japanese trees, some of them 250 and 300 years old. There are about one hundred of these tiny cherry trees, and great interest has been aroused in them as they are a rarity in this country. More than thirty years ago Mr. Anderson brought them from Japan, where he was United States Minister. Several of the finest specimens were given to him by the Mikado.

These trees, with the proper care, live for hundreds of years. American gardeners believe they can grow here just as well as in Japan if those taking care of them understand their needs. The Japanese garden, one of the chief attractions at "Weld," is the most perfect miniature Japanese garden in this country. It was planned for Mr. Anderson by a member of the Japanese Court. It is here that tea will be served under the direction of Mrs. George R. Fearing.

A light supper will be served by Mrs. Francis E. Slattery, assisted by Miss Julia C. Prendergast and others.

Mrs. Clarence R. Edwards is chairman of the committee on general arrangements. She is assisted by Mrs. Burret Wendell, Mrs. George R. Fearing, Mrs. Channing Cox, Mrs. Percy Lleaman, Mrs. Arthur J. Kelly, Mrs. George W. Wheelright, Mrs. Richard D. Coe, Miss Elizabeth Leland, Mrs. Francis E. Slattery, Mrs. W. S. H. Lothrop, Lieutenant-Commander C. W. Hamilton, Mrs. Lars Anderson, Mrs. Irving Marshall, Miss Edith Jackson, Mrs. J. Mott Hallowell, Miss Harriet Curler, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Whitewell, Mrs. Louise W. Fleming, Captain Judson Hannigan, Mrs. Henry Grant Learnard, and Mrs. Henry A. Wylie.

Lieutenant-Colonel F. W. Stopford is in charge of arrangements of the grounds and of transportation. Mrs. Walter M. Pratt is in charge of publicity and Mrs. Guy K. Dustin of the Hotel Somerset is in charge of tickets.

As the Widow Sees Them

By FLORENCE COWLES.

JEANNETTE doesn't like housework. She likes to be comfortable, well-clothed, well-fed, and with pretty things about her. She says she simply CAN'T wash dishes, the sight of dishwater makes her ill. She simply CAN'T sweep and dust, it tires her back and it makes her hands grimdy. She simply CAN'T wash and iron—well, that's quite out of the question!

If "can't" were changed to "won't," one would come nearer the real reason of why Jeannette acts as she does. Ma does the housework. Jeannette has a job in town. She's doing office-house-work only she doesn't call it that. She does a little stenographic work, she waits on the boss, runs his errands, dusts his desk, buys his collars and handkerchiefs when he thinks he needs a fresh supply; does a little filing; bosses the office boy, answers the telephone, and does whatever comes along in the way of general errands and at the end of the week she receives her lighteen dollars.

Does she do any errands at home for Ma? Does she dust her dresser as she dusts her boss's desk? Nope. Jeannette feels more strongly than many a business man that she does HER work in the office and when she's home she shouldn't be expected to do anything of value for herself or anyone else.

At home she expects to be waited upon, taken care of, pampered as though she were a nine-day wonder in holding down a job.

She may give Ma some of her cash, but not much, not enough to buy Ma silk stockings and a georgette dress and fancy pumps anyway. Yet MA works too. And nobody waits on Ma. Her day begins before breakfast which she is supposed to have ready on time for Jeannette and the other "bread-winners," and it ends in the evening when the family stocking-bag is emptied and she has put fresh collars and cuffs in Jeannette's yellow sweater.

All day long Ma is at it. Dusting, sweeping, making the layer-cake Jeannette likes, doing up the bureau covers so Jeannette's room may be fresh and dainty, mending the rips in Jeannette's silk blouse, picking up the papers that Jeannette in her hurry scattered all over the living room.

Will Jeannette eventually be as unselfish as Ma? Will she work and slave for those whom she loves? Or will the selfishness of her life, the office training, the self-centred ideas which Ma encourages her to hold—your're wrong, Ma—keeps her from ever knowing the joy of doing for others?

The rental we pay for space in this world is service. People who don't pay rent are apt to be brought face to face with some of the stern realities of life.

Is that what the Jeannettes are in for?

Additional Club Notes on Page 5-E

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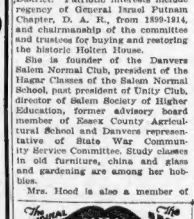

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79c EACH — The value of this lot ranges from 1.25 to 2.00. There are different sizes and weights, and they have pink, blue or yellow borders. An opportunity not to be missed.
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Embroidered on beautiful linen, with their usual charm. Special, 1.00 to 4.50 each
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News of Interest To Society—by Mrs. C.H. Washburn

SOCIETY IN

dication of the times.

In Newport, at their Country Club, already arranged are golf tournaments for each Saturday through July and August, and three important tennis tournaments at the Casino, beginning in mid-Summer. The women's tournament, opening July 14, is to be of special note, one of the big events of the Summer, for which players already are in training.

Then, with all this out-of-door sport trend, comes also a big Summer charity campaign, following up that of the Winter, so unprecedented in extent and financial results. For those near home a strong interest is made with the "Lest We Forget" fete on the 17th, for which the Larz Andersons are throwing their Brookline estate open to the public, from 4 until 8, in the interests of the Army and Navy Club. The Japanese teahouse will be a leading attraction under the direction of Mrs. Fearing, with all sorts of interesting things to see and do.

Among the larger events outside of local environment, Mrs. Payne Whitney's fair and tea last week at the country place in Manhasset, on Long Island, for the benefit of the Babies' Milk Fund and New York Hospital, claimed first attention among the fashionable cottage coterie in all that region. In the variety of things offered for sale were the pedigreed livestock, including the famous Sealyham breed, and police dog puppies, pet birds and domestic fowl, for which men put in an especially lively competition. Mrs. Robert Bacon opened her country place in Westbury, Long Island, during the week, in the interest of the Westbury Neighborhood House.

In way of the earlier North Shore season's program, on purely society lines, Mrs. Fanue's dance for her daughter Pauline on Thursday of this week at the Sumer home on Ox Pasture Hill, Rowley, claims first attention. There will be a group of farther away young people entertained for over the week-end. Miss Lane is to be one of the dinner hostesses and also is to have week-end guests.

June brides and Class Day come in with all this from town to country, for prominent here likewise attention. Miss Lyman was the bride of Wednesday par excellence, her marriage to Mr. Rice at Emmanuel Church. Yesterday Miss Forbes' and Mr. Howland's wedding in the First Church in Milton made a similar lure of interest for that day.

The week starts in with the wedding Wednesday of Miss Jones and Charles A. Coolidge, Jr., with Trinity Church for its setting, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Probably the most important one of the week, however, as it brings with it a notable New York representation, as well, will me Miss Amory's and Mr. Potter's at Emmanuel Church at 12:30.

Then comes the second North Shore wedding on Bunker Hill Day, that of Miss Coolidge and Mr. Smith, for which a number will come over from Philadelphia of Mr. Smith's connections. The ceremony to be at St. John's Church and the reception at Bilyman's estate. Miss Coolidge has the cachet of being the second of last Winter's debutantes to become a bride, and the first to be engaged. With the holiday on Saturday also comes the marriage of Miss Allen and Lieutenant Preston, U. S., at the little Princeton church, followed by a reception at the Allens' Summer home. The following Tuesday Harvard Class Day will make the dominant interest.

Naturally, of course, the British taking of Washington made the supreme excitement at the capital during June's first week. Leading all the rush of entertainments, day and night, in honor of Admiral Fakenham, commander of the North Atlantic and West Indian stations of the British Navy, and his officers, was the ball at the British Embassy. The big night, begun by the Admiral himself giving a brilliant dinner on his ship, the Royal, and the guests had such a good time that the party was a bit late reaching the Embassy for the reception and ball, which was undoubtedly the most brilliant event of the Washington season. With the women and young people in their very gayest and smartest gowns, and the masculine element, almost entirely naval or military, in fullest full dress uniform, the scene ran colorwide. Among the young people, the Misses Anna Hamlin and Louise Hoar shone forth radiantly and declared it was the time of their lives. Miss Hamlin's gown was of Venetian point, the skirt made over hoops. Miss Hoar was handsome in white crepe embroidered in crystals, the skirt cut in points. There were no black evening gowns, which made the scene a blended color scheme especially brilliant.

Cards Out for More Weddings

CARDS went out early in the week from Mr. and Mrs. George Scott Winslow for the marriage of their daughter, Katharine Gildden, to Mr. Louis Butler McCagg, Jr., on Tuesday, June 27th, at 4 o'clock, at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul. Mr. McCagg who belongs to the prominent New York family takes his degree at Commencement at Harvard this year. The engagement was announced during the Winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Forbes Perkins' cards also went out early in the week for the marriage of the former's daughter, Anna Bowditch, to Mr. Fairfield Gildden at Framingham, on Wednesday, June 28th, the reception to be at four o'clock at the Perkins' estate, "Owl's Nest."

Returning on the Homeric

MISS OLIVIA AMES, the George S. Bartons and Mrs. Hemen Burr and Miss Clara Curtis were among those arriving in New York Wednesday on the Homeric from Cherbourg and Southampton. Miss Curtis comes from her Winter home in Pau, which she and her sister, Miss Amy, have maintained for a number of years, to spend the Summer at her North Shore cottage. Mrs. Burr has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles A. Prince, at the present home out of Paris. Miss Ames went over in February with Miss Sylvia Warren.

Boston Women at English Court

IT would be necessary to go back years to match the spectacle of the first full dress court in Buckingham Palace, London, on Thursday night, when, among the eight hundred guests greeting their Majesties in a setting of glittering color and flowing line, there were more Americans presented than on any other season in London's memory. Mrs. Harvey, who made the presentations, was in a gown made by Worth of soft gray Georgeta over which fell latticed diamante. The train was of gray velvet lined with oxidized silver. Notwithstanding Mr. Harvey's avowed intention to wear long trousers at the Court, he appeared in the usual knee breeches, silk stockings and evening coat, as worn by American diplomats abroad for many years.

Of the younger Boston group presented was Mrs. Junius Spencer Morgan, Jr., the oldest of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Converse's group of daughters, her husband called to London in the interests of his father; also Miss Elizabeth Beal, in gown of silver cloth with full train, whose father, Mr. Boylston Beal, is a special attache at the American Embassy. There was a large New York group, including Miss Adele Le Bourgeois Chapin, who has a Boston following as her brother, Louis LeB. Chap n married Julia Tackerman at their home now in New London. In the English group Mrs. Asquith, of course, stood out prominently, her gown of silver tissue with a coral train showing a Chinese design. Of the New York women, Mrs. Edson Bradley's gown was perhaps the most conspicuous. It was of gray satin brocade with gold sleeves and full train of gray velvet bordered with a pattern in gold.

June Bride with Boston Interest

THE wedding of Miss Susan Codman Borland and Mr. Thomas Percival Brooks, which is to take place at St. Mark's Church, Mount Kisco, on Saturday, the twenty-fourth of June, is of much interest to society here, where the Bodlands formerly made their home and where the young girl has often visited her aunt, Mrs. James Jackson. There is also a Boston interest in Mr. Brooks, who is a nephew of Mr. Frederick Brooks of Beacon street. Following the ceremony there will be a reception at the Summer home of Mr. and Mrs. William Gibson Borland (Lucy Sturgis Codman), on Broad Brook road, Bedford Hills. Mr. Borland is a Harvard '98 man, and keeps his membership in the Somerset Club.

Latest Wedding Announcements

MRS. ELIZABETH BURGESS CHAPMAN'S cards went out early in the week announcing the marriage of her daughter Elizabeth to Mr. William Minot, on Saturday, the 27th of May, at Hingham. Mr. Minot had been a widower for several years. His first wife was Lucy Woodworth, and there are several children. He is of the Harvard class of '07 and belongs to the Somerset and the Harvard Club of New York, among others. The town house is on Marlboro street.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Hartwell Harris' cards are out announcing the marriage of their sister, Gail Stephens Hughes, and Mr. Keith McLeod '98 Monday, the 5th of June, at Laurel Bank, Annapolis, Md. Mr. McLeod is the son of Mrs. Norman L. McLeod of Newbury street, and of the Harvard '95 class. He is a member of the Union, Country and University clubs.

To Spend Mid-Summer at Nahant

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES H. TAYLOR are closing the Berkeley street house shortly and going down to their camp on the Maine coast where their son, Charles H. Taylor, Jr., will be with them for weekends at least before he takes his holiday. The family will not make all the Summer there as usual, as for during the mid-season they are to be at Nahant, where they have taken an apartment at Edgehill and where to the family party will be added Captain and Mrs. Percy Black and their infant daughter, coming on from the present home in the South. The boy, Percy Jr., has been with his grandparents all Winter.

Wedding with a Local Interest

NUMEROUS cards have come to Boston for the marriage of Miss Averill Belknap and Lieutenant Andrew Robert Mack, U. S. N., on Saturday of this week at St. John's Church in Newport, followed by a reception at the home of Captain Reginald Belknap, U. S. N., and Mrs. Belknap. The young girl is well known in Boston, as the family made their home in Milton, while Captain Belknap was stationed at Squantum during war days. Rev. George J. Prescott of Beacon street, is an uncle of Captain Belknap.

Attractions of Fete at "Weld"

LITTLE Japanese trees, over 300 years old, which apparently haven't grown a fraction of an inch within the thirty years they have been in this country, are to be among the interesting things seen at Weld, the Larz Anderson estate in Brookline, on the 17th, when they open it to the public for the "Lest-We-Forget Fete" from 4 to 8 o'clock. Many of these trees Mr. Anderson bought in Japan years ago, some were given him by the Mikado. When he brought them to this country the Japanese Garden at Weld was laid out by a Japanese of the Emperor's Court, with the result that Mr. Anderson has the most perfect miniature Japanese garden in this country.

These little cherry trees each year bear tiny blossoms and fruit. Experts say that in Japan they live hundreds of years, and with the same care there is no reason why they should not make the same record in this country.

There is to be archery at the fete and a tennis tournament by professional players. This match may be witnessed by visitors free of charge.

A fortune teller is to be on the grounds and there will be an entertainment by professional actors and actresses; tea will be served near the dancing pavilion, so that those who do not dance may have the pleasure of hearing the Fifth Infantry Regular Army Band. There will be a light supper for those who wish to stay on and dance through the evening.

Miss Lyman Bride of Week

MISS LYMAN had a typical June day for her marriage at Emmanuel Church on Wednesday afternoon at three o'clock to Mr. Rice. The beautiful gown of white satin was almost entirely covered with priceless old Museum lace, garlanded with orange blossoms, which also fastened the lace veil. The bouquet was of valley lilies and the only ornament a string of pearls.

Miss Nancy Carnegie, maid of honor, and the bridesmaids, the Misses Isabel Porter, Catherine Adams and Mary Weld of Boston with Miss Betty Atkinson of Baltimore, were dressed alike in lovely gowns of white accordion plaited Georgette and chiffon with sashes of rose pink tulle. The large white hats were done with clusters of pink roses and floating drapery of the pink tulle fastened beneath the chin. The large bouquets were of pale pink roses and blue larkspur.

Mrs. Charles Frederick Lyman, the bride's mother, was in royal blue chiffon with drapery of gray lace and a gray-plumed hat; and the grandmother, Mrs. Frank Gair Macomber, in beige chiffon with beaded embroidery, the hat done with ostrich blue plumes. Also of the bride's relatives were Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Judge (Annis Lyman), the latter wearing champagne colored, crepe with embroidery and touches of red, and a large black hat; Judge and Mrs. Robert Grant, Mr. Patrick and Mr. Henry Grant and Mrs. Cortland Parker, 2d (Elizabeth Gray), who was in cafe au lait crepe and a black hat.

Of the bridegroom's immediate family were his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Rice—the latter wearing a black lace over purple satin and a black hat; his sister, Mrs. Frederick Ayer, in pearl gray crepe and a Chinese blue plumed hat, her little daughter all in white; and his sister-in-law, Mrs. Neil Rice, wearing tangerin colored crepe with embroidery and a plumed hat to match; also his grandmother, Mrs. Nehemiah Rice, all in black and carrying purple orchids, and Miss Annie Rice wearing taupe embroidered crepe and chiffon and a blue hat done in blue and gray.

Of the Proctor connection were Mr. and Mrs. James Howe Proctor and their daughters—Mrs. Proctor wearing gray chiffon com bined with blue, and a large black hat; Miss Esther Proctor, yellow linen and a leghorn hat with touches of orange and coral; and Miss Martha Proctor, in pink organdie and a flower-trimmed hat; and Mr. and Mrs. George S. Mandell, the latter in black lace and a black hat.

Among the relatives of the attendants were Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, wearing a gray gown and plumed hat; Mrs. Charles A. Porter, also in gray chiffon with lace and touches of pink, and a large black hat; her daughter, Miss Peggy Porter, in coral pink Liberty and a pink plumed hat; Mrs. Charles G. Weld, in black and white foulard and a black hat with parad se plumage; and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Adams, Mrs. Adams wearing gray brocade and lace and a large black hat with gray feathers.

Mrs. John Lavalle, whose husband was an usher, was in brown Liberty with a yellow hat; her mother, Mrs. Walter Tufts, in blue and white foulard and a plumed hat; Mrs. Gardiner Horsford Fiske, her husband also an usher, wearing blue georgette heavily beaded in rose design and a large blue hat with vari-colored flowers; her mother, Mrs. Everett Morse, in deep blue lace and a plumed hat, and Mrs. John Heard, whose son was of the ushers, and who was in gray with a black hat.

Of the prospective June brides was Miss Katherine Winslow, in brown crepe and a hat of the same coloring; her mother, Mrs. George W. Scott Winslow, wearing dark brown lace and a hat to match, and her sister, Miss Anna Winslow, in black crepe with white facing with a large black hat. Among the recent fiancees was Miss Rose Fessenden, who wore periwinkle blue crepe and a Leghorn hat done in blue, and her sister, Miss Louise Fessenden, who was with her, was in blue and white foulard and hat to match. Another fiance was Miss Edith Brewer, whose gown of dark blue crepe was embroidered in white beads, and there were calla lilies on the blue hat.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Winthrop and their young son and daughter, Mrs. Winthrop wearing a tan gown and a henna flowered hat; Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Ayer and their daughters, Mrs. Ayer in beige crepe and a large black hat; Miss Theodora Ayer in a similar-toned gown and a black hat with daisies; and Miss Anne Ayer in pale blue and a flower-trimmed hat; and Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Luce and their sub-debutante daughter, Mrs. Luce in tan chiffon with lace and embroidery and a brown lace hat. Miss Alice Luce in pink and yellow changeant taffeta with touches of yellow and a large gray hat with feathered and apricot plumes.

Also there were Dr. and Mrs. Francis M. Rackemann, the latter in gray lace with touches of green and hat of the same tones; Dr. and Mrs. William Jason Mixter, Mrs. Mixter also in gray with a red hat; Mr. and Mrs. James Lawrence and their daughter, Miss Lawrence, all in black; Mr. and Mrs. Lyon Weyburn, the latter in fuchsia chiffon and a plumed hat to match; and Mrs. A. L. Devens with her daughter, Mrs. Paul Hamlen; Mrs. Francis B. Forbes and Miss Ethel Forbes, Mrs. Philip Dallas and Mrs. Arthur Woods, all of whom wore black with more or less coloring in their hats.

Mrs. Quincy A. Shaw was in a pearl gray crepe with embroidery and a large black hat; her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Q. A. Shaw, Jr., in mauve with white embroidery and a black hat; Mrs. Ronald Coman, entirely in silver gray; Mrs. Charles H. Taylor, wearing a rich gown of blue with vari-colored embroidery and a large black hat; Mrs. Charles J. White, beige lace and chiffon and a brown hat; her daughter, Miss Nell White, in cerise with a black hat; Mrs. George S. Mumford, in black and white foulard with touches of bright blue and a large gray hat, and Mrs. Frank Seabury, in black lace and a black hat.

Mrs. Charles P. Greenough, 2d, wore two shades of brown with a flower-trimmed hat to match; Mrs. Augustus Thorndike, blue embroidered chiffon, the hat of the same tone wreathed in red; Mrs. Horatio Lamb, black with touches of blue and hat of the same coloring; her youngest daughter, Miss Edith Lamb, in brown satin with a henna hat; Mrs. Rodman P. Snelling, in blue with a brown hat; Miss Ella Snelling, gray chiffon and a brique colored hat with flowers. Also Mrs. Nevil Ford, in blue beaded chiffon and a blue hat with yellow flowers; Mrs. George M. Cushing, gray crepe and a black flower-trimmed hat; Mrs. Paul Barron Watson, in black with a yellow hat; Mrs. Charles B. Barnes, blue lace and a brown hat; Miss Abby Hunt, in black lace and a black hat, and Miss Belle Hunt entirely in bright blue.

Miss Sarah Lawrence wore darkest brown brocaded chiffon and a large hat to match; Miss Sybil Appleton, pearl gray crepe with numerous roses of the same material, and a large purple hat; Susan Sturgis also in gray, with a large black hat; Miss Ellen Jackson, wearing brown Liberty and a flower-trimmed hat; Miss Mary Curtis, all in black; Miss Amy Peabody in tan crepe, the hot done with yellow flowers; Miss Evelyn Sears in black crepe with much colored embroidery. President Emeritus Charles W. Eliot, Colonel William D. Sohier and George Lewis, Jr., were others of the many there.

Cards Out for Notable Wedding

MR. AND MRS. GEORGE DAWSON HOWELL'S cards out last week for the marriage of their daughter, Julia Edwards, to Mr. Henry Purkitt Kidder, on Saturday, the 24th of June, at four o'clock at St. Paul's Cathedral. Mr. Kidder is an only child, his mother of the Burnett family of Southborough which brings in a large and distinguished connection. Young Kidder is of the Harvard '18 class and one of the youngest men in the Somerset Club following his father's lead.

Boston Matron Leader at Tuxedo

MRS. Amory Carhart, daughter of the Chester Bilsses of Commonwealth avenue, is one of the youngest and most popular hostesses this season at Tuxedo Park, where her large dance, given last week in the ballroom of her home, started off the season brilliantly. There were about two hundred and fifty guests. It will be remembered that Mrs. Carhart (Isadore Bliss) was engaged and married while Mr. Carhart was of the '20 class at Harvard, making her the youngest bride of that or several years. The wedding having a special significance on that account.

Notable People on Olympic

MRS. J. PIERPONT MORGAN was conspicuous in the crowd of passengers leaving on the Olympic's last outgoing crossing, the cabins filled to capacity with the seventeen hundred voyagers. Mrs. Morgan goes over to join her husband and they will be abroad most of the Summer. Others on board were Mrs. Harman Duryea, her first husband of the Boston Wedds, and although living in New York since those far-away days, has kept up with her affiliations here in some measure. Mr. and Mrs. Abram Poole were also passengers, Mrs. Poole (Mercedes de Acosta), a sister of Mrs. Andrew Robeson Sargent and Mrs. Phillip Lydig.

In the bridal group on board were Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Lyman Storer who were married at Trinity Church the first day of June.

Of Mrs. Wells' Family Party

MRS. LIVERMORE WELLS after a Winter in California and the Spring in New York and Boston, is settled in her cottage at Topsfield for the season, where her sons Bulkeley and Thomas she hopes to have join her a part of the time at least. During the Summer in her family party will be her son-in-law and daughter, the Lothrop Motley Wells, and their infant son, Lothrop 3d, born last month in Boston. Also the other son-in-law and daughter, the Henry D. Bigelows, from their home in Woodmere, Long Island, for the mid-season, with their two small children, Barbara and Henry Bigelow Jr., the baby of the group.

Movements of Society Interest

THE Ronald Trees have joined the New York colony on the North Shore where they arrive on the mid-week to country in Dresel place on Mingo Beach Hill. Mr. Tree is one of leading spokesmen in the Meadowbrook Polo and Tennis Clubs, their home of East Ninety-sixth street in New York. Mrs. Tree (Nancy Perkins) was formerly Mrs. Field.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks Whitman entertained one of the first group of their week-end house parties at their North Beverly country place last week, when Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Foster were among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Warren have returned to the year-round shore home "Barberry Hill" at Prides's, after a visit with the Julian Peabodys at their fine place in Westbury, Long Island, going on there from the Devon horse show. Mrs. Peabody, who was Celestine Hitchcock, her father, Thomas Hitchcock of the Somerset Club, leads in the young married sporting contingent in Westbury.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Curtis are to have with them for the Summer the latter's young married family cousin, Katharine Isabelle and George Peabody 3d, children of Mr. and Mrs. George Peabody Gardner, Jr., who are to be abroad for the season. Mrs. Curtis and Mrs. Gardner were the Grosvenor girls of Providence, both of whom married Boston men.

Mrs. Vincent Astor, who has taken a house in Paris on the rue Masseline, just off the Avenue Bois de Bologne for the Summer, will be a leading entertainer in the American colony, which is larger than usual this year.

Sailing for Summer in Europe

MRS. CHARLES P. SEARLE of Commonwealth avenue is of the large number going across for the Summer. She is sailing the 30th of June on the Aquitania for a five months' trip, and with her will be her daughter, Miss Harold Walker. Mr. Walker to join them later. Mrs. Searle is of the Summer colony on the Manchester Shore, where her son will occupy the cottage through the season.

On the Boston list going over earlier, sailing on the Georgia the first of the week was Mrs. Samuel Hoar of Marlboro street. Also Mr. and Mrs. James Lowell Putnam of New York, formerly from Boston. Mrs. Putnam having a farewell luncheon given for her at Sherry's the day before, who left on the France, on which ship is Mr. Daniel P. Hoddes of the Boston group, and Colonel Edward House is also on board.

Returning From Their Honeymoon

MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD HUNNEWELL, who went abroad immediately after their brilliant wedding on the afternoon of the 16th of March at Trinity Church, were last week registered at the Clarion in Paris for a short stay before sailing for home. Their wedding stood out as one of the most distinguished and prominent of the few Lenten ceremonies with its wonderful decorations of Spring flowers and notable gathering of the Amory and Hunnewell families and their numerous connections of the oldest and youngest generation. Miss Margot Amory was her sister's maid of honor and only attendant. Hunnewell is of the Harvard '12 men and of the many younger men in the Somerset Club following in this distinguished family line of older generations.

Life Love and Laughter

Lonely Hearts' Dance!

CRESCENT GARDEN BALLROOM
REVERE BEACH

WEDNESDAY EVE., JUNE 21
Apply for tickets to the Lonely Heart Editor, No. 309 Washington street.

No member admitted without a ticket.

No person under 18 years of age admitted.

Lonely Hearts

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young man nineteen years of age, weigh 120 pounds and am 5 feet 7 inches tall. I have brown eyes and hair. I would like to correspond with some nice girl between the ages of seventeen and nineteen. Would like to hear from "Laughing Pigeon." W. U. D.

Dear Editor:

I am a young fellow of twenty years old and have auburn hair, light complexion, am 5 feet 8 inches tall and weigh about 150 pounds. Would like to correspond with Topsey. CHUBBY.

Lonely Heart Editor:

Have been following your column very closely since it was formed and believe you can assist me in locating a nice, refined girl about twenty-four or five years of age. I don't have much of an opportunity to meet girls and am desirous of meeting a good one who is fond of all sports, including dancing. Am twenty-five years old, 5 feet 7½ inches tall, weigh 146 pounds and have light brown hair and pleasant disposition.

Would certainly appreciate a good pal this Summer, as I will be very lonesome these nice Sundays and holidays. ATHLETE.

Dear Lonely Heart:

We are two very, very lonely sailors without any girls, and would like to correspond with two of your members. Beans is 5 feet 11 inches, and considered very good looking, and enjoys all kinds of outdoor sports; also has black hair and brown eyes. Pork is still in his teens with blonde hair and blue eyes; about 5 feet 10 inches tall and likes indoor sports. Hoping we will hear from a lonely girl real soon.

PORK & BEANS.

Dear Lonely Hearts Editor:

Is there any lonely girl reader of your column who would care to correspond with a lonely fellow, aged 26, who weighs 140 pounds and has dark brown hair and eyes.

I like all outdoor sports, but do not dance, and find it hard to make the acquaintance of young people. Won't some "Lonesome Cherie" answer?

LONELY C. B.

Dear Lonely Hearts Editor:

I am a young lady 18 years of age, Protestant, and very lonely. I would like to correspond with a gentleman between 21 and 25. He doesn't have to be handsome, must be a good, clean-cut fellow. I am fond of all outdoor sports and dancing.

"POOR LITTLE ME."

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young man eighteen years old, dark hair, brown eyes, five feet eight inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. I like all outdoor sports, but do not dance, and I find it hard to make nice acquaintances among the opposite sex. I would like to correspond with and later meet some nice girl who lives in or around Fall River, Mass. SMILIN' RAY.

Lonely Heart Editor:

I would like to get acquainted with a nice young girl, between the age of eighteen and twenty-five. I have light hair and blue eyes and I am five feet eleven inches tall. My age is twenty-two. Would like to have Blue Bird or some one else write to me.

CM 1085277.

Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a widow forty years of age and would like very much to meet a fellow about my own age. I am five feet nine inches tall and dark complexion, enjoy the theatre, dance once in a while and a good time in general. LOIS.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young lady of good character, age 25 years, 5 feet 7 inches tall, brown hair and eyes, and quiet disposition. I am fond of home and country life. I do not dance, so find it hard to get acquainted and am very lonely. Would like to communicate with a good respectable gentleman.

LONESOME MARION.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young girl of 16 with bobbed hair and brown eyes. I would like to correspond with any young man or girl between the ages of 17 and 19; Catholic preferred.

BROWN-EYED ROSE.

Dear Lonely Hearts Editor:

I would like to correspond with a nice young man, Catholic preferred, between the ages of 17 and 20; someone ever five feet eight. I am 5 feet 8 inches tall; have brown hair and gray blue eyes (my hair is not bobbed) and I am fond of dancing and every clean amusement. I would like to hear from "Lonesome Jazz Boys."

MEARLE.

Lonely Heart Editor:

Am a skilled mechanic, well educated and living in Worcester. Am forty years old and have had some success as a writer. Would like to hear from some Protestant lady of this vicinity twenty to thirty-five years old.

LONELY WORCESTERIAN.

Dear Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young brunette of twenty-four Summers, but am real lonely. I work in a Boston office and am a home girl, but have a jolly disposition. Won't some nice Catholic fellow about twenty-eight or thirty write; also some nice girls, too. BASHFUL FLO.

Dear Lonesome Heart Editor:

Is there a lonesome Jewish boy anywhere who wishes to correspond with a lonesome Jewish girl somewhere? Am eighteen.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND."

Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young man very lonely and would like to correspond with some young lady between the ages of twenty-two and twenty-four. I am a good sport and out for all kinds of good times. HOP.

Lonely Hearts Editor:

I am a lonesome soldier and I am five feet seven inches tall and twenty years old, have light brown hair and blue eyes. I don't call myself good-looking, until they see me act. Would like to correspond with a girl under nineteen years or older.

BATTLING ELMER.

Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young lady, brunette, not too bad looking; but I love to meet people. Won't someone please write? KENTUCKY BELL.

Lonely Heart Editor:

I am a young man and I am very lonely and would like to join the Lonely Heart Club. I would like to correspond with some nice girl between the age of twenty-one and twenty-four. I am fond of all out-door sports. I am twenty-four years old and fair looking.

BOOTS.

HERE COMES THE BRIDE -:- By J. W. McGurk

The most important thing in the world is to keep your baby WELL. The Vanta way of dressing babies is endorsed by doctors and nurses not only because it is the "pinless, buttonless" way, but because Vanta garments are designed throughout solely for baby-health and comfort.

No Buttons to Break— No Pins to Scratch

Dress Baby the Pinless, Buttonless, Vanta Way

Many a mother is surprised when told she can dress her baby without a pin or button. Other mothers, thousands of them, have adopted the newer, better Vanta way of dressing babies and will never return to old methods. Every Vanta garment fastens with tape which makes it adjustable to the size of the baby. This tape is twistless, and does not roll or curl in washing. No ironing required.

All Vanta garments are knitted. Shirts are double-breasted with extra warmth over the abdomen—a necessary protection in this New England climate. Seams are on the outside to avoid irritation of baby's sensitive skin. These are but a few of the many Vanta features of comfort and health which you do not find in ordinary baby-wear. There are Vanta shirts, vests, teething-bands, binders, nighties, gertrudes and stockings. So that every mother may know the advantages of these wonderful little garments, stores carrying the Vanta line will give to each mother visiting the Infants' Wear Section a free pattern of the patented Vanta diaper.

FREE PATTERN *for* PINLESS DIAPER

No dangerous pins to work loose and make baby scream with the pain of pricks and scratches. The Vanta diaper ties with twistless tape, and folds with extra thickness where needed, but is without the bulkiness which bows baby's little legs when ordinary diapers are used. This patented pattern is yours for the asking in the Infants' Wear Section of Dry Goods and Department Stores.

Earnshaw Knitting Co., Newton, Mass.
Earnshaw Sales Co., Chicago, Ill.

Vanta Baby Garments

ALL WEIGHTS, FOR ALL SEASONS

EXPERIENCE

Edited by EMILY ATKINS

HERE'S a bit of the old-world transplanted! An American in the making! "Matrona" says, "I don't understand my parents, and never will." She is an American and her soul yearns for things American. She chafes at discipline; she sees American girls coming and going as they please and she wants to do likewise.

American mothers, did you ever realize that your children are to form the ideals of the new-comers to America? That the bad traits of American children become desirable traits in the eyes of the children of the older races who look upon America and Americans as THE people of the world?

That is a great responsibility. European parents are usually strict. Home life is sacred to them. If a girl does not go to her marriage bed pure of soul and body, her family is heart-broken, humiliated beyond expression.

American parents would do well to make their family life more like that of the Russians, and Italians, and Greeks, where love, affection, and obedience grow in fertile ground and where boy-denish girls are a rarity.

EMILY ATKINS.

THE STORY OF A NEW AMERICAN

Dear Miss Atkins:

I am in trouble and I want to know if you will help me. I am a young man nineteen years old. I have come to school in America and have learned your customs and I want to live as an American.

I don't understand my parents and never will. When I was about nine years old I used to stay out until about ten o'clock. As I grew older it seemed as though it were my duty to stay out and play. Last year, my parents grew more strict and I had to come in at seven. Well, I stayed out just the same for a few weeks and I got whipped every time. I am fifteen years old now and never go out. I work about the house and so forth.

In Russia, I suppose the girls have to marry when they are my age. My parents have told me I have to marry a man who is about twenty-seven years old. I cried and cried, and prayed God to help me. Every night for five months I have been tortured by the thought and I can't stand it any longer. I'm going to run away.

My parents say that if I don't marry they will disown me so I'm going to save up for the rainy day because I won't marry any man on earth! I hate them!

I want to ask you if you can possibly get me a job and advise me what to do. My parents will let me work. MATRONA

Lawrence.

Is there no older friend in whom you can confide, "Matrona?" As you are in America, your parents should not force you to marry against your will; that isn't done here and you are only fifteen. Do you still go to school? Can't you take your teacher into your confidence?

As for working, as you are under sixteen, you can't get a job without your parents' written permission and you would have to go to continuation school for a certain number of hours each week. I should hate to have you go to work if you don't have to. You are too young to get into the sweat-shop of life if you don't have to.

Don't worry about having to be in the house evenings. You can have more fun by yourself and a pile of interesting books than you can have out-of-doors with a bunch of simple-minded youngsters. I think if you study and read and think, you can do something with yourself worth while.

Don't accept us at face value, "Matrona." Analyze us, dissect us, and only accept our virtues. We have many vices. Avoid those. Don't accept the unlimited freedom of American girls as an ideal state. It isn't. It's wrong.

Write me again and if I can, be of more assistance.

ANOTHER REPLY TO "VIVIENNE"

Dear Emily:

I HAVE asked myself the same questions "Vivienne" asks you. And about the only answers I found were the answers you made to her. The main one is that women should have the stronger will.

I was rather discouraged and had made up my mind to be an old maid, for I wanted to be "straight." Then I met the Only One. We learned to love each other and were engaged. Several times he started to be fresh and afterwards he was sorry. We talked it over and decided that I was to keep my head, that I was never to give in to him, no matter whether he got angry or not that afterwards he would love and respect me for my strength.

We have been engaged for a year now, and are to be married in a few weeks. Perhaps this will help "Vivienne."

Haverhill. TITIAN.

Love is based on respect, "Titian." May you and The Only One be happy for the years to come! Those are our wishes, aren't they, Friends?

Draperies keep their fresh new look washed this way, say the makers of Orinoka Draperies

Don't feel that window grime and dust must have their ruthless way with your most precious draperies. Your delicate filet lace hangings, the crisp pink taffetas or the Chinese-figured chintz can be kept as freshly new and charming as when they were first hung.

Wash them in the rich Lux suds. The creamy lather gently dissolves the dirt and gives you back your hangings, with color undimmed and texture unharmed. The grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

THE ORINOKA MILLS
215 TO 219 - 4 AVENUE S.E. Cor. 15TH ST.
NEW YORK

Lever Bros. Co.,
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen: We tested with Lux a number of our guaranteed Sunfast drapery materials. These materials were made of mercerized cotton and fibre silk, and included gauzes and other transparent weaves. Each sample was given the average number of washings.

The last laundering showed the various colors, lavender, rose and gold, unaffected by their numerous washings. It was also interesting to see how well the gauzes kept their texture. The loosely woven threads did not slip or become sleazy as they are apt to do when a strong soap or rubbing is used.

From the point of view of both beauty and wear, it is so desirable to have the fabrics we make washed with an entirely mild and pure product such as Lux, that we are recommending it in our booklet "Color Harmony in Window Draperies."

Very truly yours,
THE ORINOKA MILLS
Treasurer.

LUX

Close-ups for Movie Fans

GORGEOUS SCENE IN BALZAC FILM

Maurice, internationally known as an exhibition dancer, is responsible for the staging of some elaborate ballroom sets in Norma Talmadge's all-costume production of Honore De Balzac's famous story 'La Duchesse DeLangeais," directed by Frank Lloyd. On learning that the story centred about the court life of Louis XVIII. Maurice unhesitatingly chose the graceful and inimitable French gavotte, and the good old-fashioned waltz as the mediums of dance expression for the court gallants and their exquisite ladies who frequented the salon of "La Duchesse."

Nearly eight hundred costumes had to be made for the ballroom scene in the Palace of Versailles. These are all authentic copies of the Second Restoration Period, correct in every detail, and all executed at the United Studios, Los Angeles, by Mr. and Mrs. Walter Israel. Frank Lloyd, who directed this first of Norma Talmadge's special feature productions for the Associated First National Pictures, says that after shrieking instructions to four hundred dancing couples, he has become an expert on mob psychology.

REID PHOTOPLAY HAS NOVELTY

"Across the Continent," Wallie Reid's new film coming to Loew's State tomorrow, was filmed while the Paramount favorite actually drove a racing car from coast to coast. Spills and thrills mingle in the production.

PELTED, NOT MELTED

The great American desert is not such a hot, dusty place, as it is often pictured in story book that is, at certain seasons of the year. At least so says Wallace Reid, Paramount star, who, with his supporting company, under the direction of Phillip Rosen, spent several days on the edge of the Mojave filming the last scenes for "Across the Continent," a new Paramount picture. This film will be shown at Loew's State during the coming week.

It happened that Wally arrived on the torrential sands in January, in the midst of a cloudburst, which had cooled the sands considerably. The company worked in water up to their knees and shivered with the cold. Mary MacLaren, the leading woman, shivered so much we couldn't take closeups of her, observed the star, on his return to the studio. Her work lasting for about a week the scenes, which should have required only three days, were secured as the company returned to sunny California to make open road scenes.

Richard Headrick, child player who was featured in Louis B. Mayer's "The Child Thou Gavest Me," had a big part in the charity benefit at the Los Angeles Children's Explosion. Richard entertained a lot of grownups as well as kiddies.

THIS FILM MUST BE REALLY SAD

Buster Keaton, frozen-faced screen comedian, completed filming "My Wife's Relations," a Joseph M. Schenck production for release through Associated First National.

The film has to do with relatives, as the title indicates. Buster takes advantage of every situation, which is said to make the picture the best he has turned out to date.

Another feature of the film is that it is without an ingenue, or character actors, or actresses being cast in the important roles.

The picture was directed by Eddie Cline and in the cast are Joe Roberts, Tom Wilson, Monte Collins, Kate Price and Harry Madison, as well as numerous extras.

James Young, who directed Guy Bates Post in Richard Walton Tully's "The Masquerader," is to direct the next Tully production, "Omar, the Tentmaker." Wilfred Buckland has been retained as art director.

WALLACE REID FULL OF SPEED

If Wallace Reid had a middle name, it would be "Speed." The popular Paramount picture star just can't keep out of fast moving pictures. In the past he has raced madly in automobiles, fought in prize fights, or led armies in a revolution, as in "The Dictator." Now he is the storm center of a Kentucky feud, a fight in an elevator, a mad chase after an ocean liner, a haunted castle in Spain and a fight with "ghosts." All these take place in his latest Paramount picture, "The Ghost Breaker," adapted from the play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard by Jack Cunningham.

The Apollo, three - masted schooner captured during the world war while in the German espionage service, was returned to San Francisco on the completion of Allen Holubar's "Hurricane's Gal," and is being outfitted for a sealing trip in Arctic waters.

IRVING CLASSIC IN MOVIE FORM

Work on a picture called "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," based on Washington Irving's immortal classic, and starring Will Rogers, for release by the W. W. Hodkinson Corporation, was started last week under the direction of Edward Venturini for "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow Corporation. The interiors of the picture are being made at the Norma Talmadge studios on 48th street, New York.

In "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," Mr. Rogers will be seen in the famous character which Irving created. Crane, while Ben Hendricks, the man who played the part of Omaha Pete in the Sinclair Lewis picture, "Fresh Air," will be seen as Brom Bones.

Lois Meredith, who at the present time is playing in support of Doris Keane in "The Czarina," will be seen as Katrina. Other members of the cast are Emily Fitzroy, Charles E. Graham, Downing Clarke, Nicholas Brunham and Kate Jepson

FORWARD MEDALS TO KEATON PRESS AGENT

There was a close escape for two in a motion picture fire scene taken recently in Los Angeles. Buster Keaton, First National star, was supposed to be burned, and then to escape at the last moment.

But it happened that the old house purchased for the sole purpose of being sacrificed for one scene in the filming of "Cops," Keaton's new laughtivity, burned with more gusto than was expected. A house next door caught fire. The occupants escaped, with the exception of one man, an invalid in a wheel chair.

Buster entered the burning domicile and carried out the invalid. Those who would like to donate medals may send them to the Keaton studio in Hollywood.

PAGE THE SMITH BROS.

The speech he made before President Harding at the White House the other day was evidently no guide for "Freckles" Barry, popular Marshall Neilan starlet. His mother has sent a telegram to Los Angeles stating that "Freckles" is exceedingly hearse and can hardly talk above a whisper. The youngster has been making personal appearance at theatres throughout the country for the past ten weeks in connection with the presentation of his latest starring vehicle, "Penrod." During this time he has been doing much talking both on and off the stage. For an actor of the w. k. "silent" drama, this personal appearance business is rough on the voice.

BACHELOR'S BATCH

Tom Meighan, in "The Bachelor Daddy," coming tomorrow to Gordon's Olympia, portrays a young unmarried man who adopts a flock of youngsters with amusing results.

CAN SELL STORIES IF YOU DON'T DIE FIRST

Budding authors, whose heads swim with ideas for photoplay stories and scenarios, may not feel that their efforts are quite hopeless when their works come back rejected, if they will profit by the experience of Earle Mitchell, author of Conway Tearle's "A Wife Open Town." Mitchell wrote the nucleus for the picturestory when he was a boy in El Paso, Tex., employed in a furniture store.

"It was the first thing I ever wrote," says Mitchell, in a recent interview, "and it took me twenty-two years to sell it." Although he has followed the profession of acting Mitchell has written a number of successful vaudeville sketches and a number of short stories that fiction magazines have printed and he has had some splendid parts in New York productions since leaving El Paso.

James Horne, the director, is to begin production next week on a Douglas MacLean comedy, "The Sunshine Trail," the continuity for which is being prepared by Bradley King.

SOUL CHANGES WITH CLOTHES

That "clothes don't make the man" may be true, but they make a tremendous difference to at least one woman. She is Gloria Swanson, Paramount's exotic star, and clothes have the unique power of changing her entire personality.

In spite of herself, the star reacts to the clothes she has on at the moment. Cecil B. DeMille learned that long ago when she was a featured member of his all-star casts.

If the producer wished her to portray a gawky country girl it was only necessary to dress her for the part. Miss Swanson's immediate reaction to the clothes gave her work a genuineness that cannot be duplicated.

Long trains and formal coiffures add a dignity to the Swanson personality that is not assumed for the screen. It's there as long as the clothes are present. And tom-boy clothes produce a perfect reproduction of the type.

FILMSTER FACTS

Everyone loves Olives. So here are a few facts about Olive Tell. Born in New York city. Educated in France. Got her dramatic start in stock. Has brown hair and blue eyes.

Constance Talmadge's smile isn't the only thing about her that is golden. No, we don't refer to her bank account, but to her hair.

David Powell was born in Scotland, but doesn't mind wearing pants instead of kilts, although patriotic.

Warren Cook, who has had a long stage and screen career, is a native of the Hub-being born here in 1878. Spent three years with the Castle Square Stock Company.

Max Dueck was born in Australia, but is not descended from the Australian bushmen.

Alla Nazimova has violet eyes.

Pola Negri first vamped Fame as star of the Russian Imperial Ballet during the Czarist regime.

One of May McAvoy's first pictures was "A Perfect Lady." She did so well, that we have never seen her in any other kind of role since.

Cleo Madison was educated at the Bloomington (Ill.) Normal University. Is this where they give courses in normalcy?

Harold Bucquet, Allen Holubar's assistant director, has been with that producer during the making of every feature picture in the last four years.

STRONG FILM

"Shackles of Gold," Bill Farnum picture which comes to the Orpheum tomorrow, is based on Henri Bernstein's play, "Samson."

REAL FIGHTERS GAZE UPON REEL FIGHTERS

Mack Sennett was noted during the war for his co-operation with all patriotic bodies. He placed his studio forces at their disposal for this work.

Now that the war is over his interests and sympathies are directed to those unfortunates who came out of the conflict unable to resume their former occupations.

In the making of Billy Bevan's newest comedy, "Gymnasium Jim," for First National release, sixteen veterans were engaged from the Thornycroft Sanitarium in Glendale and brought to the studio in motor cars to act as spectators in the great comedy prize fight scene.

They receive the same compensation as regular extras do, and Mr. Sennett makes use of them as atmosphere on every possible occasion.

A BROAD JUMP

Helen Lindroth, motion picture actress who is appearing in the cast of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," claims to have made the longest "jump" to fill a theatrical engagement in the history of flimdom. Miss Lindroth, in the old Kalem days, was working in Jacksonville, Florida. She received a wire from a Kalem director asking her to appear in Jerusalem where he was making a picture.

FAMED SISTERS BEESOMLY BUS

Norma Talmadge's next pictu will be "The Mirage," in wh Florence Reed was seen on ti speaking stage last year. It is no being adapted for the screen Frances Marion, and the direct will be decided upon very shortly

While "The Mirage," is in p paration, Constance will start wo at once on "East is West," whic has had a record run on the legi mate stage with Fay Bainter in t leading role. This marks Co stance's first departure from Rig comedy, and all her future produ tions will be more along emotiona and dramatic lines. She refuses t be typed any longer as a "virtuou vamp" or a "comedienne."

Frances Marion has made the pi ture version of "East Is West," an Sidney Franklin, who directed No ma in 'Smilin' Through," will d rect Constance in this drama h Samuel Shipman and John E Hymer.

Norma's second feature produc tion, "La Duchesse De Langeais by Honore De Blasco, is now cu and titled, and has been rename "The Eternal Flame." Frank Lloy directed. "The Eternal Flame" will follow "Smilin' Through" and will probably be released some time in July.

WHY NOT SECURE TRAINED SNAILS?

Shooting stars! That is the most important but by no means the most difficult part of a motion picture cameraman's work.

Al Gilks, cameraman for the Sam Wood production, "Her Gilded Cage," a new Paramount Picture starring Gloria Swanson, had to make two snails act for a fade-in scene in the picture, where Walter Hiers, as an American in a French cafe, is served with snails, and visioning the tiny animals crawling along alive, finds it impossible to stomach them.

"You can't get rough with a snail, if you expect him to crawl or move," said Mr. Gilks after waiting a half hour with his camera focussed on the ground where the snails had been placed for the scene. "If you get impatient and push him or prick him, he will draw in his horns and start to fold up. Then it will take him fifteen minutes to get over his timidity and again venture forth. So the only thing to do is to wait patiently for him to get into motion."

After a two hours' wait, the cameraman finally got a scene of the snails in action.

News of Women's Activities

League Women to Study Government

THE women voters of Massachusetts and of the other New England States will have an opportunity to take a brief course of instruction in American Government and Politics next October when a School of Politics will be held at Radcliffe College under the auspices of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters.

The staff of instructors will be an imposing one, drawn largely from the joint Radcliffe-Harvard faculty, with the addition of a few men prominent in politics and a few women renowned for their leadership in various fields.

The committee, which is at present working out plans for the school, consists of Professor Arthur N. Holcombe of the Department of Government in Harvard College; Mrs. True Worthy White, civic director of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters; Dean Park of Radcliffe and Miss Bernice V. Brown. Miss Brown, who received both her A.B. and Ph.D. degrees at Radcliffe, specialized in the Department of Municipal Government.

During the past year she has been director of one of the most unusual educational institutions in this country—"The Training School of Public Service," organized by the Women's Municipal League of Boston. This school has been training women to take care of municipal housecleaning and includes classes for policewomen, probation officers, school attendance officers and sanitary inspectors. Miss Brown, therefore, is well acquainted with the part that women have in the practical side of municipal government. Others who have helped in organizing the work are Professor William Bennett Munro, Professor Felix Frankfurter of the Harvard Law School and President Woolley of Mount Holyoke College, who is chairman of the American Citizenship Committee of the Massachusetts League of Women Voters.

The School of Politics is not being organized for the purpose of teaching women the proper way to mark a ballot or to use a voting machine, but rather to give them a comprehension of the more fundamental problems of government. For example, the powers of government and the rights of citizens as defined by the Federal Constitution will be clearly outlined.

Recipes

This paper will pay $1 for every recipe printed.

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

FROZEN STRAWBERRIES.

ONE quart of strawberries, mash with one pound sugar and set aside for an hour. Add one pint water, mix well with strawberries, turn mixture into the freezer. Freeze as in ice cream. Serve with whipped cream.

MRS. JOHN MAY.

Magnolia, Mass.

Wisdom of Babes

What is the brightest thing your baby has ever said? This paper offers $1 for each letter published.

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

LITTLE Clifford came in from play and asked me if I had a nickel for a man who was crying in front of the house. I gave it to him.

Presently he came in with a bag full of peanuts.

"Why, sonny," I said, "I gave you that nickel for the poor man who was crying."

"Well," answered my three-year-old son, "I did give it to him because he was crying 'Peanuts, 5 cents a bag.'"

MRS. MURIEL E. EDDY.

158 South street, Providence, R. I.

Funniest Joke I Ever Heard

This paper will pay $1 for every joke printed.

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

A YOUNG man who was the crack sprinter of his college had a very dilatory washwoman. One evening when he was out for a practice run in his scant and rather airy track costume he happenes to dash past the house of that dusky lady, who was at that time two weeks behind with his washing. Hardly had he reached home after his run when the doorbell rang furiously and an excited voice drifted in from the porch: "For de Lawd's sake, won't you all tell Marse Jack please not to go out no mo till I kin git his cle'es round to him!"

MARY R. WESTLAKE.

Box 82, Bennington, Vt.

Radcliffe Shop's Last Sale of Season

THE last special sale of the season is to be held during the coming week at the Radcliffe Shop, No. 603 Boylston street, will be cosmopolitan sale, featuring articles from many countries and from distant parts of the United States.

Philippine hats in many shades, hammered Russian brass, and gaily embroidered bags and sashes from Greece will be found there. Particularly suited for wedding presents will be the Florentine linens, some of them showing beautiful cut work designs, others adorned with drawn work and cross stitching. Many small French novelties picked up in the shops of Paris and sent to this country by the Radcliffe women who spent the Winter there will also be on sale. A new shipment of Panama bags woven in stripes of many colors arrived just in time for the sale. These are light in weight as well as inexpensive and make delightful shopping bags.

Among the articles sent from distant parts of the United States will be painted wooden toys from the mountains of North Carolina, southern light wood from Georgia and Chi-Chi, a Chinese game from California.

Arlington Heights Club

Mrs. Philip Johnson has been appointed chairman of the program committee of the Arlington Heights Study Club. She announces that the subject of study will be "European Civilization, and History in the Making." Mrs. Bert S. Currier has been made chairman of the civics committee, and Mrs. George Humphrey federation secretary.

My Most Embarrassing Moment

This paper will pay $1 for every joke printed

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THIS is true.

I was seated in an elevated train. I had on a new overcoat. It was a breezy day and the wind from the open window had blown the end of the coat of a man seated next to me, over my knee.

The lining of his coat was ragged and worn. I looked down and thinking it was my coat examined it thoroughly until I got wise. Several persons smiled.

HERBERT RICHARDSON.

No. 6 Alpin street, Roxbury.

My First Proposal

This paper will pay $1, for every proposal printed.

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

THE evening was warm and the moon was wonderful. We were sitting under a drooping tree. Suddenly he lowered his voice and whispered, "Darling, will you marry me?"

And I lowered my voice and whispered, "No, dear." And the moon went behind a cloud.

LILLIAN O. GOWING.

87 Lexington street, Lynn.

Stingiest Person

This paper will pay $1 for every letter printed.

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

ON reading the annual report of a small town in New Hampshire, I was amazed to find an item stating that a prominent citizen charged the town the sum of one dollar for hanging the American flag on Memorial Day in the town square.

This is what I call the stingest person I have ever known.

EX-SOLDIER.

Boston.

Daily Horoscope

This Feature Appears Every Day in the Boston Daily Advertiser.

WHAT THE STARS PREDICT.

THIS is a lucky day.

Many denominational differences are predicted and there will be severe criticism of ministers.

The national capital is to be the headquarters of a religious organization that will increase greatly in wealth and temporal power.

The Treasury of the United States may suffer under this rule of the stars from the attacks of political severe criticism.

This is not a favorable day for lovers. They will be inclined to woo and make pledges.

Persons whose birthday this is have the prophecy of travel and pleasant change during the coming year.

Children born on this day probably will be original and inventive, but very extravagant.

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Ladies' Union

The Ladies' Union of the Union Church, Concord Junction, will meet Tuesday afternoon in the vestry of the church, with the president, Mrs. Alice M. Beck, presiding. The women will sew for the annual fair in the Fall.

Mrs. Winter's Message to Club Women

THERE are 2,000,000 clubwomen in the United States. On June 23 they will hold a biennial convention at Chautauqua, New York. Delegates from every State in the union will attend the convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs. It will last for ten days.

During that time women will conduct the business of their organization then, with the aid of experts they will discuss local, national and international affairs; they will consider problems relating to women in the homes and women in industry; child labor problems, and moral and civic problems.

This is a mighty group of women. Under the able leadership of Mrs. Alice Ames Winter they are learning "team work." They are interesting themselves in the successes and failures of other women. Here is Mrs. Winter's message to every clubwoman:

By ALICE AMES WINTER

The Biennial program which is luring us by the thousands to Chautauqua, is in itself the finest example of that great team work which is our end and aim. I wonder if we all realize how it is framed?

First our program chairman looks over the whole field of club interests, past, future and business of today. No small matter this, to apportion its part to the multitude of affairs, each of which looms big the moment one begins to consider it. The program at this stage is just a series of blocks, each labelled with its name. Every officer, every chairman of a committee, every chairman of a department, is handed one of these blocks of time to be filled in at her discretion. Each department chairman, again, sub-divides her time among her divisions, with due consideration for the public value and interest of each of her own galaxy of interests. It means a great number of individual activities all focussed on a single week, and the result is not a hodge-podge, but an inter-locking and unified whole—a little cosmos of club life—a very demonstration of the many sidedness and inter-dependence of our club work and thought.

Attractions For the Week on Stage and Screen

Odds and Ends About the Stage

By E. F. HARKINS.

BARNEY GERARD'S "Follies of the Day," is a burlesque show without a rival, barring, of course, some of the big musical extravaganzas that come from New York to pay the first-line houses and exact fancy prices for seats.

Nor is the superior quality of the Gerard production at the Gayety merely a matter of scenes and costumes the like of which two-a-day burlesque never saw before. Ziegfeld spent a huge fortune on these fancy garnishings originally, and Gerard was far-sighted enough to get possession of them when Ziegfeld called his 1920 "Follies" in from the road. Urban designed them, and that means they are the last word in beauty and originality.

But in "Bozo" Snyder the "Follies of the Day" has one of the most popular comedians of the times, and in Gertrude Hayes, Jr., a singing and dancing comedienne well worth looking over.

Miss Hayes is an attractive Diana-like girl who owes much to her aunt, the original Gertrude Hayes, now Mrs. Barney Gerard. The younger Gertrude went straight from finishing school in New York into the "Follies of the Day" chorus three years ago, when her aunt was still a burlesque queen. The following year she layed "bits." Now she is a full-fledged headliner, remarkable for her good looks and her graceful dancing. She upholds the prestige of a name famous in burlesque history.

Miss Hayes, off stage, is as charming an acquaintance as any dramatic editor could expect to make in the course of a season. She is the typical well-bred and clean-cut American girl, a worthy product of the new burlesque, which has undergone praiseworthy refinement in recent years.

GILBERT ONCE IN MUSICAL COMEDY

Chance, as much as anything else, made a stock favorite of Walter Gilbert, leading man of the Boston Stock Company.

In his early days on the stage, beginning about a decade ago, he seemed destined to become a fixture in musical comedy. He came to Boston first with "The Arcadians" company. He was then a mere boy, with a magnetic manner, which hasn't left him, and a fair voice. A juvenile who looked so well and could pass muster in musical numbers was a "find" then, as he would be now; and engagements in other Frohman musical shows followed one after the other—"The Girl from Utah," "The Siren," "Sybil" and so on.

Then, during an intermission between productions, came an offer to young Gilbert to play a short stock engagement in Haverhill. He went to the small city on the Merrimack expecting to return before long to Broadway, but he fared so well that he remained for two solid years. That settled his fate. He has been a popular leading man in stock ever since. Just at present he is scoring one of his biggest hits at the St. James in the title role in "Slippy McGee."

He will return to the St. James next season. Anne Mason may or may not; the matter hasn't yet been settled. Mr. Mason is through as stage director, and other changes are pending.

KERN STARTED PEDDLING SONGS

Not so many years ago a young American who had been studying music abroad was peddling songs around the London theatres. Among those who gave him a lift now and then was a young chap just beginning to make a place for himself as stage director.

The song writer was Jerome Kern and the Londoner was Edward Royce, both of whom have been working together in American musical comedy productions for the last half a dozen years. For instance, Kern wrote most of the tuneful, expressive and exquisitely scored music to you hear when you go to see "Sally" at the Colonial, and Royce staged this wonder show for Mr. Ziegfeld.

They joined hands first at the Princess Theatre, New York, when Comstock and Gest were producing the best series of intimate musical plays yet shown in the United States. But that was after Kern had made a good start writing special numbers for some of the musical shows brought over from Europe by Frohman and Klaw and Erlanger. After the Princess shows stopped Kern wrote one of his very best scores for "Leave It to Jane." Since then his best work has been the "Sally" and "Good Morning, Dearie" music, for which Royce collaborated on "Dearie," too.

There are lyrical and emotional qualities in the Kern music—in "Sally," for example—that you will not find in the writings of any other composer associated with musical comedy. Heroic, romantic, comic—he sweeps over all the strings and makes you sit up and applaud.

WALDRON'S CASINO

Waldron's Casino closed last evening after an exceptionally successful season. While the theatre is "dark" during the Summer, artists and artisans will be busy, remodeling and redecorating the interior, preparing for a gala opening when the new theatrical season begins.

Ex-Telegrapher Now Noted Actor

BOY enthusiasts of radio might profit by taking a leaf from the experience of Walter Perkins, who plays the role of the hired man in "The Tavern," at the Tremont.

When he was a boy in his native town of Biddeford, Me., there was then a run on telegraph material, and the Morse code was diligently studied and practised. Mr. Perkins had a set and also a partner, a boy who lived some distance away. Connecting their houses with a wire they conversed through wire messages until each became expert.

After leaving school Mr. Perkins eked out the poor returns of a beginner in the theatre by working as a telegrapher with a newspaper. By and by he became producer as well as actor. He lost a show in the Frisco earthquake, but gallantly offered himself as a telegrapher, and was engaged by the Governor of California to work at the headquarters in Oakland. During the war he did his bit by working the telegraph key, serving for nearly a year.

Mr. Perkins is perhaps best known for his appearance as Shaver in "My Friend From India," a farce comedy by du Souchet, in which he starred for over five years. He also toured in "The Man From Mexico" and in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath."

LOEW'S STATE

At Loew's State, for the coming week, Wallace Reid in a sizzling picture, "Across the Continent," will be the stellar attraction. In this picture the star returns to his old love, the automobile, and has plenty of chances to demonstrate his prowess at the steering wheel. Another feature of unusual interest is Alice Lake in "Hate." She plays the role of a pretty little show girl, who becomes involved in a fight to save a life. The romance which comes to her through her struggle makes a story full of suspense. An Educational comedy and pictorial weekly will also be shown.

ANCIENT MUSIC CONCERT.

A concert of rare works by composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth century will be given at the St. James Theatre tonight by the Italian Symphony Orchestra, Raffaele Martino, conductor. Many of the numbers will be heard for the first time in this country. The orchestra will be garbed in appropriate costumes of the period, and the stage will be set as a medieval garden. Ella Kolar, soprano, will be the soloist.

Combined Circus Shows Open Tomorrow

RINGLING Brothers' and Barnum & Bailey's combined shows will arrive today for a week's stay at the Huntington avenue circus grounds.

There are more than 700 performers with this season's circus and fully half that number of trained animals. Two hundred school horses, representing Europe's finest equestrian acts, form a big new feature.

The wild animal acts include jungle beasts who ride running horses, juggle like humans or play at games with their keepers. The arenas six time after time filled, emptied and refilled with troupes of tigers, lions, polar bears, leopards, panthers, jaguars and trained pumas. Most remarkable among these are the mixed groups of tigers, panthers and leopards presented by the world's foremost women trainers, Mabel Stark and Olga Celeste. There are six herds of trained elephants. Comedy acts are offered in prodigious number.

Among the hundreds of men and women stars are Lily Leitzel, queen of aerial gymnasts; Ernest Clarke and the noted Clarkonians, in hazardous casting acts; the Siegrists, Silbons and Neapolitans, supreme on the flying trapeze; the Ernestos, Reifenatus, Tarneffe and Sevillos —all newly imported European equestrian acts of extraordinary skill; the Six Tahar company of gymnasts, for the first time introducing the women athletes of Arabia; the four "Golden Girls in the Silver Swings"—a sensational old world novelty.

The menagerie contains more than a thousand animals, including Gigianto, a monster ape standing five feet four inches in height and having a strength of more than ten feet between his finger tips.

Full Nantasket Service On Thursday

NANTASKET BEACH boats will begin their full Summer schedule next Thursday. There will be continuous service between Rowes Wharf, Boston, and Pemberton and Nantasket. The first boat for the beach will leave Boston weekdays at 7:30 and the last boat up at night will leave Nantasket at 10:45 and Pemberton at 11:10. On Sundays the service from Boston will start at 9:15 and the last boat up from the beach will leave Nantasket at 10:47 and Pemberton at 11:10.

On Sundays and holidays extra boats will be added to the regular schedule, when extra accommodations are needed. The special trips are put on to avoid overcrowding.

There are also boats for Hull Yacht Club Pier, Crow Point and Plymouth.

PROVINCETOWN TRIPS START JUNE 15

Daily trips to Provincetown, first landing place of the Pilgrims, will start next Thursday. It is an all-day excursion across Boston Bay to the tip of Cape Cod. The Boston terminal is at Bay Line Wharf, 400 Atlantic avenue. The Provincetown boat, the Dorothy Bradford, has capacity of 1,650 passengers; a model modern iron steamship, which has been newly furnished for the Summer season of 1922. Music, an up-to-date luncheon and ample stateroom accommodations are features of the Provincetown service. The trip affords views of historic spots in Boston Harbor and along the South Shore. Time is allowed at Provincetown for dinner and a visit to the Pilgrim monument.

Greater Boston to See Many Big Films

MANY important Cosmopolitan Productions are billed this week at picture playhouses in Greater Boston and nearby cities and towns. Among the pictures to be shown are some of Marion Davies' most recent starring vehicles.

"The Bride's play," charming tale of Erin, in which Miss Davies has the role of a winsome Irish lass, will be shown Friday and Saturday at the Dudley and Jamaica Plain. "Enchantment," another Marion Davies film, is scheduled tomorrow at the Lexington. "Beauty's Worth," in which Miss Davies portrays a little Quaker maid, who becomes the darling of society, comes to the Natick tomorrow. On Wednesday and Thursday this novel film will be seen at the Opera House, Newton, and from Thursday to Saturday it is billed at the Strand, Dorchester.

"The Beauty Shop," with Raymond Hitchcock, the Fairbanks Twins and other popular stars, comes to the Crescent, Revere, Wednesday.

BURTON HOLMES FILM

Burton Holmes, popular travel lecturer, has produced a feature motion picture, entitled "Around the World with Burton Holmes." The first Boston showing will take place at Tremont Temple, beginning tomorrow night. The film shows a complete trip around the world, starting from New York and visiting all the countries which have been the scenes of Holmes' travels.

Shows to Remain

COLONIAL—Heat or no heat, "Sally" draws the crowd still. This de luxe musical comedy, with Marilyn Miller and Leon Errol as stars, is to be enjoyed over and over again. Its wealth of songs, dances, comedy and beauty of all sorts makes it one of the hits of the century. Eighth week.

TREMONT—George M. Cohan's engagement in "The Tavern," continues prosperously, as it deserves. The comedy itself, made over by Mr. Cohan, is uncommon. No better satire has been offered in recent years and the performance is worthy of it. The star is strongly supported. Fifth week.

ST. JAMES—"Slippy McGee," which made its first hit here last Winter, has been put on again, this time more effectively even than before. Walter Gilbert in the title role and Mark Kent as Father De Rance are especially impressive. The performance shows the Boston Stock Company at its best. Third week.

GORDON'S STRAND

An Alpine hotel, perfect in every detail, one of the striking settings in "Beyond the Rocks," Elinor Glyn's story which has been translated to the screen as a Paramount picture starring Gloria Swanson. The film will be seen at Gordon's Strand theatre next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. Picturesque Alpine characters, climbers, guides and tourists, people the set, which is the scene of some alluring action. Tyrolean entertainers dance with charm. The set was handsomely decorated, and the flowers that adorn the tables of the tavern are Swiss everlasting blossoms. Other attractions on the program include Mary Anderson in "Bluebird, Jr.," and recitals on the organ by Arthur J. Martel.

LANCASTER THEATRE

Movie patrons of th's city will have an opportunity to see Irene Castle on the screen for the first time in more than two years, when her latest production, "French Heels," is shown at the Lancaster for the first three days of this week. On the same program May McAvoy is the featured player in "Through a Glass Window." The offering on Thursday will include Mae Murray in "Fascination"; also Wanda Hawley in "Too Much Wife."

BOSTON THEATRE

Conway Tearle's powerful screen drama, "Love's Masquerade," will be shown for the first time at the Boston Theatre this week. McLaughlin and Evans head an exceptionally good vaudeville bill. Clifton and Rooney, Gordon Wilde and company, and Weyth and Wynn are others to attract attention. A new comedy, Aesop's Fable, Pathe News, and Topics of the Day make up the remainder of the program.

Novel Feature At The Pop Concerts

DANCE music at the Pop concert next Thursday is but one of the popular features which Agide Jacchia will offer for the seventh week of the Pop concerts in Symphony Hall. This program will include the Polovtsian dances from "Prince Igor," the bacchanale from "Tannhauser" and characteristic dances from all nations.

Tomorrow will be New England Conservatory of Music Night, with special numbers by students of the music lovers. On Tuesday, Edgar's "Pomp and Circumstance," a fantasia from "Carmen," "Finlandia" by Sibelius, the overture to "Tannhauser" and Chabrier's "Espana" will mark the program. Wednesday will bring Tschaikovsky's "Dornroeschen" waltz, the "Tosca" fantasia, Liszt's second rhapsody, the "Ride of the Valkyries" and "Dance of the Hours."

Friday night has been taken over by the convention of the Associated Harvard Clubs, but all other nights are open to the public.

GAYETY THEATRE

Barney Gerard's brilliant revue "Follies of the Day," will begin the fifth big week of its wonderfully successful run at the Gayety tomorrow. So great a hits has this show made with Greater Boston theatre-goers that the theatre is packed to capacity at all performances and seat reservations have been made far ahead. Tommy "Bozo" Snyder, known as "the man who never speaks," heads a great cast of fun makers, including Joe Webber, Sam Green, Gertrude Hayes, Jr., dancing demon; Althea Barnes, prima donna; Zoe North, comedienne, and many others. The scene is by Urban.

NATIONAL THEATRE

The warm weather has had no ill effect upon attendance at the National, where Manager Smith is offering superlative bills of feature photoplays with daily changes. Another extraordinary list of high-class productions is announced for the coming week. On the bills are the following stars: William Farnum, Nazimova, Rodolph Valentino, H. B. Warner, Shirley Mason, Bert Lytell, Corrinne Griffith, Herbert Rawlinson and Buck Jones.

Change Of Bill at Popular Theatres

VAUDEVILLE and the screen are for the only theatrical novelties of the week. Various popular attractions continue at the dramatic and burlesque houses still open. The Ringling Brothers-Barnum & Bailey Circus arrives tomorrow.

B. F. KEITH'S

Leo Reisman, star of "Good Morning, Dearie," personally directing his Hotel Brunswick Orchestra, heads the Keith bill this week. George Whiting and Sadie Burt are programmed to sing some clever new songs, along with the most popular of their old ones. "Fe" rough and tumble comedy, Rice and Warner can't be beat. Aileen Stanley, known to every possessor of a phonograph; Moody and Duncan, George Kelly, the Fayns; Huston Ray; and La Pilarica Trio, with the regular novelty and news films, make up a bill full of real entertainment.

LOEW'S ORPHEUM

A great picture from a great play with a great star is the principal offering at Loew's Orpheum for the coming week. "Shackles of Gold," Fox film version of Bernstein's great stage play, "Samson," with William Farnum as the star, will be shown for the entire week. In the supporting cast are Myrta Bonillas, Al Loring, Marie Shotwell and Wallace Ray. The vaudeville for the first half of the week includes Field and Cotler, famous phonograph star and popular song composer. On Thursday there will be a complete change of vaudeville.

MODERN AND BEACON

The photoplay bill at the Modern and Beacon this week will include a picturization of Archibald Chaverling Gunter's famous story, "Mr. Barnes of New York," with Tom Moore in his title role, together with Wanda Hawley in a lively romantic comedy, "The Truthful Liar." Few stories written in our language have attained such popularity as Mr. Gunter's novel of New York. When made into play form its success was equally remarkable. The story of the breezy American traveler who becomes involved in a Corsican bloodfeud courses along with many a swift turn of melodramatic surprise, as well as plenteous comedy. Miss Hawley in her picture is seen as a butterfly wife. A film comedy and news pictures will complete the bill.

GORDON'S SCOLLAY SQ.

Delightful terpsichorean, vocal and comedy offerings are included on the vaudeville bill this week at Gordon's Scollay Sq. The headline act will be Ramsdell & Deyo, dancers with few equals in vaudeville. Faber & Bernet will introduce a novel comedy sketch entitled "Off and On." Crane, May and Crane, the medley Trio in "Songs of Long Ago," and other big acts will complete the vaudeville. The photoplay feature will be a fascinating, action-filled drama of the Southwest, entitled "North of the Rio Grande." The stars are Jack Holt and Bebe Daniels. Miss Daniels hasn't been seen in a "Western" for some years—but she proves that she is still excellent as a horsewoman.

BOWDOIN SQ. THEATRE

Another screen version and vaudeville program of superior excellence will be offered at the Bowdoin Sq. beginning tomorrow. Tom Mix, dare-devil of the screen, will be seen in his latest release, "The Fighting Streak," a story that abounds in action. "Without Fear," Miss White is at her best in the leading role. Vaudeville acts will be seen. Dotson, one of the world's greatest dancers, will contribute a specialty rich in originality. "Jo Gee 'Em Hutch" will please the young folks as well as the grown ups. Five other

Norumbega Trips And Shows Are Popular

NORUMBEGA Park, at Auburndale on the Charles, is a cool refuge in hot weather, night or day. For motorists the resort is reached from any direction over some of the best roads in the State. For those who patronize street cars the journey is equally delightful, for the cars go through some of Boston's most beautiful suburbs.

The park offers about everything worth while in the way of diversion. There is canoeing on the river, an up-to-the-minute restaurant where special "ardio dinners" are served and a smaller cafe on an island in the river, there is dancing for those who desire it, a 200, many forms of out-door amusement and a modern theatre with 2000 seats where the best in vaudeville and pictures are shown with a change of bill twice weekly, and at popular prices.

Twice each day, at 2:45 and 7:45 p. m., Mazie Lunette makes her sensational slide, suspended by her teeth down an aerial cable 400 feet long. This is a free attraction. There are special concerts in the theatre each Sunday.

BEBE CALLS AT A REAL OLD HOMESTEAD

Leaving visiting cards at the home of the late Mr. and Mrs. Cliff Dweller has been a recent pastime of Bebe Daniels and Jack Holt, popular Paramount stars.

Of course, the towering rock residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. haven't been occupied for more than 4,000 years—but inasmuch as the cliff-dwellings were only a short walk from the Arizona "location" camp of the co-stars, it wouldn't have been neighborly not to have dropped in.

For scenes in "North of the Rio Grande," a romantic tale of the border, the Jack Holt-Bebe Daniels company camped for several weeks at Mormon Flats, fifty miles from Phoenix, and in the heart of the cliff dwelling and Apache country. The rough and rugged surroundings are said to have afforded Mr. Holt and a band of twenty-five cowboys splendid opportunities for some "trick" riding.

"North of the Rio Grande" will be one of the big screen features this week at Gordon's Scollay Square Olympia Theatre.

MAZIE LUNETTE, heroine of the sensational wire slide drawing crowds to Norumbega Park.

WHAT THE MOVIE STARS ARE DOING

Mabel Normand, who is starring in "Suzanna" at the Mack Sennett studios, wants somebody to explain why it is always a chilly day when she has to make exteriors and wear filmsy costumes, and why it's hotter'n blazes when she has to wear furs and woolens.

Jackie Coogan, who is being starred in "Oliver Twist," is making his mother read this famous Dickens volume to him. Jackie has to hear a chapter of it every night before retiring.

Lambert Hillyer has finished the Ince feature, "The Brotherhood of Hate," with Frank Keenan, Lloyd Hughes and Marguerite de la Motte in the cast.

Who says screen people are superstitious? When Fred Niblo came to the Lasky studio to make "Blood and Sand" as the first Rodolph Valentino starring Paramount picture, they assigned him to Room 18 on Directors' Row. The Niblo stock is still booming.

"Prairie Jack" Edwards, a picturesque character of Casper, Wyo., is en route to Los Angeles on horseback, bearing a petition signed by several thousand Westerners asking Bill Hart to continue the making of frontier pictures. Hart has not been producing for more than a year past.

BREAKS ENEMY AND HIMSELF AS WELL

William Farnum, blue-shirted and ever-ready to fight for the things that mean happiness to others, will be shown at Loew's Orpheum for the entire coming week in his latest big William Fox production, "Shackles of Gold," a stirring play based on the splendid drama, "Samson," by Henri Bernstein.

This picture, which tells the story of a man who comes up from the docks, makes a fortune in oil, and marries a woman who hates him, was directed by Herbert Brenon and is said to be another picture in which Farnum thrills with his superb acting.

Myrta Bonilha, the girl who jumped from an extra to a featured player in one day, is Farnum's leading woman in "Shackles of Gold."

MOORE STAGES A REAL VANISHING ACT

For several weeks during the production of Tom Moore's newest starring vehicle, "Mr. Barnes of New York," the friends of the star missed his genial company. The reason was that Mr. Moore kept in hiding to avoid them while his hair and beard grew to disheveled proportions. He confesses that he has lost his faith in wigs as ideal disguises.

So, in "Mr. Barnes of New York," Mr. Moore cultivated not only a pair of side-burns, but also let his hair grow down around his collar. He says that during the making of the picture, which comes to the Modern and Beacon tomorrow, he was the object of all eyes whenever he went into a cafe or a hotel.

Amusements

COLONIAL EVGS. at 8 MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2
CURTAIN AT 8 P.M. SHARP.
DIRECTION ERLANGER, DILLINGHAM & ZIEGFELD—Thomas B. Lothian, Manager
8th PHENOMENAL WEEK
ONLY MUSICAL COMEDY IN BOSTON AND THE MOST PERFECT IN THE WORLD
ZIEGFELD'S GREATEST SUCCESS
MARILYN MILLER
LEON ERROL IN Sally
SEATS AT BOX OFFICE
MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION
NOT TO BE SEEN ELSEWHERE IN NEW ENGLAND

Amusements

MODERN THEATRE — EXCLUSIVE FIRST RUN PHOTOPLAYS — BEACON THE SHRINE OF PHOTOPLAYS
WASHINGTON ST. GREATER BOSTON TREMONT ST.
FOLLOWING PROGRAM AT BOTH THEATRES
The Sweetest Story Ever Told
Tom MOORE IN "MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK"
(AND ON THE SAME BILL)
WANDA HAWLEY
AS A FRIVOLOUS FABRICATOR IN "The TRUTHFUL LIAR"

Amusements

GORDON'S SCOLLAY SQ. OLYMPIA
Coolest Theatre in Boston
WEEK OF JUNE 12
JACK HOLT and BEBE DANIELS IN "NORTH OF THE RIO GRANDE"
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
Big Bill of Vaudeville Favorites
The RAMSDELLS & DEVO
In a Smart Dance Offering
All 'Round Fun Champions
FABER & EBERNE
In a Comedy Skit, "Off and On"
The Medley Trio
CRANE, MAE & CRANE
In "Songs of Long Ago"
FERN-BIGELOW & KING
In "A Quiet Evening"
JOHNNY HARRIGAN
"Father's Joy Day"
AL ST. JOHN COMEDY, "THE STUDIO RUBE"
TO OUR LADY PATRONS
Tea Luncheon and Ice Cream served from noon day from 12 Noon to 7 P. M. in the Ladies' Rest Room
SUNDAY CONCERT 2 TO 10:30

HANTASKET BEACH
Oh be Jolly
BOSTON'S HARBOR SAIL TO NANTASKET
Boats Hourly Every Day
Extra Trips Sundays and Holidays
ALL STEAMERS FROM ROWE'S WHARF

LOEW'S STATE
AFTERNOONS BOXES & LOGES 35c ALL OTHER SEATS 25c
EVENINGS BOXES & LOGES 50c LOWER FLOOR 50c BALCONY 35c
MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE — CONTINUOUS 1 P.M. TO 11 P.M.
WEEK of JUNE 12
PACKED WITH THRILLS, DRAMA and HEART APPEAL!
WALLACE REID IN "ACROSS THE CONTINENT"
IN ADDITION
ALICE LAKE in "HATE"
Newest Comedy, "Smiles," and Pathe Review and News
SUNDAY VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTOPLAYS DOORS OPEN at 2:30 P. M.

GORDON'S CAMBRIDGE — CENTRAL SQ.
CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES
AFTERNOONS ALL SEATS 20c Plus Tax Except Fri., Sat. & Sun.
EVES. AFTER 4:00 20, 30, 35c Plus Tax
SUN., NIGHT, MON., TUES., WED.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO and GLORIA SWANSON IN "ELINOR GLYN'S" LATEST PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
BEYOND THE ROCKS
Also Mary Anderson in "Bluebeard, Jr."
THURS. ENTIRE Change of Program
High Grade Amateurs—Friday Night
VAUDEVILLE—SATURDAY
SEATS RESERVED FOR EVE. PERFORMANCES. TEL. UNIV. 506 or 872—FREE AUTO PARKING

GORDON'S OLYMPIA — WASH. ST.
Week of June 12—Paramount Presents
THOMAS MEIGHAN IN "The BACHELOR DADDY"
Tho the Author of "The FOURTH CHAIR"
BIG VAUDEVILLE ATTRACTION
ANNA CHANDLER
America's Celebrated Singing Comedienne
HANEY & MORGAN
A Boy and Girl in Taps, Tricks and Music
JEAN & JACQUES
In a Novelty Skit, "By the Sea"
ZECK & RANDOLPH
In "Grooming the Groom"
JONES & MILLAY
Bits of Nonsense
AL ST. JOHN COMEDY, "THE STUDIO RUBE"
FREE AUTO PARKING
Just Around the Corner on Beach St. Have Check Stamped at Box Office.
SUNDAY CONCERT, 2 to 10:30

TREMONT TEMPLE
STARTING TOMORROW
THE MOTION PICTURE DRAMA OF THE CHANGING WORLD
AROUND THE WORLD
WITH
BURTON HOLMES
ENDING WITH MOTION PICTURES OF BOSTON AS IT IS TODAY
3 Performances Daily, 2:15, 4:15, 8:15
Prices 30c to $1.00

BOSTON TO PROVINCETOWN AND RETURN
Spend the Week End at Provincetown, the Tourists' Ideal Landing Place
Steamship DOROTHY BRADFORD resumes daily trips to and from this historic spot
THURSDAY, JUNE 15
ORCHESTRA STATEROOMS REFRESHMENTS
Sailings—6:30 A. M.—15 o'clock Sundays and Holidays—Connects with afternoon train up the Cape. Daylight Saving Time.
BAY LINE WHARF, 200 ATLANTIC AVE.
Tel. Congress 4255

Read the DAILY ADVERTISER All the News of the World IN PICTURES

Amusements

GAYETY THEATRE
TWICE DAILY—2:10 and 8:10 P. M.
5th SENSATIONAL WEEK
500th TIME THIS SEASON
TUES. JUNE 13
SOUVENIRS TO LADIES—MAT. and NIGHT
BARNEY GERARD'S STUPENDOUS REVUE
THE LADIES' DELIGHT
"FOLLIES OF THE DAY" with "BOZO" SNYDER
"Say it with silence."
ALL BOSTON RAVING ABOUT THIS SHOW
AVOID THE CROWDS! RESERVE SEATS BY PHONE N-O-W BEACH 39

Loew's ORPHEUM
IN THE HEART OF THE SHOPPING DISTRICT
Continuous 9:30 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.
EVERY SUNDAY STAGE AT 2:30 P.M.
ENTIRE WEEK
He raised himself from dock laborer to wizard of finance . . . He broke the stock market and himself in order to ruin the man who loved his wife . . .
WILLIAM FARNUM IN SHACKLES OF GOLD
From the Modern Society Drama—"Samson" by Henri Bernstein—
MON., TUES. & WED.
VAUDEVILLE HEADED BY
FIELDS and GOTLER
Famous Phonograph Singer and Composer
"DANCING SHOES"
With Hugh Wells & Syncopated Steppers
MORGAN and GRAY
In "Bungalow Love." And Others
Big Sunday Show Today
VAUDEVILLE & PICTURES

BOWDOIN SQ. THEATRE CONTINUOUS
Two Minutes' Walk from Scollay Sq. Around the Corner on Court St.
The Boston Family Resort for Ladies
SHOW STARTS at 10:30 A. M.
Visit Bowdoin Square Theatre
RADIO STATION
FREE TO ALL PATRONS
TOM MIX
In His Latest Release
"THE FIGHTING STREAK"
One long series of fights and action in which a peace-loving Westerner proves a terror when used to action.
PEARL WHITE
In Her Latest Picture
"WITHOUT FEAR"
Civilization abolished slavery—but society sells its daughters to the highest bidders.
LATEST COMEDY FEATURE
5 VAUDEVILLE ACTS, Including
DOTSON
World's Greatest Dancer
Bargain Night Friday—Extra Acts
Today (Sunday) at 1 P. M.
2 Feature Pictures; 5 Vaudeville Acts, including Drake and Walker's Musical Revue.

GORDON'S STRAND — UPHAM'S COR.
MON., TUES., WED.
RUDOLPH VALENTINO and GLORIA SWANSON IN "ELINOR GLYN'S" LATEST PARAMOUNT PRODUCTION
BEYOND THE ROCKS
Also Mary Anderson in "Bluebeard, Jr."
THURS. ENTIRE Change of Program
ARTHUR J. MARTEL at Organ
Vaudeville Presented Only on Saturday & Sunday
TODAY—Big Sunday Concert at 3 & 8
FREE AUTO PARKING

Cosmopolitan Productions
Bookings on Cosmopolitan
"THE BRIDE'S PLAY"
Starring Marion Davies
June 14-15, Star, Laurence.
June 16-17, Dudley, Roxbury.
June 16-17, Jamaica Plain, Jamaica Plain.
June 14-15, Jefferson, Springfield.
June 16-17, Strand, Lynn.
"ENCHANTMENT"
Starring Marion Davies
June 12, Lexington, Lexington.
June 14, Comunican, Newport, N. H.
June 14, Globe, Holyoke.
"BOOMERANG BILL"
June 14, Dreamland, Nantucket.
June 14, Palace, Jamestown, R. I.
June 17, Fisher's Hall, Fisherville.
"JUST AROUND THE CORNER"
June 12, Loring Hall, Bingham.
"GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD"
June 13, Hammond Hall, Ludlow, Vt.
June 14-15, Temple, Wolfboro, N. H.
June 14-15, Park, Fall River.
June 16, Star, Fairfax, Vt.
"BACK PAY"
June 12-13, Park, Fall River.
June 13, I. O. O. F. Hall, Milton, Vt.
"BEAUTY'S WORTH"
Starring Marion Davies
June 12-13, Natick, Natick.
June 12-17, Strand, Providence, R. I.
June 14-15, Opera House, Newton.
June 15-17, Strand, Dorchester.
June 15-17, Strand, Brockton.
"THE GOOD PROVIDER"
June 15-17, Paramount Crown, Manchester, N. H.
"THE BEAUTY SHOP"
June 12-14, Strand, Holyoke.
June 14-15, Crescent, Revere.
"HUMORESQUE"
June 14-15, Town Hall, Charleston, N. H.
June 17, Town Hall, Harvard.
"HELIOTROPE"
June 17, Chase, Warner, N. H.
"THE INSIDE OF THE CUP"
June 11, Royal, Worcester.
"THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM"
June 12, Strand, Oak Bluffs.
June 13, Crescent, Story Falls.
"STRAIGHT IS THE WAY"
June 16-17, Henderson's, Woodsville, N. H.
"BURIED TREASURE"
Starring Marion Davies
June 12-13, Star, East Greenwich, R. I.
June 17, Garden, Springfield.
"PROXIES"
June 12-13, Granite Sq., Manchester, N. H.
June 15, Community, Manchaug.
June 14-15, Opera House, Milford.
"THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED"
June 12-13, Elite, Walpole.
June 14, Pike, Pitts., N. H.
June 14, Colonial, Peterboro, N. H.

SYMPHONY HALL Every Night (Except Sun.)
POPS
Orchestra of 75 Symphony Players
AGIDE JACCHIA, Conductor
Popular Programme—Iced Refreshments
Thurs., June 15—Program of DANCE Music
Fri., June 16—Scenes taken by Harvard Class 1431 Blue Fights, Open to the Public
Table Seats, $1 & 75c; 1st Bal. $1, 75c & 50c
More than 200 seats at 25c (to 1st)

TONIGHT at 8
UNUSUAL CONCERT
17th & 18 CENTURY MUSIC
BY THE
ITALIAN 18th CENTURY ORCHESTRA
(In Costume of the Period)
RAFFAELE MARTINO, Cond.
ELLA KOLAR, Soloist
ARTURO CANGILLA, Pianist
POPULAR PRICES—25c to $1
ST. JAMES THEATRE

Amusements

BEAUTIFUL POPULAR NORUMBEGA ON THE CHARLES
NOW OPEN AND IN FULL SWING
MOST BEAUTIFUL AMUSEMENT PARK IN THE EAST
CARS FROM ALL POINTS ON THE BOSTON ELEVATED
SPECIAL CARS FROM SCOLLAY SQ.
SOMETHING DOING ALL THE TIME!
A REAL SENSATION
MAZIE LUNETTE
In Her SLIDE FOR LIFE
DAILY 3 and 8. DROP OF 400 FEET
Miss Lunette is the only woman in the world performing this thrilling feat
$1.50 Dinners in the Restaurant. 75c Dinners in the Island Casino. Dancing! Dancing! Dancing! In the Theatre, 3000 Seats. Up-to-Date Vaudeville and Pictures. Merry-Go-Round—Dodge 'Em. Launches on the River. 1,000 Canoes for Hire. Zoological Garden. Botanical Garden. Garden Swings. Baseball. BAND CONCERTS DAILY
Shooting Galleries, Bat Ball, Fish Pond
RADIO HALL
TWICE DAILY
FREE RADIO CONCERTS
Strongest Amateur and Only Special Concerts in New England
Most Delightful Drive in America
Admission to Park 10 Cents
Buy Combination Ticket from Street Car Conductor

ONE WEEK BEGINNING MONDAY, JUNE 12
SHOW GROUNDS, HUNTINGTON AVE.
RINGLING BROS. AND BARNUM & BAILEY COMBINED CIRCUS
THE WORLD'S 10 TIMES BIGGEST AMUSEMENT INSTITUTION
700 ARENIC MARVELS
1500 PEOPLE
6 HERDS of PERFORMING ELEPHANTS
SCORES of BIG NEW FOREIGN ACTS
100 CLOWNS
AUGMENTED BY EUROPE'S GREATEST WILD ANIMAL DISPLAYS and CONTINENTAL HORSE SHOWS
MORE THAN 200 TRAINED EQUINES
THE SHOW OF 10,000 WONDERS
BABY HIPPOPOTAMUS AND 1000 OTHER ZOOLOGICAL RARITIES
100 DOUBLE LENGTH R.R. CARS FORMING TRAINS MORE THAN ONE AND ½ MILES LONG.
DOORS OPEN AT 1 AND 7 P.M.—PERFORMANCES AT 2 AND 8 P.M.
ONE TICKET ADMITS TO EVERYTHING
ADULTS 50c; CHILDREN UNDER 9 YEARS, HALF FARE, INCLUDED
SEATS ON SALE AT STEIFF PIANO CO., 146 BOYLSTON ST.

"The Greatest Romantic Satire Ever Presented in the American Theatre"
GEO. M. COHAN (HIMSELF)
IN HIS INIMITABLE CHARACTERIZATION OF THE VAGABOND IN
The Tavern
"WHAT'S ALL THE SHOOTIN' FOR?"
TREMONT THEATRE
THOMAS B. LOTHIAN—MANAGER
EVES. at 8:15—MATS. WED. & SAT. at 2:15
POP. MAT. WED. Best Seats $2

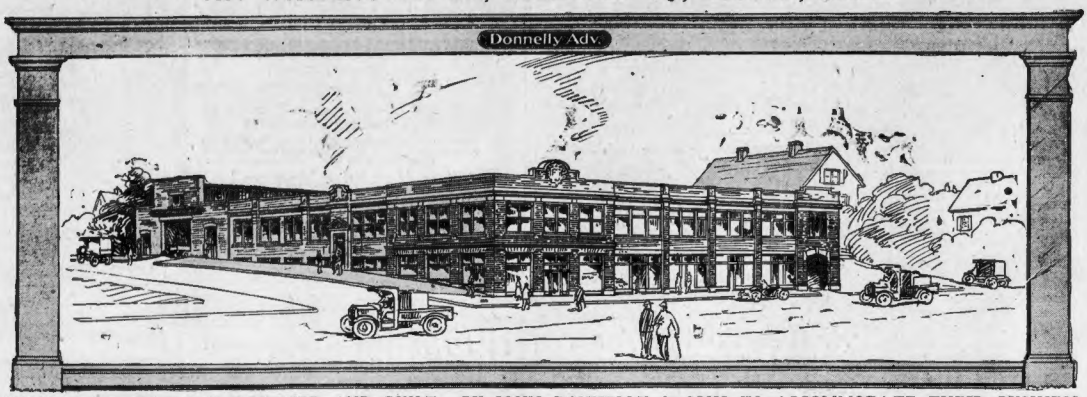
FOURTH BIG WEEK And They're Still Piling In to See "Slippy McGee"
THE DRAMA THAT PRODUCES EVERYTHING THE STAGE CAN GIVE
BOSTON STOCK COMPANY IN MARIE CONWAY GEMLER'S
Slippy McGee
Tel. Back Bay 202
Theatre Ice Cooled
ST. JAMES THEATRE
Theatre at Cor. of Huntington and Mass. Aves., Seven Minutes from Park St.—Matinees, Except Mon. and Thurs., 2:15—Prices 50c, 75c, $1c, $1.50—Evenings, at 8:15—Prices 50c, 75c, $1—Mats., Thurs., Sat., Sun. and Hol., at 2:15—Prices 50c, $1, $1.50—Evenings, at 8:15—Prices 50c, 75c, $1, $1.50—Extra, Mat., Dec. 25, 2:15. Filene's, Jordan's, Shepard's or Bown Town Offices, Howe's, 38 Winter St., Beach 1992.
PERFORMANCES FINISH AT 4:25 AND 10:35—FREE PARKING

10¢ ADMISSION 10¢
NATIONAL Theatre BROADWAY AT EAST BERKELEY ST.
CONTINUOUS 12 NOON TO 11 P.M.
NOW OPEN
DAILY CHANGE OF PROGRAM
2 BIG FEATURES 2
EVERY THURS. NIGHT—10¢ DANCES AND BIG FUNNY AMATEURS
BIG SUNDAY SHOW
ADMISSION 10¢

BEST PICTURE HOUSE IN TOWN
LANCASTER Tremont Street NEAR BOYLSTON
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday
IRENE CASTLE
In "FRENCH HEELS"
MAY McAVOY
In "Through a Glass Window"
Thursday, Friday, Saturday
MAE MURRAY
In "FASCINATION"
WANDA HAWLEY
In "TOO MUCH WIFE"

Donnelly Adv.

3134 WASHINGTON ST., EGLESTON SQ., BOSTON, MASS.



NEW PLANT SPECIALLY DESIGNED AND BUILT BY JOHN DONNELLY & SONS TO ACCOMMODATE THEIR BUSINESS:

OUTDOOR ADVERTISING

FEW PEOPLE other than those engaged in great enterprises have a just conception of the magnitude of outdoor advertising, which is the name given to the advertising medium consisting of electric spectaculars, painted bulletins and poster panels.

You see a poster of some great product or a painted bulletin by the roadside that tells about some article of excellence, or a flashing electric spectacular of great beauty that flashes in the sky and sends into your being its message, but you do not know that these works of art have had in their production the most highly trained minds in advertising in the country, and to carry out their thoughts in detail there is required an army of men, artists, lithographers, printers, painters, electricians, carpenters, salesmen and many others.

HERE at the head of the page is a sketch of the headquarters of JOHN DONNELLY & SONS. The building is situated at 3134 Washington street, corner School street at Egleston square. The building is of brick and cement. It is two stories high and has approximately 40,000 square feet of ground area. This building houses one of the most complete out-door advertising plants in the entire country. In addition to the executive offices there is a studio, poster room, construction department and garage. The executive offices have 3,000 square feet. The studio, where many of the bulletins are painted before being hung in their permanent locations, requires 4,500 square feet, and the construction department, where many skilled mechanics are busy, requires 7,200 square feet. The poster room, where all the posters are received and routed, has an area of 3,000 square feet. The garage houses 25 or more of the trucks and automobiles that are required for the service.

This building, while it houses the executive offices, was erected primarily to give service to the Metropolitan District of Boston, as far distant points are being served by their own local plants.

JUST a personal word about ourselves: Seventy years in business; for three score and ten years this firm has been in outdoor advertising here in Boston.

John Donnelly, the founder of this great business, builded even better than he knew. A man of sterling character, he laid down the principles that still govern this business and which, in a great measure, are responsible for its great growth.

During all these seventy years the business has been in the same family and the ideals of John Donnelly are still being followed.

Great business does not grow by chance. It responds to the same laws as govern all growths in soil and seed. John Donnelly sowed good seed and the return has been bountiful. His great principle was to serve his customers well and faithfully, and this great principle is still being carried out as far as human frailty will permit.

OUT-DOOR advertising has gone through the same process of growth as have newspaper and magazine advertising. There was outdoor advertising before the newspaper or magazine existed. It is the earliest form of advertising, so it has great age which gives it honor. Its growth has kept pace with its younger rivals, and today out-door advertising is one of the greatest sales forces. Out-door advertising has had to fight every step of its way. It won by sheer excellence of performance. It won because the advertisers who hesitatingly used it found very profitable results, and increased their orders, demanding more space.

Out-door advertising exists because advertisers demand it, and advertisers demand it because it performs better than any other media a certain function that cannot be performed as well at the same cost in any other known way.

Just what is the best media for advertising—out-door, newspaper, magazine, direct-by-mail? It depends on what results you wish accomplished and where you wish these results to come from. You might ask a carpenter what is his best tool, the hammer, saw, chisel or plane. He will ask you, "For what purpose?" So it is with advertising media. All are excellent for certain purposes.

This advertisement is published in a daily newspaper to tell the advertisers just how out-door advertising can serve them best.

THE Electric Spectacular! How often have you paused on Tremont street or in the Public Gardens to watch the beautiful electric sign of Hathaway's Bread? "Our Toast" has been given to millions for the past three years. The little Hathaway children have given this toast to the thousands whom they have saluted by day and by night.

Then, again, you have stood and watched the beautiful Sonora electric sign at 2 Park street. Its message, "As Clear as a Bell," has rung in your ears and became a part of your life. There is not a finer example of the electric spectacular in the world. There are larger signs, but none more beautiful.

Then there is the famous Camel Cigarette spectacular at Washington and Essex streets, at the head of "The Canyon," which is formed by the high buildings on Boylston street from Tremont to Washington street. This great sign shows to all who enter Boylston street from Park square and is seen from both sides of Washington street for a quarter of a mile. It reminds the tens of thousands that "I'd walk a mile for a Camel."

These three great electric signs tell the story of what a spectacular is better than any words can describe or any picture can paint. And at night an illuminated sign is a thing of beauty and it cheers the way of the passersby. To the stranger within our gates these spectaculars and all our illuminated signs mark the spirit of the city and give it a sparkle that allures and invites another visit.

These electric spectaculars have been likened to a beautiful diamond on a golden ring. It attracts, it pleases and it gives pleasure to those whose good fortune it is to see its brilliancy.

Where do you, Mr. Advertiser, want a spectacular? We are ready to erect one for you, most anywhere in Boston, most anywhere in New England, most anywhere in the United States.

THE PAINTED BULLETIN. Here is real art in advertising. If you do business with us every sketch is made by an artist; every color is selected for harmony which gives delight to the eye. You have a message for the people—say it with color. A painted bulletin, 50x12—600 square feet of service—will leave its impression on the minds of prospective purchasers. People buy from impressions.

With painted bulletins you can reach all or only a part of the world. You may buy one bulletin, ten bulletins, one hundred or a thousand. You may reach the people who live on one avenue, one street or one highway, or all avenues, all streets, all highways. You may wish to meet only those who motor. Through our bulletins on the great automobile highways in and out of Boston or any city anywhere you will serve your purpose. This is the function of the painted bulletins. It gives you as much or as little circulation as you wish, where you wish it, when you want it and it delivers the message that gives the impulse to buy. It gives campaigns for any purse.

We have on our plant far more than 100 advertisers who use painted bulletins, some have one sign, many a dozen and a few have them in the hundreds. Every line of business is on our painted bulletins. Some have lighted bulletins, which keep sending their messages long after the others have gone to sleep. The painted bulletin is indeed a wonderful salesforce.

POSTER ADVERTISING. This means the great 24-sheet posters that talk to you everywhere. Yesterday the poster was an infant just able to crawl along, but today it is a giant, with all a giant's strength. Today the highest-class advertising is to be found in poster advertising. Many of the great manufacturers of high-grade products are today using posters, and every year as a rule they increase the number, because they find it makes money for them. Greater sales are made with less cost and with less trade resistance.

These advertisers engage great artists like Maxfield Parrish, Sheridan, Rockwell, Lyendecker Brothers, Wyeth and Beneke to make their designs, with the result that the average run of copy is fully as good from an artistic standpoint, if not superior, to that carried in the high-grade magazine. Take the poster panels of Palmolive Soap! Are they not beautiful? Thousands have spoken appreciatively of them. Better still, the sales from posters have been very great.

Take the Lux posters. They are beautiful and will lead thousands of women to buy this famous product. Look at the fine posters of Camel, Fatima and other cigarettes. How true to life. Prince Albert posters are as wholesome as anyone could wish. You never find on any plant a poster which is not good to look at and that does not ring true. The size of a 24-sheet poster is 25x11 feet. Poster showings are sold on the basis of the population of each city. In Boston a full showing is 200 posters, 40 illuminated special displays and 160 regular displays. An advertiser may buy a full showing, a half showing or a quarter showing. The minimum time of a showing is one month. Quite a few advertisers buy a showing for the entire twelve months, furnishing a new design for posting every 30 days, so there is a new picture for you to see and a new story for you to hear almost every day.

Poster advertising must be contracted for long in advance of showing. The demand is so great that our entire plant, in fact every poster plant in the country, is sold to the limit, and in fact there is a list of advertisers, ever growing larger, looking for space. If you plan to advertise with posters in 1923, it would be well to place your order now, or you, too, will be disappointed.

THERE is no standard of what is art or what is beautiful. Even the strawberry, which is said to be Nature's greatest product, makes some people ill. St. Gauden's statue of Phillips Brooks in front of Trinity Church has been denounced by hundreds of art critics who tried to have it removed, and failing in this, they set up a statue that they liked just across the way.

This world of ours is a workshop in which each of us is to earn our bread. Some people seem to think it is a great drawing room where activity has no place. Were it that, life would soon cease.

True, we have our beauty spots, especially here in New England, where Nature has been lavish with her gifts.

We never put a sign where it will detract from the beauty of nature, and we have yet to find a man who has asked for a sign in such a place.

The out-door advertising plant owner respects the sensibilities of common-sense people and never offends good taste either in the text or form or location of his advertisers. Not only that, but we have hung many a beautiful picture over an ugly spot that would offend the eye. Public opinion is a wonderful censor, and it has written O. K. on out-door advertising.

Advertise DONNELLY'S Way

The American Weekly
Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser, Sunday, June 11, 1922
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How To Educate a Wife

By Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of "Three Weeks," "His Hour," "My Secrets of Love," Etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

No. I.

THE aim of education in either a husband or a wife is to secure the happiness of the home, and of the pair.

So it is as well for the wife to understand that the position of husband does not hold out so many advantages as the position of wife, in the abstract. Therefore the man is giving up more than the woman in undertaking it.

Now, let no woman forget this!

By the unwritten law of custom a man is allowed more freedom than a woman. He can secure almost all the things a wife can give him from some other woman, without tying his hands at all—whereas, unless she is prepared to lose her social status and bring disgrace upon herself, a woman cannot obtain those things she is supposed to secure in marriage. Consequently, to be legally wedded is far more important to a woman than it could possibly be to a man.

Hence a wife ought to keep this in mind, and see that she makes the curtailing of the man's liberty worth his while.

A wife ought always make her husband feel that he has done well for himself, and that he can be envied by his fellows. For there is that in the nature of a man which makes him value most things which the other men want. The really ghastly moment for a sensitive woman must be when she discovers her husband's friends are feeling commiseration for him.

Ouida once wrote: "Men are not vicious; they are but children"—and in many ways this is the truth! They are children in their craving for understanding and sympathy, and in their directness and desire for contentment. A man must be a god who has not to be "humored" upon any point. But it is just how much a woman has "to humor" which regulates her feelings of respect.

Humoring is quite a different thing to using tact.

Using tact is in selecting suitable words and suitable actions at suitable moments to secure what you want.

"Humoring" a person is pandering to his vanity, knowing that you will probably get what you want when vanity is sufficiently fed.

The women who deliberately "humor" to gain their ends are schemers by nature, and egotists as well, vulgar "vamps" who are quite unconcerned with anything but their determination to obtain their desires.

The women with tact are generally creatures with kind hearts and fine understandings, which direct them to feel atmospheres, and so avoid saying or doing jarring things, to hurt or bore others.

"The really ghastly moment for a sensitive woman must be when she discovers her husband's friends are feeling commiseration for him."

Howard Chandler Christy
1922

How America's Champion Hen Laid 324 Eggs in a Year

Prof. Dryden Turned On the Bright Electric Lights at 4 o'Clock Every Morning, Woke Up "Lady Dryden," Got Her Out and She Worked So Long She Almost Scratched Her Toe-Nails Off

PROFESSOR JAMES DRYDEN, chief of poultry husbandry at the Oregon Agricultural College Experiment Station, has produced a hen which has just accomplished the world's record by laying 324 eggs in a year. This champion egg producer has been named "Lady Dryden," in honor of Professor Dryden, her scientific trainer.

Lady Dryden is not a member of an egg-laying union. She has been working overtime, and that is why she achieved the world's record in her line of business.

Professor Dryden has applied all the rules of industrial efficiency in the management of his champion hen. Lazy hens do not exercise much. Hens that do not exercise vigorously do not eat much, and hens that are small eaters are not big egg layers.

Applying these observations, Professor Dryden followed the rule "late to bed and early to rise," and thus succeeded in keeping Lady Dryden just about as busy in the Winter time, when hens sleep late and go to bed early and lay few eggs, as they are in the Summer time, when they put in a long day from sunrise to sundown and lay more eggs.

Professor Dryden switched on the bright electric lights at four o'clock in the morning. Lady Dryden opened her eyes, blinked and got right up and went to work. The bright glare of the electric light made her think it was broad daylight and she must have overslept.

Professor Dryden had spread over the floor some very attractive sprouted wheat, chopped alfalfa and other things which made an appetising breakfast.

So at four o'clock in the morning, when lazy hens are getting their beauty sleep, Lady Dryden was up and about busily scratching the gravel and getting an early breakfast. All day long, until late into the evening, Lady Dryden scratched gravel until she nearly wore off her toenails.

The new world champion is a Barred Plymouth Rock and made her record at the University of California Farm Bureau egg-laying contest at Santa Cruz, Cal. She is the latest record-breaker among scores of Oregon station hens to lay more than 300 eggs a year.

This blue-ribboned lady not only holds the world's Barred Rock egg record, but leads all breeds in the United States in egg production under official supervision. She laid the 324 eggs in twelve months of actual laying ending December 13, is still going strong, and apparently will uphold her reputation for another year.

This hen was entered in the California contest with nine other Barred Rocks from the Oregon station. Pens of college strain finished first and second in the contest in an entry of 540 birds. The pen average of the winners was 244 eggs, as compared with a contest average of 186.

At the end of the contest Lady Dryden had laid 258 eggs, not having begun laying till December 14. She was left to complete her full year at the request of the manager, who was greatly impressed by her prolific laying.

This is not a "freak" record, as exceptional records are often thought to be, say the station poultry breeders, but a logical outcome of scientific breeding of hens for high fecundity, started by Professor Dryden at the station in 1906.

When hen 72, as Lady Dryden was called at the egg-laying station, started laying she continued for six days without a stop, which was considered remarkable for a pullet just starting laying. From that time on she was a consistent layer, missing more than one consecutive day only once during the contest until she began to molt.

During September, October and part of November she had a slight continued molt, which cut down her production from an average of twenty-eight eggs a month to twenty-four for September, twenty-three for October and twenty-five for November.

Naturally she was strong and robust with wonderful stamina, being a good fighter during the entire contest. She was not affected with sickness during her entire laying year, but had a slight touch of "scaly legs" for some months. Poultry authorities say the leg infection might have reduced her total production considerable had it not been for her otherwise robust condition.

Lady Dryden is a granddaughter of H-95, an Oregon station hen which laid 302 eggs in her first year and averaged 191 during four years of laying. She is closely related to a hen with a record of 308 eggs and has many other ancestors that have averaged more than 280 eggs. This is said to bear out the theory upon which Professor Dryden has been working—that a definite increase in production is secured by breeding the best to the best; that is, by using the annual record only as a basis of selection and mating high-record hens to males from high-record hens, the higher the better, to produce high-record progeny.

Eight years ago the poultry world was startled with the announcement from the Oregon station that a real 300-egg hen had been produced at that station. Lady MacDuff, as the first champion was called, had a record of 302 eggs, by official trap-nest test. A-37, another Oregon college champion hen, was the first hen in the world to make a trap-nest record of 1,000 eggs in a lifetime. Her complete record was 1,135.

The capacity of a hen is commonly measured by poultry breeders in terms of her annual egg yield, and the proof of transmission is shown if the female progeny produces not necessarily as many eggs as the parent but an actual increase over the average production of the unbred flock of this breed. From the records of the Oregon station, however, it is shown that an individual's real capacity may be better demonstrated in shorter periods of production, environmental conditions being under better control. The months of March and April are the best months for such short period tests, during which time it is possible to check the hen by trap-nests and calculate the number of eggs she will lay during her entire period under satisfactory conditions.

The contesting hens at the California egg-laying contest were kept under model conditions. The champion consumed 41 pounds of mash, 41 pounds of grain, 3 pounds of shell and 7 pounds of grit during the year. Barley greens and kale were fed in Winter and red clover in Summer. Barley freshly sprouted was fed in litter early in the afternoon. A dry scratch, consisting of wheat, whole barley, cracked corn and milo, was scattered in litter morning and evening.

The dry-mash formula consisted of a ratio of 240 pounds of bran, 120 pounds gray middlings, 180 pounds ground oats, 100 pounds meat scrap, 80 pounds soy bean meal, 20 pounds fine charcoal, 10 pounds medium charcoal and 4 pounds salt. The total cost of food for one hen for the year was $2.50—the value of Lady Dryden's eggs at 45 cents a dozen was $12.15.

The morning feed of the scratch-grain mixture was scattered in the straw litter before dark the preceding day at the rate of about four pounds to the 100 hens, so that the fowls could begin scratching for their breakfast as soon as they left their roosts in the early morning hours.

The dry mash was kept before the fowls at all times, except in some instances where the fowls consumed too much mash. In such pens the consumption was regulated by closing the mash hoppers all or part of each morning.

Finely cut, tender green feed was placed in the food hoppers about 8:30 in the morning and replenished as often as necessary to keep fresh greens before the fowls all day. During the Winter young green barley was fed as greens, while in the Summer the greens consisted largely of red clover, with some kale and chard.

In mid-afternoon one pound of sprouted oats or barley, with sprouts about one-third inch long, was scattered in the litter for each pen of thirty-six fowls.

One hour before dusk the evening feed of scratch grain was scattered in the straw litter at the rate of five pounds to every 100 hens.

All phases of the contest were conducted under expert management according to the most modern and approved methods. All birds were trap-nested, and any eggs weighing less than eighteen ounces to the dozen and any which were malformed or soft shelled were not included in the records. All eggs counted had to be up to the required standard.

The contest laying house was of the full monitor type, approximately 300 feet long and 26 feet wide, with side walls 6 feet high, and with a six-foot alley down the centre. The pen batteries, which held thirty-six hens, were 10 by 16 feet, allowing four square feet of floor space to the hen. Each pen was equipped with eighteen trap-nests, which allowed one nest for ever two hens. The windows in the full monitor top and in the east and west walls admitted abundant light, while the ventilation system was especially designed to keep the air of the house pure and free from odors even during the dampest weather.

In the Winter months the electric lights were used from 4 or 4:30 in the morning until daylight, as already mentioned. In this way the working day of the hen was lengthened, resulting in a general increase in egg production.

From evidence of toenails worn half-way down, as shown elsewhere on this page, Lady Dryden took full advantage of the daylight and electric lights as a means of securing additional working hours. The condition of her toenails would indicate that she was a hen of extreme vigor, working overtime, which was a big factor in her remarkable achievement.

Lady Dryden will be mated to a sire that has a good productive records of dams, hens of 300-egg record appearing in the pedigree four times. It would be no surprise or "freak" performance if several of their progeny were to establish records even excelling the new world's mark set by Lady Dryden, according to Professor Alfred G. Lunn, acting head of the poultry department during the absence of Professor Dryden, who is on leave of absence making extensive study of poultry conditions in the United States and Canada.

The strains developed by Professor Dryden have won more egg laying contests than those of any other breeded. His chickens now hold the world's egg-laying record for two years, three, four, five and six years, and the "long-distance" record of 1,300 eggs for one hen, in addition to the new mark just set by Lady Dryden.

In experiments at the Oregon Agricultural College experiment station with Barred Plymouth Rocks an inheritance of fecundity, a very significant thing in the production of all the years, is the wide variation in the records of individual hens. The original flock of ninety-two made records varying from 218 eggs as the highest to six as the lowest, the average being 86.14 for the first year.

The second year of the experiment was conducted with twenty-eight hens, hatched from the first-year flock without selection and sired by males of pedigree of unknown production. In this case the highest record was 183 and the lowest 60, a range between highest and lowest of 123. The average of the individual records of this yard was 120.85.

A further development was obtained with the third generation, in which the highest producer laid 218 eggs and the lowest 45 eggs.

Lady Dryden's performance at the California egg-laying contest proved that the characteristics of heavy laying are inherited. Other examples, notably one with twenty hens, shows the result of breeding in the flock. In the first year the average of the twenty hens was 236.75. A gradual decrease was shown each year for five years, the average for the fifth year being 163.2.

This record means that it is possible to increase the years of profitable production. Even the record of the sixth year, 107 eggs, is considerably above the average production of the hens of the United States. If the flocks of the country can be bred up so that their period of profitable production will be extended from about two years to four or five years a great saving will have been effected, adding millions to the income of the producers of the country, authorities say.

There are 400,000,000 hens in the United States that are laying eggs, and the united product of eggs and poultry amounts to a value of more than a billion dollars a year. Yet the hens that lay the egg average fewer than 100 a year—about seventy—according to Federal census. Here is a hen of a breed made in America that lays nearly five times the number of the average hen, and she comes from a family that has, by scientific breeding, been made to lay three times the number of eggs laid by the average American hen.

Photograph (Exact Size) of "Lady Dryden," the Greatest Egg Producer the World Has Ever Known, and Pathetic Photograph of Her Much-Worn Toenails, Which Resulted from Her Scratching Gravel Through the Long Days.

Score Card of "Lady Dryden," Showing Every Day She Laid an Egg and Every Day She Missed.

Hawse No. Santa Cruz Contest. Hatched 3-6-20 Variety Barred Rock Wt. 7 lbs. Pen No. R24 Pen No. 341K

DATE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	TOTALS	
DEC.																																16	15
JAN.																																28	3
FEB.																																27	1
MAR.																																31	0
APR.																																28	2
MAY																																31	0
JUNE																																30	0
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NOV.																																30	0
DEC.																																13	0

In the Twelve Months "Lady Dryden Laid More Than Forty Pounds of Eggs—Five Times Her Own Weight.

Professor James Dryden, Chief of Poultry Husbandry of the Oregon Agricultural College.

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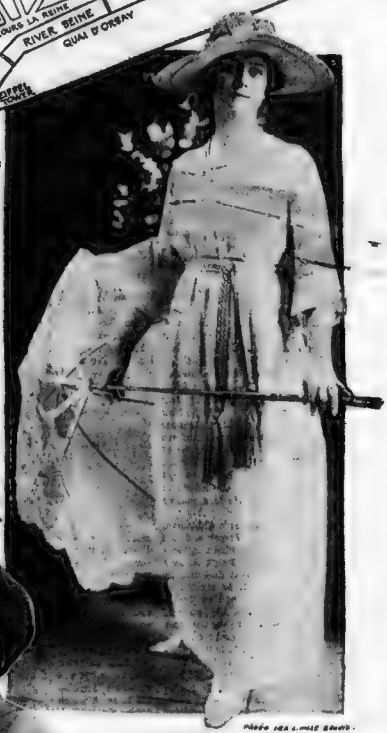
Gay American Divorce-Seekers Not Wanted

How the Aristocratic Elysee Quarter of Paris Has Rebelled Against Being Turned Into a Reno by Our Wealthy Society Women

Madame Ganna Walska, the Former Chicago Opera Singer Who Is Now Suing Her Multi-Millionaire Husband Alexander S. Cochran for Divorce in Paris.

Map of the Elysee Quarter, in the Heart of Paris, Where American Women Will Not Be Allowed to Bring Their Divorce Suits.



The Charming Mrs. Robert Graves of New York, Who Has Gone to Paris to Seek a Divorce, It Is Stated, but Must Avoid the Conservative Quarter.

Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, Daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Who Recently Obtained a Paris Divorce with Record Speed and Quietness.

Mrs. John Barrymore, Who Obtained a Paris Divorce from Leonard M. Thomas So Quietly That It Was Not Known in New York for Six Months.

IT is now a matter of general knowledge that the most fashionable American women have lately been going to Paris for their divorces.

They say it is both pleasanter and easier to obtain a divorce in the French capital than in Reno, Nevada, or in any of the more accommodating American States.

The delights of driving in the Bois de Boulogne by day and along the "grands boulevards" by night, while awaiting a decree, are far more attractive to the sophisticated type of American woman than idling about some Western "Main Street."

And then the French judges grant the divorce decrees with such exquisite courtesy and sympathy.

"May I have the pleasure of listening to madame's testimony?" is the judge's customary way of opening the proceedings.

But the other day something like consternation was aroused among our unhappy or dissatisfied women who thought they could always find refuge in an easy Paris divorce. A dispatch stated that the French courts, alarmed at the report that Paris was becoming another Reno, had decided to grant no more divorces to American citizens.

"No more easy Paris divorces for Americans," read one headline.

This was the announcement that caused so much alarm among temperamental society women who were planning to obtain their freedom from unsympathetic husbands while enjoying a delightful holiday. Inquiries were made of fashionable divorce lawyers and cables and letters were sent to Paris for exact information.

Now it has been made clear that there is no cause for alarm. The dispatch was misunderstood. Americans will still be able to obtain Paris divorces with reasonable comfort. The judges of the Parisian divorce courts merely decided to make divorce harder for Americans in one "arrondissement" out of the twenty into which Paris is divided. The "arrondissements" of Paris are something like boroughs, each having a mayor and "mairie," where marriages are performed and other legal formalities attended to.

The judges ordered that in the "Eighth Arrondissement" divorces should only be given to foreigners when both parties had their unquestionable legal residence in the district, and where they could offer unquestionable evidence that neither of them came there for the purpose of starting the suit. These rules would have excluded most of the Americans who have recently obtained divorces.

The Eighth Arrondissement, where easy divorce is forbidden, is the central residential district of Paris, containing the Elysee Palace, which is the residence of the President; the official homes of the Cabinet Ministers, the British Embassy and the mansions of the Rothschilds and many of the leaders of Paris society.

Information from Paris shows there is a strong objection among these distinguished persons to frivolous American women turning their elegant quarter into a little Reno. They do not want all the best apartments and houses of the quarter filled up by would-be, American "divorcees."

Many of the inhabitants are very old fashioned and religious and do not believe in divorce at all. They are afraid that their families might learn disturbing ideas by living in proximity to restless American women. These old citizens have great influence and they have prevailed on the judges to issue this new ruling, which is quite in accordance with legal procedure, as the judges have a wide latitude about taking jurisdiction in divorce cases.

Divorce has been denounced recently with great warmth by the clergy of this quarter. A few weeks ago the Abbe Wetterle, rector of St. Philippe du Roule, the most aristocratic church of the district, declared from his pulpit:

"To-day, it appears, we are living in a reversal of the ancient condition of female slavery, for now a woman is a man's wife only as long as she is attracted to him."

Such denunciations have had an important effect in procuring the judges' ruling. But American women still have plenty of territory in Paris in which they can flit their divorce suits, provided they do not make themselves so conspicuous that even the gayest sections of the city will not tolerate them.

Even if the new rules should be extended to cover a little more of the central part of the city, as they may be, that will not inconvenience American women of social prominence who prefer the newer and brighter quarters around the Bois de Boulogne.

When a request for information was made of Francis L. Wellman, the New York lawyer who has acted as counsel for many Americans seeking Paris divorces, he explained:

"There is nothing in the new decision of the Parisian judges to prevent Americans from obtaining their divorce with comparative ease. It only applies to the central arrondissement of Paris. There are nineteen other arrondissements in Paris and all the rest of France in which a plaintiff can establish a residence and bring a suit. This ought to be sufficient for most of those who seek relief.

"Divorce is certainly made a very simple, refined and easy matter in France. It is merely necessary that the parties should not wish to live together. The judge questions first one party and then the other, and after that both of them together. If the defendant persists that he or she will not live with the other, the way is easy. In such a case there is always some act which can be construed by the judge as 'cruelty' and a legal ground of divorce."

From other New York lawyers who had guided their clients in securing Parisian divorces similar information was obtained, as well as other points of interest.

Since the disturbing dispatch was published several prominent society women have departed for Paris with plans which are believed to include a quiet divorce.

Mrs. Robert Graves, a very fashionable and attractive New York society leader, has planned to go to Paris. Her friends say that she and her husband have separated and that she has decided to start divorce proceedings. It was understood that Mr. Graves would start for Paris at nearly the same time as his wife, but by a different steamship.

Mr. Graves inherited an immense fortune from his father, the head of "The Wall Paper Trust." He and his wife have been noted for the fairylike entertainments they have given at their villa at Roslyn, L. I., as well as in New York. They also entertained a great deal on their magnificent yacht, the Black Watch.

Until a few weeks ago they seemed perfectly happy, but now comes the significant trip to Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Graves have had an extensive experience of divorce procedure in America, and they must have gone to Paris because they feel that it will be an improvement on Reno.

Mrs. Graves had been married before and obtained her last divorce in Reno. She married Mr. Graves within twelve days of her divorce. He had been married twice before—once divorced and once a widower.

Another interesting candidate for a Paris divorce is Madame Ganna Walska, the charming opera singer, whose hasty marriage to the multi-millionaire, Alexander Smith Cochran, came to wreck after three months. She is now seeking a divorce in Paris without opposition from her husband having received, it is stated, $1,000,000 in cash, $500,000 insurance policy and houses in New York and Paris.

"Mr. Cochran must be made to pay till it hurts. He thinks he can get rid of a wife as easily as a horse, but I will show him that he cannot," Madame Walska has said with spirit.

It would be possible to make up a long list of American women who have recently gone to Paris for their divorces, but all are not equally interesting.

Mrs. Charles W. Fletcher, of Englewood, N. J., formerly Catherine Westinghouse, daughter of the Pittsburgh inventor and millionaire, has just obtained a Paris divorce. She was back living in her American home when the decree was announced.

Another interesting recent Paris divorce was that of Mrs. Charles de Loosey Oelrichs, sister-in-law of Mrs. John Barrymore. Mrs. Oelrichs was Miss Marjorie Turnbull and was noted for the originality and beauty of her gowns. She is one of the society women who have gone into trade and conducts a dainty shop for the sale of perfumery and handkerchiefs.

One of the quietest Parisian divorces was that obtained by young Mrs. Ogden L. Mills, Jr., formerly Miss Margaret Rutherfurd, daughter of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt. She left New York in March of one year and in May had obtained her divorce. No announcement of the decree was published in Paris and very few people in New York society knew that she and her husband had disagreed.

"I mustn't say any more about it," said Mrs. Mills. "Mamma mightn't like it."

Her sister, Barbara, obtained a divorce from Cyril Hatch with the same quietness and dispatch.

The former Mrs. Leonard Thomas, the noted beauty, poet and suffragist leader, also secured prompt freedom in Paris. Soon after her marriage the wife of the actor, John Barrymore, with whom she is occasionally seen in theatrical circles. Her maiden name was Blanche Oelrichs. It was six months after the Paris decree before New York heard of the occurrence.

Frank Jay Gould, youngest son of the famous financier, obtained a Paris divorce from his second wife, Edith Kelly, in 1918. In that case all has not been plain sailing, for the wife has been contesting the validity of the divorce ever since.

A New York lawyer, who has been interested in securing Parisian divorces for his clients, furnished this further information concerning the Parisian legal procedure:

"It is entirely in the discretion of the judge whether to take jurisdiction or not in a case between foreigners. There is no fixed period required to establish a residence, but the judges have usually required six months' residence by the plaintiff. The residence need not be continuous.

"What weighs most with the judge in taking cognizance of the case is that both parties accept the jurisdiction of the court.

"When the wife files her complaint the judge questions her and asks her if she is sure she wants a divorce and why. If necessary, he will go to her house and take her testimony. Then he sends to her husband and asks him why he does not live with his wife.

"After this the judge orders both parties to appear before him at a certain date within ten days. They must appear before what is called a 'Court of Conciliation.' The judge then makes an effort to bring about a reconciliation between them, which he is required by law to do. If he is unable to reconcile them he makes his report, which is sent to a higher court, which is really the divorce court. The superior judge considers the report and gives his decree. This may be obtained in three months after beginning proceedings.

"All the proceedings may be conducted in what is practically absolute secrecy. Although the decree is supposed to be public, it is recorded in such a way that only the persons interested know of it.

"The grounds on which French law grants divorce are infidelity, excesses, bodily injuries, grave insults and condemnation to imprisonment. Most of these causes have little to do with Americans, since both parties have usually agreed that the divorce is desirable. The cause which is usually sufficient for Americans is included under the term 'grave insults,' which is a translation of the French phrase, 'injures graves.'

"Almost any harshness or roughness of manner or language may be construed by the court as a 'grave insult' and ground for divorce. The court takes into consideration the social standing of the parties. Thus an act which might not be considered a serious insult in one social station might be so considered in a higher one.

"It has been held sufficient cause for divorce in France that a man has not given any marked sign of affection toward his wife for more than a month. That is to say, such neglect constitutes a serious insult under the law. French wives require a great deal of attention in their way, and this point receives due consideration.

"If a Frenchman has called his wife a 'camel,' that is an insult of the gravest character, and the judge will hold up his hands in amazement.

"It is most important that American husbands and wives, who are going to Paris for the purpose of obtaining a divorce by mutual agreement, should not allow any evidence of this fact to come before the court."

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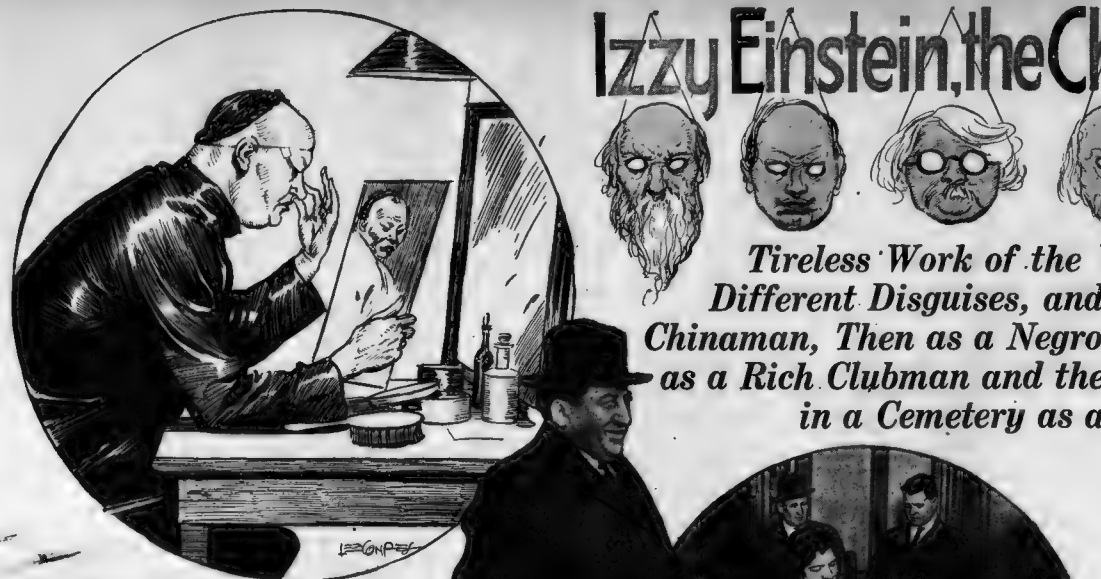
Izzy Einstein, the Champion

Tireless Work of the Versatile U. S. Different Disguises, and Masquerades Chinaman, Then as a Negro, Drives Up to as a Rich Clubman and the Next Evening in a Cemetery as a Grave-Digger



His Masterpiece of Disguise Was When Izzy Einstein, After Hours of Patient Labor and Finally Calling in the Assistance of an Actor, Succeeded in Accomplishing a "Make-up" as a Chinaman Which Was Good Enough to Pass the Sharp-eyed Lookout Spies in New York's Chinatown.

Mrs. Louise Garelfalo Holding a Handful of Fake Whiskey Labels Which Caused Her Arrest. (And on the Left) Photograph of Izzy Einstein, the Prize Federal Prohibition Sleuth, in His Regular Street Clothes Without Disguise.

EVERYBODY is hearing about Izzy Einstein these days. Izzy is the New York Federal prohibition officer whose methods of obtaining evidence are stranger than the celebrated detectives of fiction. He is as shrewd as Sherlock Holmes, (before Sherlock began to see spooks), as spectacular as Nick Carter and as relentless as Javert. He is a master of disguise.

One day he slinks about as a Chinaman, the next day as a grave digger and the next as a negro or a spendthrift millionaire. Prohibition Director Ralph A. Day recently called him the best detective in the United States, and it is significant that in the recent shake-up of New York's prohibition forces Izzy and his partner, "Moe" Smith, were said to be the only two agents to retain their former posts.

It follows that Izzy Einstein is the bogie-man of all the bootleggers in New York City or State. And with reason. In less than three years, since he quit his job as postal clerk to become a revenue man, Izzy has made 1,800 arrests, seized almost $2,000,000 worth of contraband liquor and assumed more than 400 disguises. Furthermore, he is an expert in building up a case so that convictions are obtained in twenty-four out of every twenty-five cases he brings into court.

If genius is that capacity for taking infinite pains, Izzy is a genius, for no one has gone to greater pains. At the expense of the Government, Izzy has stocked his wardrobe with every conceivable disguise, to be ready on a moment's notice. His dressing table contains more grease paint than a leading man's. He has hats of all shapes and colors; a dozen sets of false whiskers and wigs; shoes, old and new, dress suits, golf suits, ten pairs of eyeglasses; but mainly Izzy relies on his own nerve, opportunities and ready wits and keeping eternally at his work.

The story of Izzy's recent impersonation of a grave digger illustrates how closely he sticks to his job.

He had taken a day off to attend the funeral of an old friend. The cemetery was on the outskirts of New York City, and before the funeral procession had gone many miles the mourners were dozing in their seats—all but Izzy.

From force of habit his gentle eye roved among all the houses along the road. He studied every passing hip, basement and bucket—every wagon and automobile, and presently was rewarded by a rather commonplace incident that took place in the backyard of a residence just across the street from the cemetery.

Two men were crossing this backyard, carrying a large galvanized iron can into a shed at the rear of the lot. Now there was nothing peculiar about that to the ordinary observer; but Izzy had noticed that the men had looked furtively about, as if they were afraid of being seen.

Izzy weighed his obligations to the Government and to the dead, and decided matters by stepping out of the limousine as it turned into the cemetery gate on the pretext of making a telephone call. He sauntered back to the house and took keen notice of everything about it from the corner of his eye.

There was nothing to verify his suspicions except a peculiar dank smell, reminiscent of the musty odor behind swinging doors in bygone days. But only a rank amateur would think of raiding a residence on so slender a pretext as a smell. There must be conclusive evidence of the manufacture and sale of liquor, if the case is to hold in court. And this evidence is not so easy to get.

Izzy returned to the grave of his friend to think it over. The last rites had been administered and the mourners were starting home. Only two grave diggers remained in the thickening dusk to complete the ceremony. As they heaped the clods on the casket, Izzy considered ways and means.

The suspected house was the only building on the long block. It was therefore impossible to set a watch from the street. The only place of concealment was somewhere among the tombstones facing the building from the cemetery. Izzy shuddered, buttoned his overcoat tightly about his neck, and began looking for a soft grave on which to spend the cold February night.

He hid until sundown, when the cemetery gates were closed. Then he moved cautiously over to a tomb facing the house and crouched in the shrubbery that surrounded it, to watch and wait for developments.

For three hours nothing happened. It became colder—darker. An icy wind whistled about the headstones, and Izzy's teeth began to chatter as he began to remember all the ghost stories of his boyhood. He had just about decided to climb the fence and go home, when he heard footsteps ringing along the sidewalk in the distance.

He strained his eyes and distinguished two men, each carrying a heavy bundle. They stopped at the house and climbed the stairs, rapping three times at the door. A long line of yellow light appeared and Izzy knew that the cautious inmate had opened the door just one inch.

"We've brought the yeast," whispered one of the men at the door. His voice was not sufficiently guarded to prevent the information drifting across the street and finding lodgment in Izzy's delicate ear drum. It was enough. As the door closed and the bolt rasped into place Izzy scrabbled over the iron fence and started back to town for his assistant, Moe Smith, and a search warrant.

But still Izzy had no legal reason to break into the house. Anybody has a perfect right to buy all the yeast they want. More evidence than that was needed. It was up to Izzy and Moe to prove their suspicions beyond the shadow of doubt—and then to raid the place and arrest the offenders.

Early the next morning a ragged, ill-kempt man left the home of Mr Isadore Einstein, on the east side of New York City and proceeded to the nearest subway station, where he was presently joined by another gentleman, equally dilapidated and out at the elbows and heels.

An hour later this ragged pair appeared at the superintendent's office at the Woodlawn Cemetery and applied for work as experienced grave diggers. The superintendent was sorry, but he had plenty of grave diggers. If they liked, he would take their names and addresses and let them know when business picked up.

But Izzy—it was none other—protested.

"I'll make you a proposition," he stated. "How much do you pay for a regular sized grave?"

"Six dollars," replied the superintendent. "And you won't get a nickel more anywhere around New York."

Izzy conferred briefly with Moe.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said to the superintendent. "We'll dig all the graves you got for $3—that's $1.50 apiece, and fill 'em up besides. What do you say? We're up against it."

"You're hired," said the superintendent briskly. He pointed to a pile of shovels and led them to an obscure corner of the cemetery to begin work.

Izzy Einstein Had Reason to Suspect That Whiskey Was Being Made Somewhere Around the Livery Stable, So He Hired a Hansom Cab for a Week, Dressed His Round Form with Second-Hand Livery, Borrowed a Well-Worn, Shiny, Cabby's Hat, and with Whip in Hand Drove Up to the Stable and Engaged Board for His Horse and Storage for His Cab for a Few Days to Enable Him to Investigate the Stable Without Arousing Suspicion.

All day long Izzy and Moe picked and shovelled, digging and filling seven graves. When evening came they offered to work overtime, and after showing them how to get out of the cemetery, the superintendent left and went home.

Immediately the grave diggers transferred their operations to the street side of the cemetery, less than 100 feet from the suspected moonshine distillery. A man standing in front of the house regarded them with bored interest while they worked with might and main digging a grave close to the fence.

For a while it seemed as if they were working in vain. The man simply was not interested enough to cross the street, and that was the sole object of their disguise. They wanted to get acquainted and obtain whisky with no suspicion on his part as to their identity.

Moe suggested that they call over and ask him for a drink of water, but Izzy vetoed the idea.

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"I'll bring him over here," he predicted. "Just watch."

He climbed out of the grave and commenced work on another while Moe studied a third a few feet into the ground, two more were started, until six graves, partly dug, stretched along the cemetery fence.

With each new grave the man on the steps across the street showed more signs of interest. He called someone from within the house and pointed at the fur rows of earth. A third person was called and all three stared in wonder.

At last he crossed the street and peered in through the iron railing. Izzy and Moe pretended not to notice the attention they attracted.

"How many more have we got to dig?" Moe called over from his grave.

"Eleven," said Izzy, without looking up.

The bootlegger's hair stood on end.

"Eleven more!" he shouted. "Did somebody blow up a hotel?"

Izzy dropped his shovel and filled his pipe thoughtfully.

"It does seem peculiar," he admitted. "But that's the way it goes. Sometimes people won't die for years at a time, then all of a sudden seventy-five or a hundred will make up their minds at the same time. It certainly gives me a pain. Now, if we didn't have this blinkety-blank prohibition a fella could stand it."

"You said something," agreed Moe. "I'd give ten dollars right now for a half a pint of the real stuff."

The man on the other side of the fence looked cautiously around to be sure no one was listening. He hesitated and then winked mysteriously.

"Drop over to the house when you get through work," he suggested. "Maybe I can fix you up."

Izzy and Moe expressed their gratitude with the greatest enthusiasm and pitched into their grave digging for all they were worth. When it became dark they stacked their tools in the superintendent's office and strolled over to the bootlegger's home.

The bootlegger greeted them cordially and introduced them to the other members of the firm as the hard working grave diggers from across the street. At Izzy's suggestion the party adjourned to the kitchen where the revenue men bought the first—and last—round for the house. One sip satisfied Izzy as to the evidence, and before the startled bootleggers knew what was going on he had reached into the pocket of his overalls and brought out the warrant. Then, while Moe guarded the prisoners, Izzy kicked in a padlocked door at one end of the room.

The contents of the next room nearly blinded the prohibition officer and more than justified all of his premonitions on the way to the funeral

The first thing he saw was three large stills going at full blast Next was a row of fifty-one barrels, containing alcohol

Further investigation revealed several jars of chemical coloring and essences of various liqueurs, used to give the spurious liquor the taste and appearance of the well-known brands.

There was a bottle of oil, which, added to the moonshine whiskey, gave it that "bead" or collar of bubbles which connoisseurs regard as the infallible test of quality. And in another room the prohibition officers found innumerable counterfeit labels and government stamps that would have deceived all but an expert. All that night the three bootleggers were made to carry the evidence to a dray, which was then taken to New York for evidence.

Fred Libby, owner of the house, was not at home when the raid took place. He surrendered to Izzy three days later and was fined $500 and sentenced to serve six months in prison.

The episode of the grave digger is a fair sample of Izzy's more spectacular methods of obtaining evidence, but he does not consider it represents his best work Like Edgar Allen Poe's detective character, Izzy thinks that simplicity represents the consummate art in his daily business of detecting.

His raid last Summer on a fashionable cafe near Far Rockaway, New York, is a convenient instance of this theory.

For some weeks neighbors of the cafe owner had complained to Prohibition Director Day of boisterous parties that disturbed their sleep. Izzy was assigned to investigate.

As a matter of course he used one of his dress suits and wore a dozen of his paste diamonds. In the guise of a nouveau riche spender he rolled up to the cabaret in the prohibition department's most luxurious $7,000 limousine, handed his silk hat and stick to the girl at the cloak room and commenced to distribute lavish tips right and left.

He was shown to one of the best tables, and a waiter obsequiously hovered at his elbow for his order—which was whiskey. But there had been many threats of interference from the worthy people of Far Rockaway, and the waiter was not to be caught snoozing. He regarded Mr. Einstein with a cold, poker eye and said there was no whiskey to be had. Right at this point the ordinary prohibition agent would have returned to New York. But Izzy is no ordinary agent.

Two hundred feet from the cabaret was the warm, inviting ocean beach, dotted with bath houses and bathers. Izzy checked his dress suit at the nearest bath house, took a quick dip in the ocean and returned to the cabaret with his roly-poly figure encased in a bright green and yellow bathing suit.

Now Izzy will tell you himself that the bathing suit was a master stroke.

What waiter or bartender ever conceived of a revenue man wearing a bathing suit? Certainly not the waiter who took Izzy's order for a full pint—at least he didn't until Izzy reached under the belt of his bathing trunks and fished out his government badge. The waiter, manager and half the staff shared in the rude surprise.

In another instance Izzy's dress suit was not sufficient for the bootlegging waiter, even when it was supplemented with a beard, toupee and papier mache nose which the detective sometimes uses to escape detection.

That was in Reisenweber's famous Broadway cabaret a few weeks a . In vain Izzy repeated his order. The fish-eyed waiter was apologetic, but unconvinced.

"The manager would like your card," he said, after Izzy had sent him to that dignitary.

Now it happens that business cards are the simplest devices in all Izzy's bag of tricks. He has them in all pockets, bearing all names and occupations—except that of prohibition officer. The card he handed to the waiter bore the inscription, "A. Cohen, Sacramental Wines." With a significant drooping of the right eyelid he added to the waiter that it would be to the manager's interest to rush his order.

An hour later the waiter presented the

(Continued on Next Page)

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Federal Prohibition Detective

Enforcement Agent Who Has Three Hundred One Day as a Fashionable Resorts Is Working

(Continued from Preceding Page)

check for three drinks, respectively denoted on the menu as fish, beefsteak and cigars.

"Is there anything else you would like?" he asked with the greatest deference.

"Yes," replied Izzy, presenting his badge. "The pleasure of your company to the nearest police station."

The waiter got his hat and coat, but he could not help smiling. This agent was certainly an amateur. Why, he had seen him gulp down the evidence with his own eyes and now he expected to make an arrest! Wait until they got to the police station. The laugh would certainly be on Mr. Prohibition Agent.

"Have you got the evidence?" asked the desk sergeant, when the two reached the station. This was the waiter's cue to smile.

"I served him some colored water and he drank it all up," he interrupted.

Izzy said nothing, but began fishing underneath his collar. Little by little, as a magician produces a rabbit from a borrowed hat, he began to pull out a long glass tube filled with brown, transparent liquid. There was a rubber funnel at the end of the stem.

The waiter's eyes bulged.

"Here it is, sergeant," said Izzy. "In my own invention, the artificial stomach. And if you'll smell it, I think you will agree that it isn't colored water by a long shot."

For the benefit of the amazed waiter, Izzy explained the device, which is simply a glass tube attached to Izzy's collar, next to his skin, and equipped with a rubber funnel. By long practice Izzy has perfected a system whereby he pulls out the rubber funnel and conceals it with one hand while he makes a pretence of drinking with the other. But instead of trickling down his throat, the evidence goes into the glass tube. The rubber attachment is then tucked back into his collar.

Izzy has been in some mighty tight pinches during the three years of his operation against the bootleggers. Once a bartender drew an automatic pistol as he showed his badge and Izzy's life was saved only by the accidental application of the safety catch on the weapon.

But the distinction of his tightest squeeze belongs, he says, to his historic raid on the Yorkville Casino, the rendezvous of all the professional musicians in New York City.

The raid followed the complaints of several well-known orchestra leaders to the effect that their musicians, after leaving this place, were coming to work hopelessly unable to play their instruments.

Now the Casino was a club, and no one but members were admitted. Izzy appeared at the door, slightly out at the heels, and wearing a long wig. He envous of all the professional musicians in looking for work. On that basis he was admitted.

But just inside the door, as he began to count the hundreds of merry tipplers about the table, Izzy received a surprise.

A man resembling a polar bear walked up and looked him coldly in the eye.

"You a musician?" he asked.

"I said so, didn't I," returned Izzy.

"What do you play?" demanded the other.

Izzy hesitated only a second.

"A trombone," he replied.

The professional polar bear turned and bellowed to the drinkers:

"Who's got a trombone?"

Three or four were produced and Izzy selected one gingerly, and prepared to die. The only experience he had ever had with the trombone was once at the home of a friend when he had spent an afternoon amusing himself.

However, the immediate presence of a broken skull did wonders in restoring all of the technique he had mastered in that afternoon years ago; and Izzy, ready to do

With a Long-Haired Wig, Horn-Rimmed Glasses and a Second-Hand Trombone, Izzy Played the Part of Musician and Got Into the Secrets of the Yorkville Casino's Liquor Stores.

an uproar of applause that all of Izzy's subsequent false notes were drowned out. He had enough foresight to pretend to keep on blowing with his eyes and cheeks bulging out from the feeling he was putting into the silent horn.

At the end of the uproar he was welcomed like a brother and presented with all the liquor he could buy. When Izzy had filled his artificial gullet with all the evidence he considered necessary, he induced the doorkeeper to admit "Moe" Smith, and then both arrested the proprietor and waiters over the protests and threats of more than 1,500 patrons. They were fined $1,000.

There seems to be no limit to Izzy's versatility. Some time ago the officials at West Point discovered that the cadets were obtaining whiskey from bootleggers in the town outside the post. Izzy was asked to investigate.

Before starting for West Point Izzy bought several thousand cigars at $200 a thousand (putting the expenditure on his expense account). These cigars Izzy tried to sell to the West Point merchants for $35 a thousand, $165 under their actual cost. His explanation was that they were smuggled. After he had thus entered the brotherhood of lawbreakers, the candy store and poolroom proprietors admitted their real business—and were loaded on the next train for trial.

Izzy used only a pair of horn-rimmed glasses for this disguise, but in his next raid he went to considerable pains.

Officials of a New York street car company had reported to John S. Parsons, assistant prohibition director, that many of their employes were coming to work too intoxicated to properly operate their cars.

At 4 o'clock the next morning Izzy appeared at the car barns with a conductor's uniform, a bunch of transfers, a ticket punch and a cash container. At the nearest saloon he asked the bartender for $5 in change.

"Don't you think you ought to buy something," asked the bartender.

Izzy agreed and was tendered 50 cents worth of bad whiskey.

That morning eighteen bartenders were jailed and fined.

Public attention was first drawn to Izzy Einstein on the occasion of the great anti-dry parade in New York City last year. Right in the first rank of the marchers was a short, roly-poly man, entirely obscured by the multitude of ribbons that decorated his bosom. Some bore the inscription, "No Beer — No Work," some

Photograph Showing Izzy Einstein in the Background Checking Up on the Result of His Raid. (And Above) Photograph of Mr. Einstein on a Hot July Day Searching Earnestly for a Cold Glass of Old-Time Beer.

or die, gathered in his breath and began to play with the confidence of years' experience.

The tune selected was "How Dry I Am," and after the first three notes the musicians sent up such subsequent false notes were drowned out. He had enough foresight to pretend to keep on blowing with his eyes and cheeks bulging out from the feeling he was putting into the silent horn.

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"We Want Hooch." Others bore kindred sentiments. Because of his manifest enthusiasm and great lung power, Izzy was the acknowledged leader of the parade before it had gone three blocks.

And when one thirsty section disbanded in a drug store which had been the subject of several complaints from wives whose husbands left a considerable part of their pay in the store before coming home.

With the violin case under his arm and the ribbons denouncing the dry law on his person, Izzy had no difficulty in persuading the druggist that he was the violinist of a nearby moving picture theatre.

This case ended in tragedy, however, for worry over his arrest killed the druggist within a very few days after his arrest.

Izzy admits that luck often enters into his work, as for instance his recent trip to Albany to investigate conditions there. Out of 500 persons who alighted from the train he was the only man accosted by a seedy-looking bootlegger's agent.

Izzy said he would buy in quantity if he could be taken to the bootlegger's premises. His conductor led him to a confectionery and introduced him as an old friend, with the usual unexpected results.

As a result of many anonymous complaints were sent to the prohibition headquarters concerning a suspicious livery stable. The complaints obviously came from a rival and jealous bootlegger.

Izzy wrapped himself up in a used purple livery and a collapsible opera hat and rented a hansom cab and horse. The same day he negotiated with the owner of the livery stable for parking space. Later, after unharnessing his horse and arranging his oats and bedding he kept his eyes open until he saw a stableman come out of an obscure basement passage slightly the worse for wear and tear.

Rushing the door, Izzy found the largest still ever built by a New York bootlegger in the basement of the livery stable. It was constructed in a subterranean concrete room and had a capacity of 300 gallons.

Last Summer Izzy was a truck driver starting out on a round of suspected saloons with the invaluable Moe and a drag and team of horses. His average number of arrests were twenty-two a day. In each case complaint had previously been made by some housewife whose husband's indulgence in seventy-five-cent liquor cost herself and her children food, shelter and clothes.

Once Izzy was recognized. He relates the incident as the most amusing in his career.

"I was returning from some raids in upstate New York," he said. "The train stopped at Kingston to change engines. In the thirty minute wait I thought I would improve each shining minute with a little raid on the station saloon.

"I had seen a man leaving the place patting his hip. I walked in and asked the bartender for a pint.

"'Me sell you a pint?' he said. 'You must be crazy. You're Izzy Einstein.'

"'Who's Izzy Einstein?' I replied.

"We argued back and forth for ten minutes, until he began to think he had made a mistake.

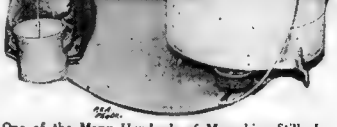
"'I'll tell you what I'll do,' he said. 'The papers say Izzy Einstein is very religious. Now, if you'll eat those six ham sandwiches on the lunch counter I'll admit you're not Izzy and sell you the pint.'

"When I had finished the sixth sandwich he sold me the bottle, and I arrested him and had him on the train just as it was pulling out. But I certainly did have an awful time getting the ham out of those sandwiches and into my coat pocket without being caught."

The origin of the innumerable complaints of bootlegging that come to the prohibition director's office show strange traits of human nature. Outside of the justifiable complaints that came from the sacrificing wives and dependents of drunken husbands and fathers and those inspired by the jealousy or grudge of rival bootleggers, a great many come from neighbors or intimates who are jealous of the bootlegger's sudden wealth.

The bootlegger may have given his wife a four-karat diamond or an automobile or an expensive seal coat. Her less fortunate next-door neighbor guesses or overhears the source of this wealth, and Izzy Einstein is assigned to put on one of his

It Was Not the Most Skilful, But Probably the Most Arduous Job Izzy Einstein Set Himself When He Worked All Day and Late Into the Night with Pick and Shovel, Digging Graves Just Across the Way from a Big Moonshine Liquor Distillery.



One of the Many Hundreds of Moonshine Stills Izzy Einstein Has Captured.

innumerable disguises and investigations.

There is no limit to these impersonations of Izzy. They even include peddling, which Izzy practiced for a week in Spring Valley, N. Y., from a wagonload of vegetables—the kind especially needed by home brewers. Every time hops were bought in quantity Izzy made a note and there was a subsequent raid and arrest.

Again, Izzy was an iceman in Brooklyn. His red flannel shirt, iron tongs and union button admitted him to the icehouses of bootlegging saloons and drug stores without question, and enabled him to personally examine the contraband stock.

Another ruse Izzy sometimes uses is the sale of 44 coffee percolators at suspected back doors for seventy-five cents. The sale includes a demonstration, which enables him to get the bearings of the kitchen stove and adjacent still. And arrests are made if the liquor, in Izzy's judgment, is being made for other than home consumption.

Strange as it may seem from looking at his photograph, Izzy has no trouble in impersonating a negro, in which character he figured prominently a few weeks back.

Reports had come to the prohibition office that whiskey and gin were being sold in a delicatessen store in the very heart of New York's negro district. Only negroes could buy, and several negro agents had failed. It was up to Izzy.

Izzy set up all night perfecting his disguise. He painted his face and hands with a brown stain, making sure that the patches of skin behind his ears, on his palms and eyelids were stained with the utmost fidelity. He did not trust to a wig, instead he dyed his naturally crisp, curly hair a glossy black.

Even Izzy's wife did not recognize him the next morning as he started out, and after trying out his makeup on his associates in the prohibition office he proceeded to the store and joined the line of thirsty negroes who packed the delicatessen.

He still had no idea as to how the evidence could be obtained, and it was only a moment before it became his turn to buy that he got the faintest clue.

That was when the man ahead of him ordered $2 worth of tomatoes and received, but one small can. Instead of protesting at this ridiculous overcharge, the man smacked his lips and ordered $2 worth of beans. Again he was handed one can, labeled "Beans." There could be no mistake about that.

Izzy thought they must be pretty fine tomatoes and beans to cost $2 a can—good enough to take back to the office and show to Mr. Dey. So when it came his turn he stepped up briskly, and, looking the proprietor right in the eye, said:

"Gimme fo' dolla's worth of tomatus and fo' dolla's worth of beans."

So perfect was his disguise that the proprietor did not hesitate nor take a second look. The cans were handed over. On the sidewalk Izzy cut open a can of "beans" with his jackknife. It was gin. The "tomatoes" was whiskey.

When the prohibition agents backed up to the place they found seven barrels of whiskey in the back room of the delicatessen and 400 bottles of gin.

But the greatest achievement of Izzy's career followed the recent complaint that a great whiskey cache existed under a loss house in New York's Chinatown.

It was reached by a narrow secret tunnel from Mott street, almost impossible of access. Moreover, the place had a murky, evil reputation, since it was beneath the same building in which Elsie Sigel, the missionary worker, was murdered by Leon Ling. And if that was not enough, it was guarded night and day by Chinese whose duty was to slam the steel door, kept open for ventilation, at the approach of a white man. If Izzy was to get within fifty feet of the door it would have to be as a Chinese.

Now, that was asking a great deal, even for Izzy Einstein, and after twelve hours at his make-up table, trying on wigs and grease paint, he gave up in despair. As a last resort he visited the dressing room of an actor friend who had sometimes helped him with the more difficult of his disguises. Izzy knew how he wanted to look, and the actor knew how to go about it.

First he got two strips of adhesive tape, which he attached to Izzy's skin at his temples. The remaining ends were fastened together at Izzy's crown in such a way that the eyelids were drawn up obliquely to resemble a Chinaman's. A wig of coarse black hair was fitted over his head, concealing the adhesive tape, and with a little yellow stain the illusion was perfect. A black fedora hat and a suit of loose alpaca, buttoned with silk frogs, completed the transformation. By the time Izzy had slipped into a pair of white-soled, embroidered slippers he would have passed for a Chinaman in Shanghai.

That night Izzy sidled down the dark alleys of Chinatown with the soft, shuffling gait of the Americanized Chinese. A genial merchant saluted him in Chinese as he passed his door, and Izzy replied with the Chinese translation of "Good evening," one of the two or three Chinese words he knew.

A policeman nodded pleasantly as he turned the corner into Mott street.

"What's your rush, John?" he asked.

Izzy replied with a voluble utterance of inflating Chinese and hurried on. The policeman laughed and walked his beat, convinced that a Chinaman was a Chinaman, or duck.

The [illegible] looked at him sharply as he approached the tunnel door, but then it was too late. Izzy pushed past him and dived into the tunnel like a rabbit, while Moe, who had been watching from a doorway across the street, ran over and presented the watchman from slamming the door shut and calling help.

Down in the underground dungeon, which was fifty feet square, Izzy discovered a custodian, whom he quickly overpowered; and more than a thousand bottles of whiskey, as well as several barrels of wine.

When the flying squad of revenue men, summoned by Moe, arrived on the scene the Chinese custodian was trying to make Izzy understand his explanations in the Canton dialect, still unconscious of the deception.

Now Izzy is perfecting the most difficult disguise he has ever attempted. He refuses to discuss the nature of it, but promises all the details of the ruse when the results of his next big raid become public in a few days.

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One cream to protect your skin against wind and sun

Another to cleanse it thoroughly

FRESH and attractive even after a strenuous day. Your complexion lovely in spite of exposure to wind and sun. Only the proper care with a cream made especially to protect the skin will do this for you.

Wind whips the natural moisture out of the skin; and the sun burns or tans it. Most people like a slight coat of tan because it is becoming. But tan is really injurious. While the skin is being tanned by constant exposure to sun and wind, it protects itself by becoming rougher and coarser. To prevent it from becoming permanently rough, you must protect it yourself before going out.

Before you go out smooth your skin

Before you go out, smooth just a little Pond's *Vanishing* Cream into your skin. It will disappear instantly; and as it is absorbed it will soften your skin giving it a smooth velvety appearance. It is made of ingredients that are especially soothing and are of the finest quality. It gives your skin the very best protection and acts as an invisible shield against sun and wind and dust.

The instant you put it on you will feel refreshed and notice that your skin feels especially firm. This cream has done more than freshen your appearance; it has made your skin firm and smooth and resistant.

This particular cream cannot reappear in a shine because it does not contain any oil or grease.

As a powder base Pond's *Vanishing* Cream is ideal. Powder, if put directly on the skin, catches on any little rough places there may be and does not give a smooth natural look. Powder put on after Pond's *Vanishing* Cream will not only stay on two or three times as long but will look better because it will go on evenly. This cream has smoothed away the little rough places and made an even surface that holds the powder. You will be spared the worry that your face may be getting shiny.

For evening, Pond's *Vanishing* Cream is wonderfully freshening. You may look tired after a hard day; but this cream will freshen your appearance in an instant. Whenever you want your skin to look its best, smooth on a little of this cream.

Another cream just as necessary

There is no one cream that can contain all the ingredients necessary to take perfect care of your skin. You cannot have in a vanishing cream the oils that you must have for cleansing and stimulating the skin, because oil comes out in a shine and also catches the dust.

For cleansing a different cream—Pond's *Cold* Cream—must be used. This cream contains just enough oil to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, and to lubricate the skin. All its uses are described in detail in the column to the right.

Use both these creams every day. Each has its own purposes and both together meet all the needs of the skin in face creams. They make steadily for a lovelier complexion. Both are too delicate to clog the pores. They cannot promote the growth of hair. You will find them in convenient sizes of jars and tubes at all drug and department stores. The Pond's Extract Co., New York.

Why the cream you use for cleansing must have just enough oil

For thoroughly cleansing your skin you need a good cream with an oil base. Dust and fine particles of dirt bore too deep for ordinary washing to remove. Unless there is enough oil in a cream to penetrate the pores and remove every particle of dirt, the skin is not entirely cleansed. It becomes dull looking. Blackheads may form.

This is the reason for Pond's *Cold* Cream. This cream is very soft and delicate. It is most pleasing to use not only because it is light to the touch but because there is not a bit more oil than you need for a thorough cleansing. It was only after long experiment that we found just the right amount of oil to thoroughly cleanse the skin and not overload the pores as heavier oil creams do.

Every night and whenever you come in from a dusty railroad or automobile trip, smooth this delicate oil cream into your face. Then wipe it off again with a soft cloth. You will be astonished at the amount of grime on the cloth even after you have had just an ordinary day

Wrinkles. This cream is the enemy of wrinkles. Pat it gently on the little fine lines, if any have formed, around your mouth and eyes. Follow the direction of the lines in smoothing it on. It lubricates the skin and prevents the little lines from growing deeper and becoming wrinkles.

Send for samples of these two creams. Steady use of them will convince you that these two creams will take perfect care of your skin.

GENEROUS TUBES—MAIL COUPON TODAY

The Pond's Extract Co.,
136-C Hudson St., New York.

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for your special introductory tubes of the two creams every normal skin needs—enough of each cream for two weeks' ordinary toilet uses.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

POND'S

Cold Cream for cleansing

Vanishing Cream to hold the powder

Sentenced by the Judge to Go to the Movies

Bad Boys in the Juvenile Court Lectured by Judge Schoen and Then Ordered to See an Uplifting Film Drama Which Teaches the Wholesome Lesson That Boys Will Keep Out of Jail If They Confide Their Troubles and Temptations to Their Mothers

"So the boys took their seats as ordered by Judge Schoen, and under the eye of Chief Probation Officer Gascoyne, gave careful attention to the story as it was unfolded on the screen and impressed the lesson that 'A Boy's Best Friend Is His Mother.'"

A WOMAN, gray haired and motherly plump, threw her arms around the shoulders of her wayward son who had come home a hunted thief, tore from her throat and fingers jewels to make restitution for what he had stolen, and gave her son a new start in life.

One hundred boys witnessed this great sacrifice. Some of these boys liked to be known as "hard guys." All of them had faced a police court judge for youthful escapades in crime or other misdemeanors. But that aged mother's willingness to sell everything she had for her son's welfare gave these boys a new angle on life—something they had never thought of before.

For many it was the first time a mother's love had been brought home in a way they could understand. And all showed effects of the lesson. Every one of those young lawbreakers who saw that scene made up his mind to "go straight" in the future.

This is how it happened. Edward Schoen, judge of the Juvenile and Domestic Relations Court at Newark, N. J., had an inspiration and resolved to try out an experiment he had been considering for some time.

In his career on the bench the stumbling confessions of wrong doings from youthful lips had been a weekly occurrence. And his knowledge of devious methods by which most young offenders commenced a career of crime was increased by his former services as prosecuting attorney for Essex County before he was elevated to the bench.

If experience is entitled to consideration, the reasons, given by Judge Schoen, why young boys eventually become old crooks cannot lightly be put aside. Here, in brief, are his ideas:

"Children are no better than the homes they come from," and

"The home is what the mother makes it."

That is why a few days ago, when the time for his experiment came to hand, that the judge sent for Chief Probation Officer John C. Gascoyne to ask him for a list of all the wayward boys in his care. Then the judge selected a hundred names and ordered that these boys be brought before him in the court on the following morning.

Next day the boys trailed in—a heterogenious group of youthful delinquents comprising nearly every nationality in Newark. They faced the judge with the idea that some drastic punishment was to be measured out to them. Then Judge Schoen pronounced this strange sentence:

"Boys, I am going to give you an opportunity to see for yourselves why you should be good. Many of you here are capable of much more good than even you yourselves imagine. It is the decision of the court that each one of you be sentenced to go to the movies.

"You will see a picture of a mother and will learn from it how far a mother will go to protect her son or daughter from punishment for their own sins. Boys, your mothers are suffering every time you step from the straight path, and suffer only as a mother can suffer for her children. None of you realize—you would not be here to-day if you did—how much pain you are giving your mothers when you are bad, sinful or wayward.

"Some of you have absolutely no respect for your parents. You yell down every attempt your mother makes to advise you You call her a 'back number' You say that she does not know anything. I am looking at some boys here who I know have even struck their mothers. Boys, listen to me. Even though your mother may be unable to talk English as well as you, even though she may be poor or old, she loves you better than anyone else in the world. She is the real sufferer whenever you break the law. She is your best friend."

"Imagine being sent to the movies," "to be taken to one of the best picture shows in town," "and the judge thought he was punishing us." "Gee, that was rich." These were some of the thoughts that raced through the boys' minds as they left the County Court house at Market and Springfield streets. They had been ordered to report to Mr. Gascoyne and to be escorted by his assistants to see the picture

"That judge is a nut," one of them was heard to say.

"Ain't it rich to strike something as easy as this?" uttered another

But a few hours later they sat in the front seats in a darkened house and a picture was flashed on the screen. The boys saw the story of a mother's heart torn by the waywardness of her own children. One son brought home to her a flapper wife and an ambitious mother-in-law who was spending his money with a careless hand, while the boy was struggling upward to win his place as a lawyer and public official. This discontented wife squandered every cent until the son, unknown to his wife, turned to his own mother to get the money to pay his bills.

And then, when success as a lawyer seemed to be coming his way, her other son confessed that he had stolen from his employer's cash box and was about to feel the hand of the law on his shoulders Then the mother gave up her jewels to save her son from jail and was turned upon by her daughter-in-law for squandering her own money

As the picture unfolded the plot, the probation officers who sat with the delinquent children noticed a change in their demeanor. From gleefulness their youthful charges' thoughts seemed to change to sorrow and when it was all over the boys trooped out and were taken to their homes. But on that homeward journey they did not chatter so freely as they had when they started for the theatre. The lesson was sinking in.

The following day many of the boys, contrite and effusive in their promises to repair the wrongs they had committed, came to see Mr. Gascoyne and Judge Schoen, to thank them for opening their eyes, as they said, to many things they had never before given a thought to.

When seen by a representative of this newspaper and asked the results of his experiment and reason why he had chosen such an unusual me hod to reach the boys' hearts, Judge Schoen said.

"With the exception of a few isolated cases, careers of crime begin at an early age. There are several reasons for its start. Bad companions and a dangerous environment. Among girls we notice a yearning for finery, for riches, for ease, and sometimes the desire to give their youthful emotions free vent. In all cases I noticed what we call lack of moral fibre And this must be instilled into their minds if they are to give up their waywardness

The home is the place to cultivate a good moral character, and in homes where it is lacking we usually find our young criminals. It is obvious the basic cause of most youthful delinquency is the lack of parental respect, which always culminates in a decadence of morals, and crime is the next step."

Delighted with the seeming success of his experiment with the boys, Judge Schoen decided to try it on an altogether different class—a class not criminal, but a class very troublesome to society—dissatisfied husbands and wives. The day after the boys showed him that his first experiment was happily successful, he picked at random ten discontented couples who appeared before him in the Domestic Relations Court to have their marital affairs straightened out. The marriage question in the picture Judge Schoen was using as a lecture plays a part as graphic as the boy and mother situation.

As each couple appeared before him the judge, after listening to their troubles, gave this friendly advice

"Now, before you go any further with this, allow me to suggest a way of settling differences which I know, after hearing your story, are rather imaginary. There's a picture playing in town in which a situation is created which, while not exactly parallel to yours, contains many of its elements. I'm going to give you free passes to the theatre where the picture I have mentioned is playing and ask, yes, plead that you go to see it. I think after you have witnessed the picture and digested its story you will be in a different frame of mind than you are now

"The spirit of solemnity that marriage should be entered into is never considered; you wish to save up when your home life becomes distasteful You forget that when you were made man and wife that you assumed a sacred obligation that cannot be dissolved for your own selfish purposes. You make no sacrifices for your children, or children to come. When dissention begins they are forgotten. Do

A Group of Young Delinquents Brought Before Judge Schoen in His Juvenile Court in Newark.

you ever think of your mothers or fathers? Did they feel about things as you do? Forget your differences for a while and see the picture as I advise."

According to Judge Schoen this experiment proved as successful as the first, not a single couple returned to continue their initial attempt at separation

"You must realize," the Judge said, in explaining his ideas, "that, for the most part, the cases coming before me in both the Juvenile Court and the Court of Domestic Relations involve people, some of whom are not of high mental calibre The spoken or written word does not penetrate their minds as it would those of cultured persons. For a long time I have been searching around for a proper medium to bring home to this class of delinquents the wholesome lessons of life

"Mere admonitions or lectures do not suffice, nor does punishment always check them in their wayward trend. Of course, like others, I have thought of the movies and have been on the alert for a picture that would convey the proper moral in such a way as to favorably affect even the most case hardened delinquent The picture I have used in my experiments with the boys and the dissatisfied couples carried just the thoughts I considered necessary to open their eyes to the true state of affairs into which they had drifted

"To people of certain mental types the moving picture is the best conveyor of impressions. It is a power for good or for bad. I was favorably impressed by the picture I used in my experiments and thought it the very thing to carry the needed message to people with whom I deal in my daily work

"In some of the homes of the boys entangled in the law's mesh there is, besides a lack of religious and moral atmosphere, absolutely no parental respect. The home life does not create it. How can you expect a boy or a girl having no respect for their parents to heed their advice, if there ever be such advice given, and go the righteous way?

"Contempt follows disrespect, and when contempt comes, love jumps out of the window And then crime. All this the picture showed in sequence and, besides, the working of a mother's heart. To a certain extent the father is responsible for the creation of respect, but the mother is more responsible than the man, and whenever she breaks down the walls of respect the father has created then she and she only can be blamed for her children's sins.

"After the boys had seen the picture they all came to me and thanked me for the opportunity to see for themselves what it meant for a mother to have a wayward son.

"However, not all the boys come from homes where the mother rules in the light of a queen of love. Some children are entirely unresponsible for the things for which they are under probationary supervision; the mothers are to blame But the picture throws a halo around the mother and the boys impressed by it will have a change of heart toward their mothers, who, in turn, noticing the changed attitude of the children will themselves be impressed and be better attied for the responsibility of their positions. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' is no longer an applicable axiom. It should be, 'Spare the rod and send them to the movies.'"

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It had come and gone in a moment

– that look which flashed across his face

Yet afterwards she could never quite forget it

SHE was a little afraid of him, just because she admired him so much.

Beneath his friendliness and sympathy she suspected certain rather inflexible standards which it might be hard for any woman to meet.

That was why she looked forward to this evening with eagerness, anticipation — but with just a quiver of dread.

As they stood under the blaze of lights in the crowded theater, and he stooped to take the cloak from her shoulders — she happened to catch his expression, as his eyes encountered her face in that merciless light.

It was the barest, momentary look — yet in that moment all her pleasure in the evening seemed gone.

For she knew only too well what his thought had been. There was one fault in her appearance which any man could not fail to regard with critical eyes. Her skin, which should have been smooth and faultless — daintily in accord with the rest of her toilette — would hardly bear inspection under that searching light.

THE consciousness of an unattractive skin is a source of chagrin and humiliation to thousands of girls and women; yet nothing in the world is more needless than a bad complexion.

With the right care, *any* girl can have a smooth, clear, flawless skin, free from defects or blemishes.

Every day your skin is changing; each day old skin dies and new takes its place. This is your opportunity! By giving this new skin, day by day, the right treatment for its needs, you can overcome whatever defects have been troubling you—you can give your complexion the soft, smooth freshness and charm every fastidious woman wants her skin to have.

Are you using the right treatment for your special type of skin?

Remember that skins differ widely—and the care that is right for one type of skin may fail to meet the needs of another. This is why the famous Woodbury treatments *for different types of skin* have been formulated.

Each one of these famous skin treatments meets the needs of a special type of skin. By using the right treatment for *your* skin you will be astonished at the improvement you can make in your complexion.

Three of the famous Woodbury treatments are reproduced on this page. These and other complete treatments for each type of skin and its needs are given in the booklet which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today—begin your treatment tonight. Use it every night, regularly and persistently—and in a week or ten days see how much smoother, softer, clearer your skin has become.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles make it ideal for general use—for *keeping* the skin in good condition. A 25 cent cake lasts a month or six weeks for general cleansing use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

Send today for a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 449 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 449 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.*

THREE FAMOUS TREATMENTS FOR IMPROVING YOUR SKIN

If you do not find here the treatment your skin needs, look for it in the booklet of famous skin treatments wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

How you can make your skin finer in texture

Each night before retiring, dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in the water, and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in clear tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with a piece of ice. Always dry carefully.

To reduce conspicuous nose pores

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in very gently a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, stopping *at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

How to keep your skin free from blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing the face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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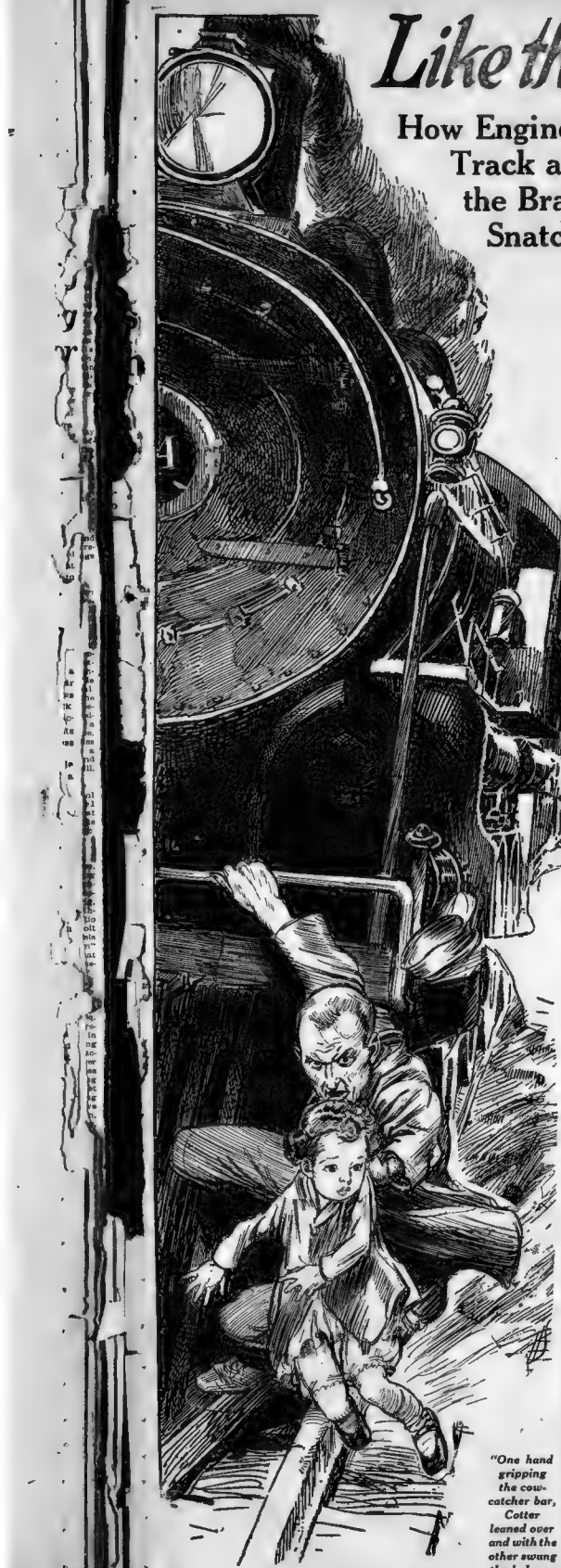
Like the Hero of the Stage Melodrama

How Engineer Cotter of the Erie Train Saw the Baby on the Track as He Rounded the Curve, Jammed on the Brakes, Leaped to the Cowcatcher and Snatched the Little One from Death



"One hand gripping the cowcatcher bar, Cotter leaned over and with the other swung the baby up to safety. He had beaten death to her by the fraction of an inch!"

"Big Jack" Cotter, on the Pilot of No. 914, the Engine from Which He Saved Baby Adele.

Little Adele Cushman, Who Was Saved by Brave Engineer Cotter.

THE little station of Riverdale, in New Jersey, lies on the tracks of the Erie Railroad. It is a very little station indeed, and even the local trains do not stop unless someone wants to get off there, or the station master comes out with a flag to signify that someone wants to get on.

From the station the tracks of the Erie curve on a heavy up grade, and when there are no passengers for Riverdale or the flag fails to appear, the engineers of the trains put on an extra burst of speed to top the crest.

Half a mile from the station, at the top of the rise, the rails run along the level, a level formed by a steep embankment. And at this point, three hundred feet from where the rumbling engines first lift into sight over the crest of the hill and as many feet back from the tracks in the pretty little cottage of the Cushmores.

The Cushmores do not mind being so close to the shining steel rails and the roaring trains. They are railroad stock. They have two baby daughters, Grace, who is almost four years old, and Adele, who is nearly two. Ira Meade, a veteran of more than forty years of engineering, is their grandfather. The two girl children have heard railroad talk ever since they were old enough to listen. And their grandfather's closest friend is "Big Jack" Cotter, another Erie engineer.

Twice a day Grandfather Meade thundered by in his engine, and the children watched for him. Twice a day "Big Jack" drove his engine past, and waved to the little ones.

On a Saturday afternoon, not many days ago, "Big Jack," driving the 3:01 from Jersey City, drew close to Riverdale. There was nobody on the train who wanted to get off at the station and no flag to stop him. So Cotter opened the throttle.

Engine No. 914 leaped forward, streaked by Riverdale and topped the curve at fully fifty miles an hour. "Big Jack" leaned out the window of the cab. A mile ahead was the signal tower with the signals set for safety. Three hundred feet ahead and at the right he glimpsed the Cushmore cottage.

And then, just as the engine began to run along the level of the embankment, over its top scrambled a tiny figure in a white dress. It stood for a moment at the side of the track, began to toddle across and—it fell, its head against one of the rails, body stretched across the ties!

Half way between that little body and the cottage a woman who had been running paused and stood, turned wooden by Lorror, watching the train and the bunch of white that was her baby in its path.

"My God—Adele!" gasped Cotter. "The baby!"

He threw back the throttle, closing it; he jammed down the brakes, both air and emergency. There was a tortured hissing and screaming of the checked wheels; in the eight heavily-laden coaches the passengers were hurled backward and then forward like straws in a sudden tempest gust; engine No. 914 shuddered and swayed and seemed to cling to the tracks as though crouching to hold herself back.

But the train, despite the shocking brakes, slid all too swiftly on, thrust forward by its momentum.

"It won't stop in time! It'll go over her! It'll kill her"—

The thoughts raced through "Big Bill's" brain. What could he do to save the little one? Time and again Cotter had read in fiction stories of engineers who in precisely similar situation had leaped from their cab, made their way to the cowcatcher and leaning forward had snatched a child from dreadful death just as the engine touched it. He had seen in melodramas and in the movies carefully devised scenes where heroic make-believe engineers had done the same thing.

And Cotter and his mates had laughed. As practical railroad men they had declared such rescues to be impossible. The rescuer, standing on the cowcatcher, is in reality a part of the train. He is moving forward with the speed of the train. If he should reach out to grasp the child in the engine's path he could not lift it. The lifting action would be changed to a blow by the impetus of the train itself—or, rather, into a thrust which would knock the child down if standing. If it were lying prostrate the pilot would strike it before the rescuer's muscles could lift it out of harm's way. So they had argued.

All this flashed through Bill Cotter's head in a split second of time.

But had they been right? Wasn't there just a chance that it would work?

"Big Bill" swung out of the engine cab, raced along the running board and, one hand holding the cowcatcher bar, swung himself down upon its prow. He leaned far over. The baby was now within fifty feet, standing and dazed and frightened.

On slid the engine—now at fifteen miles an hour. Only fifteen miles—but that was enough, Cotter knew, for its tons of steel to crush to pulp the little body of his old friend's grandchild.

He leaned over further—perilously—praying.

Now the edge of the pilot had almost touched Adele. Further still "Big Bill" bent. He reached out his hand, gripped the back of the baby's dress——

And just as No. 914 ground over the spot where the little one had been standing Cotter swung her up, clear of the murderous wheels!

A great throb of thanksgiving went through the engineer's heart. He had saved her.

Saved her?

At that moment a foot slipped from the edge of the pilot. The numbed fingers of his other hand slipped from their grip around the thick bar. He knew that he was falling, falling, both the child and himself, directly in front of the train which sped, checked now to ten miles an hour, was still enough to grind them both.

"If I fall—we're both of us gone!" Cotter thought. "But if I jump!"

Cotter jumped. With the baby held tight to his breast he relaxed the slipping grip of hand and feet and leaped. The momentum of the train lent impetus to the plunge. He landed on his feet a yard ahead of the engine and between the tracks. But before he could jump to the side the engine was upon him.

Cotter knew he could not save himself but he still had one chance to save the baby. He swept out his arms, hurling her to the side of the embankment. Down its grassy slope she rolled just as a projection of the locomotive struck Cotter on the hip.

"Good night!" thought Cotter, "it's got me. Well, I saved the kid anyway."

He closed his eyes as he fell, expecting the crunch of the wheels over legs or body. He hit not cinders ties nor rails, but grass. Instead of dragging him under, old No. 911 had kicked him aside and down the same embankment over which he had thrown little Adele.

And as Cotter opened his eyes he saw the train slide by and come to a stop two hundred feet further on.

The engineer arose shakily to his feet. He heard the swish of a woman's skirts and a woman's voice sobbing, "My baby! oh, my baby!"

And then he saw Mrs. Cushmore lifting little Adele to her breast and weeping tears of joy and thankfulness over the curly head. Old No. 914 had tossed Cotter within a foot or two of the very spot where his own arms had hurled the child. She was unhurt, not even bruised.

Train crew and passengers came running down to the man, the weeping woman and the frightened baby.

"You hurt much, Bill?" asked Joe Elliott, the conductor, and another veteran of the road. Cotter shook his head, still too dazed by the reaction from his rescue and the shock of the blow to speak. Anxiously Elliott went over him.

"No bones broke," he said. "Few cuts and bruises. Bill, you're sure lucky. How did it happen?"

"I'll tell you," cried Mrs. Cushmore. Mr Cotter is a hero. I'd sent Adele out to play on the front lawn. I heard the train whistle and looked for the baby. She wasn't there. Then I saw her on the embankment. 'Adele!' I screamed. 'Adele—come back!' The baby turned an' waved to me. 'Mamma look!' she called. 'Gwampa's choo-choo! Gwampa's choo-choo!'

"Then she turned, climbed up on the tracks and fell. I saw the engine rush up and around the curve. I heard the grinding of the brakes——

"'Oh, God let it stop in time!' I prayed. But in my heart I knew it couldn't be stopped before it had struck my baby.

"Then I saw Mr. Cotter swing out on the cowcatcher, lean over and catch Adele as her dress just as a mother dog will grip a puppy by the nape of its neck. And then my baby came rolling down to me—safe!"

"You mean Bill stood on the cowcatcher and grabbed the baby up?" asked Elliott incredulously. Mrs. Cushmore nodded gorously.

"But Bill, you always said it couldn't be done," marvelled Mr. Elliott. "We all always said it couldn't be done. Why, we've proved time and again it can't be done. And now you've gone and done it."

"Yes," said Mr Cotter. "I did it. And yet, by golly, if I dont believe yet it can't be done!"

The Erie officially commended Engineer Cotter for his exploit.

"The act was without precedent on this road," said Superintendent Kelly. "Or, so far as I know on any other," he added.

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Revelation

Margaret Hill with the Trappin Vario and Ruin

How the Drug Peddlers Drive Through the Streets of Paris at Night Whistling Their Calls to Draw Attention to the Slowly Moving Cabs.

"I was on the point of asking the cab driver what he was up to, but my companion opened the door of the cab instead, when I saw to my astonishment from out of the darkness stretch forth the arm of a woman. The fingers of the hand, carefully manicured, were nearly hidden by a number of rings set with precious stones, which sparkled strangely against the dark interior of the cab. "She was a drug peddler."

False Heel Containing a Secret Magazine, Which Holds a Considerable Supply of Contraband Drugs.

By Mrs. Margaret Hill

CHAPTER XI.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

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I AM, of course, quite familiar with the drug traffic in many of the large American cities, and from my own experience and the experiences of my friends I know pretty thoroughly the widespread use of dope in the night world of London.

Perhaps after all there is more regular and open use of drugs in Paris than in any other city. This has certainly been so until possibly very recently. I have not been in Paris of late, but friends of mine in the Underworld who have been there within the last few months tell me that at last the French police are making occasional spasmodic efforts to round up drug peddlers now and then. I certainly hope this is true.

In every quarter of Paris, whether it is the Champs Elysees or Montmartre, you come across people at some time or other whose desire it is to supply you with forbidden drugs. Cocaine and opium may be obtained with the same facility as that of going to the grocer and buying a pound of sugar or any other commodity.

There are so many hundreds of inexperienced people who desire to obtain this drug that they do not take any notice from whom or where they buy it, with the result that they fall an easy prey to "fakers," who prepare small quantities of flour, and, wrapping them in white paper, sell them to the drug-takers. When the fraud is discovered it is impossible for them to lay a charge against the sellers, for obvious reasons. So openly are the methods for the sale of the drugs carried out that it is no wonder the "man in the street" and the police get to know the secrets of what may be truthfully described as one of the most widely practiced vices of the night life of Paris.

The last time I was in Paris I had an opportunity to purchase some "coco," as it is called in France, by the following method, which I bear is one of the most favored by traffickers. I was out walking with a male companion. A taxicab was driving slowly along an ill lighted but one of the most frequented streets at the back of Montmartre. The street at the time was deserted. The chauffeur gave every few seconds a low but clear whistle, which I thought was rather unusual. Our curiosity piqued, we decided to investigate. We soon made up our minds about one thing —that the cab was not on the streets that night for the purpose of being hired. Accordingly, for the purpose of finding out what developments there might be, we hailed that taxi and gave the chauffeur an address a few streets away. By way of response he gave a short laugh and said, "No need to do that. There is nobody near."

I was on the point of asking him for an explanation, but my companion opened the door of the cab, when I saw to my astonishment from out of the darkness stretch forth the arm of a woman. The fingers of the hand, carefully manicured, were nearly hidden by a number of rings set with precious stones, which sparkled strangely against the dark interior of the cab. The hand took hold of his sleeve. I then noticed that she had her other hand tendered toward him. In the palm I perceived two packets, one of them wrapped in black paper and sealed with red sealing wax, and the other done up in white paper and made strong by a large seal of blue wax.

Behind the apparition I heard a soft, musical voice say: "What do you want, black or white?" "Neither," my companion—who, of course, was now, like myself, thoroughly on to the game—replied. "We want some morphine." "I am sorry, I haven't any with me to-day. It is very seldom that our customers require it. I will bring some with me to-morrow. Good-by," was the reply.

We slammed the door, and the taxicab drove off. About a hundred yards further down the street the chauffeur resumed his whistling. We had been justified in having suspicions about the genuineness of that taxicab, and had it not been for my friend's ready wit in asking for morphine, a drug which he guessed she would not carry about with her, we would have been the poorer by a few pounds and the owner of some drug I could not make any use of.

As I have said in previous chapters, I myself was once firmly bound in slavery to drugs, but with a struggle which almost cost me my life I broke the chains. I have seen so much of the unspeakable misery which comes from drugs, both in the Underworld and in the dramatic profession, and sometimes among those who have wealth, position and everything to live for, that I feel very strongly on the subject.

There is nothing in drugs which is worth while. I have experimented with every drug, and I know. The lure of the drug is really a fictitious fantasy. The delightful dreams while under the influence are paid for a thousand times more than they are worth by the reaction and misery after the dreams are over.

I have said before that the criminal Underworld is steeped and saturated in drugs. The high-class criminals hold themselves well under control; they must absolutely keep their heads clear and be able to think straight and bring to bear the quick resourcefulness which criminals must have at their instant command.

But in their leisure hours and "between jobs" these master minds of the Underworld lapse into indulgence in drugs. I know of a very prosperous high-class criminal, whose Summer house is beautifully situated a few miles up the Hudson River. He is a genial host, and delights in having week-end parties where ten or a dozen criminals of the aristocracy of the Underworld gather at his invitation for reminiscences, consultations and a good time.

The "good time" always includes the opium pipe. I have been a guest several times in years past at Dan's house parties. A well-filled wine cellar, a box of excellent cigars and very well prepared meals were, of course, to be expected. But the attractive novelty at Dan's Summer home, which the crooks especially appreciated, was the big, circular, soft-cushioned divan. Here on this big, round lounge, among soft pillows, the men and women of his social circle in the Underworld stretched out and chatted and smoked and dozed off into dreams, while Dan's skilled attendant cooked the dope, filled the pipes and ministered to the guests from the little opening in the centre of that remarkable round divan. And so they lounged, many scarcely leaving the cushions from Saturday to around Monday morning, until it was time to motor back to town.

Two Great Entrances Into the World of Drug Slaves

The dope fiend's repertoire consists of opium, morphine, cocaine, heroin, hashish, codine, and, in England and France particularly, ether. The first door into the drug world is usually opened by way of the opium pipe. It was so that I took my first step, and, when almost wrecked by the drugs and mad for a cure, I made inquiries of friends in the same case, they always told me the same thing: "I just smoked a sociable pipe of opium at a party. And then I got to smoking more and more—and after that came morphine and the others."

The second door is opened by the unscrupulous or careless physician, who gets rich or saves himself trouble by prescribing morphine for every ache or pain of the patient. I have known a number of doctors who have made excellent livings merely through their willingness to prescribe morphine. Old, querulous ladies or fretful, luxurious, idle wives would call in the smart doctor, lament their pains and he would give them, under the guise of medicine, in the great name of healing, a drug that would stupefy them all day long. No wonder these women refuse to change their doctor, and no wonder they like his medicine best.

Opium is bad enough in all conscience, but the other drugs are a hundred fold more ruinous to health and character. And inevitably the opium smoker turns sooner or later to them.

The reasons for this are many. To smoke opium you must have time—an hour and a half or two hours, at least, are necessary. You must also have a complicated paraphernalia—a lamp, pipe, cooking utensils for the drug and an opium chef who understands how to manipulate the opium utensils.

Furthermore, opium smoking is a sociable vice. I mean that the devotee finds the greatest pleasure in it when accompanied by friends and in the midst of luxurious surroundings. Since the law has become so strict all this is hard to arrange at any time. Besides, it is expensive. When opium is smoked, for instance, in an apartment it takes $12 worth of adhesive tape, first thing to seal the doors and windows so that the fumes will not get out and tell the neighbors what is going on behind the doors. They have to be cemented securely about every crevice, for nothing is stronger, more pungent, more easily detected, than the odor of opium.

The increasing difficulty of getting the right surroundings and the increasing expenses both tend to bring the smoker to drugs which are more easily handled and are stronger. For it must always be remembered that the drug addict steadily craves larger and larger doses. He is also as the addict goes on his earning power becomes less and less with the deterioration of mind and body, so that it is not long before he or she cannot afford even the cheapest opium dens. Hence, the pleasure smoker of opium soon becomes the needy, aching, insistent user of morphine or heroin. Morphine is 50 per cent stronger than opium, and heroin is 100 per cent stronger than morphine.

The procedure of an opium party is almost a ritual, almost as precisely ordered as the giving of communion in church the first Sunday of the month. First of all the guests at any really epicurean opium party are carefully chosen. Nosey, gabby women or boisterous men who tell loud stories are never asked a second time. But the quiet and the woman who feel poesy in their souls, who lend themselves in all luxury to the influence of the dear relaxing drug, are always welcome. At every well ordered opium party there is the host and the chef, who cooks the opium pills. It is considered a rare accomplishment to be a good chef. Sometimes the host may be the chef also. I can remember one well-known star of New York who rather prides himself upon the skill with which he mixes and cooks the little brown opium pills for his guests.

Just How the Opium Users Arrange Their "Smoke Parties"

When the party of men and women have arrived their opium debauch they all take places upon a divan or couch. This is shaped twice or three times larger than a full-sized bed; it may, again, be circular. The mixing and the baking of the opium then begins. In the centre of the opium couch the little oil lamp is placed. The chef, who cooks the pill, is at the head of the couch placed so he can manipulate the utensils over the lamp. The can of opium, resembling in a way a small tin of shoe polish, though the can is square, is within reach, and the whole outfit rests on a silver tray. There is one opium pipe—a long bamboo or ivory affair—for the whole party.

The party then reclines, except the chef. They are first a woman, then a man next, his head resting on the stomach. The third guest is a woman, whose head rests on the stomach of the man just preceding her in the circle, and so it goes, till the complete circle is made. The lamp consists of a little hollow bowl, filled with olive oil, a wick runs out of this into a small burner equipped with a chimney, not unsimilar to the chimney of a lantern, though it is very much smaller.

When the lamp is lighted, as all the guests lie and wait, the opium chef takes an instrument called the needle, long and delicate, and dips it into the can of raw opium. With it he winds the sticky mixture about, and then he lifts out enough of the dark-brown, sticky, gum-like stuff to twist into a pill about the shape of a large pea. When he has made this into an opium pill he holds it over the lamp and cooks it in the slow fire of the oil-fed wick, turning it constantly in the flame. After five minutes the needle is removed from the flame and the pill is dropped into the bowl of the pipe. Then, with all ceremony, the pipe is passed to the first user, who lowers the bowl over the lamp to keep the opium hot.

A great breath, long inhaled, peaceful, deliberate, slow, is the breath with which the opium smoker inhales his stupefying drug. This is very different from the short whiffs with which one smokes a cigarette. He smokes for five or ten minutes. Then he reclines, relaxed. He passes back the pipe, and the chef, by this time, has prepared another pill for the next smoker. After cleaning out the bowl of the opium pipe with a cloth called Sowey Poo, and an instrument called the Yenshi Gow, he again fills the bowl and passes it to the next smoker. In this way the pipe goes the rounds of the waiting circle, and as the guests give themselves up to the magic drug its effects make themselves felt on the company.

There never is any difference of opinion at a proper opium party. There never is any discordance. There never is any bickering. There is always perfect peace. For, under opium, the most violent gunman would be all kindness to his worst enemy

...s by the Queen of the Underworld

..., the Famous "Vamp," Who Worked in Partnership ...ristocrats of the Criminal World ... Millionaires, Explains How the ... Kinds of "Dope" Affect ...heir Slaves

The Crook Dan's Circular Lounge at His Summer Home, Where His Criminal Friends Are Invited for Week-End Dope Parties. There on That Big, Round Divan, Seated Among the Soft Pillows, the Men and Women of His Social Circle in the Underworld Stretch Out and Chat and Smoke and Doze Off Into Dreams, While Dan's Skilled Attendant Cooks the Dope, Fills the Pipes and Ministers to the Guests from the Little Opening in the Centre of That Criminal Circle.

For ...opium is the luxurious and the sociable vice; ...d the opium pipe, often of carved ivory inlaid, sometimes modelled in silver and gold and set with precious stones, is the emblem of a drugged, luxurious comeraderie.

From opium, as I have said, the next step is ... morphine. Morphine is the insidious, imperative drug used alone in franic self-defense as refuge from dread offering. I ...er heard of ...morphine party. To pass around a needle and jab yourself in company would be considered very low behavior by the "hophead," or opium smoker. As opium leaves behind it a peaceful effect, so morphine leaves an effect doubly or trebly peaceful. The mind is just at rest and the conscience stilled. It is because of this that you will find that most gunmen, most cruel, dastardly criminals, are opium and morphine users, since these two drugs deaden remorse and make the scoundrel forget, for a while, the twinges of repentance.

A Dirty Opium Den in New York's Chinatown, Where Men and Women of All Grades of Society Meet in Common Degradation as Slaves of the Drug.

But what an awakening! What a penalty at last!

It is indeed a strange fact that people who use opium, and freely acknowledged its use, will, nevertheless lie—lie—lie about the use of morphine. For morphine, among drug addicts, is considered the most shameful vice. It is practiced in secret. It is sometimes injected—this gives almost immediate effect, in twenty minutes, at least. Again, morphine is taken inwardly, either in a powder or diluted in water. An overdose of either opium or morphine kills. But each drug is like arsenic—after the body is gradually accustomed to more and more a dose can be taken by a confirmed user of either opium or morphine which would kill one hundred first users.

"Styles" in Deadly Drugs and in the Way of Taking Them

In the smoking of opium, particularly, great care has to be taken to refrain from water drinking, especially at first. I remember, after Humphreyes had given me my first opium smoke, he carefully warned me not to touch water for several hours. The first smoke of opium particularly makes you thirsty. For this reason, in all well-appointed opium dens, big baskets of luscious fruits, oranges, pears, peaches, plums and grapes—all juicy fruits—are set around in tropic profusion.

There are notable cases where the person smoking opium for the first time has drunk water and been cured of the drug forever.

"Why, but it made me so very ill!" one well-known actress said to me. "I never could bear to try it again." That woman was more fortunate than she ever knew.

But, coming back to morphine, we must see that its use has increased widely because of the tremendous rise in the price of opium. A little while before I started to smoke opium you could buy a large can for from two to five dollars. When I smoked a great deal the price had risen to fifty dollars, then it increased to one hundred and fifty some time later, which it is to-day. Now, as anyone can see, opium is a rich man's vice.

But with the up-to-the-minute demi-mondaine to-day the "stylish" vice is cocaine or heroin.

And the smart as well as the easiest and most instantaneous way of taking either is by sniffing. To be sure, cocaine may be injected, as also may heroin. But none of your "stylish" addicts ever would consider injecting it The effect of sniffing is almost instantaneous, and you do not have to have any paraphernalia to take it this way. There was a time, not so long ago, in Paris and smart places on the Continent, when fetching society queens and women of the smartest underworld carried little gold vanity cases on long chains, and sniffed their heroin and cocaine thus handily, regardless. It was nothing more to them then than the smoking of a cigarette.

The drug fiend may never escape detection at the hands of another drug fiend. The opium user who becomes an addict is known to another opium user, though the two speak not the same language; though one live in a palace and the other in a teeming tenement on the eastest East Side. The opium user has, as one distinguishing characteristic, an aloofness of manner, a "don't careness" about him, aptly described by Tennyson in the poem "The Lotus Eaters."

The morphine victim ma... be just as aloof, but he is not so superior. He is inclined to talk more. Both the morphine user and the opium user never stand squarely on their feet and look you right in the eye. They lean; they slouch; they droop their heads; and when the observer by chance does steal a look into their eyes they notice that the morphine and the opium has contracted the pupils till they are abnormally tiny. As for physical habits, the use of these two drugs so affects the processes of elimination that great care and artificial devices, in confirmed addicts, are necessary to keep life functioning at all. And always medicines have to be used to force nature to her necessary tasks of waste removal.

The cocaine user, different from the opium and the morphine user, is alert, over enthusiastic, energetic, active, restless and excited every minute he is under his drug. He talks incessantly. He is a "leaper"—as the phrase is interpreted to mean incessant action, endless activity. He fidgets. He fumes. He never sleeps while under the influence of cocaine. He develops exalted notions. He imagines he can fight the world and beat whatever trusts or combines that ever were created. He feels more powerful than Caesar. If it happens to be a woman, she feels more coquettish than Cleopatra and more beautiful than Mary Queen of Scots, as well as more unfortunate.

The cocaine addict never is free from suspicion. And he always is sure that somebody is waiting just around the corner to assassinate him.

I very well remember how one night Sally Cowen, whose unfortunate career I have dealt with in an earlier chapter, awakened my whole household with a graphic description of two men who were cutting each other's throats in our back yard. We investigated, and we found nobody at all in the yard. It was then that Sally stood at the window and described in detail a bloody battle between two cutthroats, round by round. She insisted that she saw it; to all intents and purposes she did see it.

The next day, when she had recovered from her frenzy and I told her her mistake, she insisted that one man had cut another's throat in her presence while I and my household stood by and refused to interfere. Sally really was sure she was right.

The cocaine user is never hungry; and he can go five or ten days without sleep. He may die at once after the tenth day, but he is active up to the last minute. The cocaine user is very destructive. I have seen smart women, while under the influence of the drug, tear a five hundred-dollar dinner dress to pieces, while trembling with fear of the imaginary voices of imaginary burglars, whom they think they hear and see.

Sniffed, cocaine and heroin have an immediate effect. A small quantity of heroin will produce much greater effect than a corresponding quantity of any other drug. Recently there have been many deaths reported from overdoses of heroin. This was due, when it happened unintentionally, to the fact that heroin is seldom sold pure strength. The drug peddlers dilute heroin and cocaine also with sugar of milk. It is impossible to say how much heroin there is to a quantity of the specified drug without a chemical analysis.

There is one very interesting thing about cocaine, to me. That is that the cocaine user has a mania for being near water. And if the water be running so much the better. Cocaine makes most every addict very thirsty. From this fact it is easy to see why cocaine users so often hide their drug under bath tubs or behind mirrors, over wash bowls in bathrooms; why, when making arrests of cocaine users, so many are apprehended near public bath houses and comfort stations.

Ether and Hashish Now the "Fashionable" Drugs Abroad

Ether and hashish are not so common in this country as drugs as yet. But in France, and especially in the Montmartre quarter, they are very common. I have seen, in exquisite drug dens there, beautiful young French girls saturate their faces with ether, place over it a wet ether cloth and go to sleep. I have also seen at the very smart restaurants more than one distinguished gentleman, off to Paris for a holiday, led out of the dining room, hopelessly drunk—so hopelessly drunk that two persons had to support him.

In a little retiring room a nurse, kept for that purpose, treated the man with ether until in half an hour he stood on his feet and left, absolutely sober. Such an effect does ether have when applied according to science after certain liquors have been drunk.

Hashish is a drug made from Indian hemp. It was never, in my experience, a pet vice of smart people. In Paris, particularly in the gunman and gangster sections, it is a favorite drug. There is a saying in Paris, "the hashish makes the Apache dance," and so it is. I have witnessed dances weird, wild, exotic, by Apaches in French dens, Apaches full of hashish. Most hashish dens are in low cellars and vile habitations, in such countries as Mexico, Cuba, South America and France.

Which brings us to the subject of a cure. First of all, with cocaine. This habit is more easily cured than any other of the drugs. With all the others, however, no cure is wrought inside of three months. I have read in the papers lately, of one-week cures and three-week cures, and I, as a woman who has battled for her cure, with crucifixion and agony and tears, know what tremendous nonsense even these three-month cures are generally.

Two years are none too short for many addicts. Any cure, under six months, I would call pretty ineffectual For, with the addict, it is not enough to take away the drug. The nerves must be built up the nerves shattered by years of drugs, till they will not clamor for the poison. What was wrought slowly must be remedied slowly.

With opium, the user can cure himself without going to a sanitarium, though, for all the other drugs a sanitarium, I should say, was the only thing. This is one way the opium habit may be cured: Take a bottle and fill it half full of liquid opium. Fill the other half with sherry wine. Each day take from the bottle a tablespoonful of the mixture and, as this is removed, fill it up with pure sherry. After a while the mixture will be nothing but wine. Keeping to this daily diminishing drug, the opium slave will be uncomfortable; he will suffer, but not as when morphine is taken from him, and not unbearably.

Now, as for the amount of the dose of various drugs. At an opium party of, say, six guests, at least ten pills would be smoked by each guest, if each was a seasoned smoker. The young woman smoker for her first time is told to stop at one or two pills. It would be better for her to do this. Ten pills would kill her. When the opium pleasure smoker has acquired what is called the habit he has a one-a-day habit or a two-a-day habit or a three-a-day habit. This means that if he does not get his opium once or twice or three times each day he develops what is technically known as a "yen."

When a victim has a "yen on" his eyes water, he yawns, he aches in every nerve of his body, with an ache which is exactly like a toothache, but it is everywhere. And how he perspires! He suffers alternate chills and fever. Drops of sweat stand out on his forehead. The pains of childbirth, severe, racking, torturing while they last, are as nothing to the pains of opium or morphine denied. And I know, for I have borne two children. Coming to morphine, a dose of one-fourth of a grain is considered ample for the first user. But as the user persists the dose is increased, till ten grains are easily consumed. De Quincey, the English author, who wrote the "Confessions of an Opium Eater, ate opium, and did not smoke it. Toward the end of his career he ate a dose which amounted to sixty grains daily.

This, so far as my knowledge and experience go, is the largest amount known to have been consumed daily by one single person. But this amount De Quincey did not need to get all the effect possible from the drug. He merely imagined he needed that amount. If kind old nature had not arranged a means of throwing off much of this unassimilated opium De Quincey would have died of his sixty grains. Ten, or at most twenty, grains supply to the addict all the false and menacing "kick" there is in opium.

I would like to end this article with a simple warning: Young man—young woman, shun like the plague the person who first asks you to smoke for a lark. That's the way most every shameful, down-into-the-gutter addict has developed. And just remember, when the drug has got you, you will never be able to explain the despair you feel on looking at the little black opium pill. "So small—and yet it is my absolute master!" is what you will tell yourself in agony of spirit.

For this is the law and the ...el of the whole matter. There never was an addict, ...ugh all the length and breadth of the earth, but anguished in his heart for a cure; but prayed, with whatever prayers he knew, for a cure. But the percentage of the drug users who are cured is two out of ten. The time to stop is before you have begun.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

The New "Swagger" Suits

Fringe and "Cameo" Lines the Latest Novelties in the Smart Spring Suits

PHOTOS (C) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

A Smart Costume of Gray Trelaine. The Side Panel and Novel Collar Are Distinctive.

Light Blue Homespun, Bound With Gray Wool, Forms This Smartly Simple Costume.

Tomato Heather Trelaine Created This Full Hanging Suit. Black Stitching Finishes an Unusual Costume.

There Is an Indian Influence in This Fringed Suit of Heavy, Oyster White Crepe, With Vividly Colored Strips of Embriodery.

STREET suits, unlike many humans, are being educated by experience. They are growing more and more distinctive. They are developing in grace and beauty.

For instance, the central figure of the group shows how Callot stamps with individuality the wearer of a simple street costume. For this striking costume Callot has selected gray trelaine. Black cire satin adds distinction to both skirt and coat. The side panel and novel collar are notes for fashion devotees. A crepe de chine blouse of self-color completes a costume that is undeniably individual and superlatively chic.

A light-blue homespun, bound with gray wool, is a simple costume, but by its very simplicity is an outstanding example of smartness. [illegible] which, as you see, fringe plays an important part. The presence of fringe is one of the most positive notes of the season's clothes. This one is of heavy oyster white crepe. Its vividly colored stripes are of woollen embroidery. The flowing kimono sleeves are of the same color as the woollen stripes. A wide sash is worn with a woollen hat of matching color.

Trelaine in tomato heather intrigued Callot to create the full, hanging coat suit which you also see on the page. Black moire silk faces the collar and Tuxedo front, which may be buttoned if desired. The black moire silk also forms a drop skirt. Black stitching finishes this unusual suit.

All of these costumes strike a distinct note in dressing. There is no element of commonness in them. A touch here or there sets them apart from others, as the tone in a voice, the high sheen on hair, the brilliant glory of the eye, the grace of a slim wrist, set apart the owner and lend them that much-desired quality—personality. There is personality in dress as there is in children of humanity.

A gown worn yesterday afternoon by a woman with chestnut hair, and eyes the color of forget-me-nots, was in such complete harmony with her personality that it was a triumph of individual dressing. Its foundation was periwinkle blue charmeuse. Over this was arranged, in tabard fashion, midnight blue crepe de chine. The apron-like front and back panels were held in loosely at the waist by an inch-wide belt of the crepe de chine. On either side of the panels the edges were treated with light blue silk thread in a geometric design. At either side of the waistline loose tufts of the embroidery silk gave a flower-like touch. With this was worn a tricorne hat of dark blue straw, trimmed across the front brim and along the back of the crown, with wide pleats of blue ribbon of the same shade as the charmeuse.

Worn at a tea on the veranda of the country club, it was one of the most chic and harmonious costumes of the late Spring in fashion land.

Blue is the leading favorite among colors this season. The favorite is well chosen, for blue of a dark shade is an admirable background for other and brighter hues. One of the most charming costumes of this season had such a background of creponne. The silk background, with softly tufted surface, was of a dark yet warm shade of blue. The rolling collar and long revers, which reached the waistline, were heavily embroidered with silk of Spring shades. Dark green constituted the foliage. The flowers were of iris and forget-me-not blues, with here and there the petal of an orchid.

The silhouettes of the Spring costumes are of cameo blue distinctness.

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What 112 Doctors Told U

About Caring for a Baby's Skin

By the Head of the Research Laboratories of Bauer & Black

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The coupon below brings free and postpaid a trial can of B & B Baby Talc and cake of B & B Baby Soap, both in a charming miniature container. Two comfort creators for baby every mother should try. Detach and mail the coupon. That is all.

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MODERN science has perfected a new and radically different way in infant hygiene.

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It embodies new principles—principles now combined in a remarkable new Bauer & Black requisite—B & B Baby Talc. Note coupon below for liberal test package free.

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Many months were spent perfecting this new way. Old methods were inadequate.

We consulted famous children's specialists, dermatologists, heads of maternity homes—112 in all. We sought a new way—a scientific way—of combating the irritant acids which obtain in perspiration and in urine.

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The pores of the skin constantly exude moisture. It is nature expelling impurities from the body. Upon exposure, this perspiration becomes a semi-acid irritant. So does urine. But more intensely so.

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Old methods attempted merely to dry the moisture, thus affording but indifferent relief.

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Use it after baby's bath. Sprinkle it on diaper cloths. It is soothing, gentle healing—scientific protection in the charming guise of a soft, white talc.

Try it for two days. Results are quick—and amazing. Note how much smoother baby's skin—how much more restful and happy—for comfortable babies are happy babies.

Mail Coupon for Free Samples

We want all mothers to try this new way of making babies happy. So we invite them to mail the coupon for liberal trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap, free and postpaid.

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What Baby Doctors Say a Mother Should Look For

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The cause of these irritations and rashes has been learned, and is now successfully overcome.

Noted baby specialists and maternity hospitals are employing a new way, which is fully explained elsewhere on this page.

It places at mothers' disposal the most recent discoveries of modern science in combating prickly rash, diaper rash, urine scald and all the other skin irritations of infants and children. Results are quick and amazing. The coupon below brings liberal trial packets, free and postpaid.

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Please send me a trial package of B & B Baby Talc and B & B Baby Soap—these without charge or obligation on my part

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A Honeymoon for Three---By Anthony Carlyle

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Lee Dorice tells her stepmother, Mrs. Teresa Dorice, who is continually nagging her to get married so she will not have to support her with the small income left her by Lee's father, that she will marry the first eligible man who asks her to be his wife. Teresa has a daughter, Terry, who is very fond of Lee.

Lee goes to Ruff's Island, a mysterious, ruin-crowned rock several miles off the coast, and is caught in a heavy fog after landing on the island. She is rescued by a man who lives in the ruined lighthouse. The fog does not lift, and she is forced to stay on the island all night. The personality of the man impresses her very much, and she gains the impression that he is some celebrity seeking seclusion on this unfrequented island. He asks her to keep his abode a secret. She tells him of her decision to marry the first eligible man who asks her.

In the morning Lee starts for the mainland. Before the man lets go of the boat he grabs her in his arms and kisses her. Lee says nothing of her adventure. On the way home from a visit to friends in London she picks up a paper on the train and reads the headlines "Carson Murder! Carson Breaks Jail!" She is shocked beyond expression when she realizes that Carson is the man of Ruff's Island.

Terry meets her at the station in a big automobile and tells her that an elderly and very wealthy gentleman named Jason Smithers is paying court to Mrs. Dorice. He has two very unusual servants - a young man named Hazen, and an older man named Frost. The next day Lee is introduced to Mr. Smithers and finds him very interesting to talk to. Several months pass and then, one afternoon, Lee comes home to find Mrs. Dorice in hysterics. Terry drags Lee into her room and says in explanation: "Jason Smithers came to-day and asked to see mother alone, and--oh, Lee! It isn't that he wants to marry at all, it's you."

Mr. Smithers tells Lee that she will be his wife in name only, and he will give her the benefit of his wealth in exchange for her company and loyalty. She consents to marry him. After the wedding they go to Jason Smithers's country place. Shortly before dinner that evening he sends Frost to tell her that he has been unexpectedly called to a village some distance away and not to wait for him. During the night she is awakened by a noise down stairs. Going down to the library she switches on the lights and sees a man standing by one of the long windows. He turns and his eyes meet hers--the eyes of the man of Ruff's Island--the eyes of Denham Carson the murderer!

He tells her he loves her and had been an unseen guest at her wedding. They hear someone on the drive, and she tells him to go upstairs and out through her room. When Lee goes back to her room she finds him there. He says he could not go without seeing her again. He leaves her and says: "I can't good-by' you know"--

"But, perhaps--he is not guilty"--

"Not *guilty!* Good Gad, Lee! What are you talking about? He's been tried, hasn't he? And imprisoned? As far as I can make out, it's by the merest miracle he escaped the extreme penalty! Not guilty? What the devil else should he be?"

(Cont'd from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XII.

LEE came down to breakfast the next morning looking listless, and with a faint shadowing beneath her eyes. Her usual delicate pallor was accentuated, her manner nervous. Her sleep had been fitful, troubled, and she still felt shaken, bewildered and vaguely apprehensive.

She found her husband awaiting her, and she greeted him with an unaccustomed awkwardness which made her feel absurdly young and gauche. She bit her lips as he took her out stretched hand into his and bowed over it in his odd, old-fashioned, courteous way, striving after the composure which so seldom deserted her.

For the first time since he had asked her to marry him she was conscious of being averse to, almost resentful of, his touch. The knowledge of the tie between them seemed suddenly to loom up before her, oppressive, even menacing. Yesterday her bonds had lain upon her lightly; to-day the world was changed.

She knew it even while she refused to face the knowledge, and as Smithers released her hand she drew a deep, long breath of relief and dropped somewhat limply into the chair opposite that which Frost was carefully arranging for his master.

She glanced at the man quickly. Deft, capable, unobtrusive, he had a hand beneath his master's elbow and was lowering him into his seat. It struck Lee with sudden force how stiff and slow of movement Jason Smithers was; she was aware almost of a pang of dismay. Somehow she had not seemed to notice it very much before; if she had it had not affected her in any degree personally.

With the passing of weeks and the new interest and excitement which had been crowded into her days the memory of the few brief hours on Ruff's Island with Denham Carson had worn fine. There had been no one with whom to contrast Jason Smithers. Now there was. Once more Carson had been hurled into her life, as it were, out of a clear sky. Once more the impression of his vivid personality was strong upon her. Once more the queer, quick charm of his smile, the boyish straightness of his eyes dominated her thoughts.

Just what his appeal was to her she did not know. Certainly, in part, it was his youth, his strength, his virility. For the rest——

She jerked herself away from her own thoughts with a startled upward glance as Jason Smithers's voice came to her. He was peering at her through his smoked spectacles, blinking quickly.

"I hope you were not disturbed last night," he said. "Frost tells me there was a scare—burglars, or something of the sort; that you were alarmed?"

His tone was at once irritable and solicitous. Lee, after that first quick glance, applied herself to the task of pouring coffee, and did not look up again. She answered a little hurriedly.

"I'm afraid I was in a measure responsible for the scare. I thought I heard a noise downstairs and came down—I expect my switching on the lights made the men think there was something wrong here at the house. Was there"—she forced herself to ask the question steadily—"anyone after all?" Mr. Smithers stirred the coffee Frost set beside his plate and looked up at him.

"Well, Frost?"

"We did not find anyone, sir. It is quite probable that a tramp sheltered in the garage or stable loft, and slipped out when he thought there would be no one about. I feel convinced there is no cause for further apprehension, sir."

Again Lee's lashes lifted, and she saw the servant a quick look from under them. His face was as expressionless as his voice, and his attention was entirely with his master. Once more Lee experienced a feeling of relief and relaxed, leaning back comfortably in her high oak chair. Mr. Smithers blinked at her benignly.

"I hope you feel satisfied on that point, my dear," he observed, and she started, making a quick little gesture.

"Quite," she assured him, with a rather nervous laugh. He nodded, then dismissed Frost. With the quiet closing of the door Lee's uneasy shyness returned to her. She dreaded, suddenly, and for the first time, being alone with him. She was conscious of a distressing sense of guilt, of deception; and while she felt his eyes upon her face she avoided meeting them.

For the first part of the meal the conversation was brief. Mr. Smithers applied himself heartily to his breakfast, and when he spoke it was upon quite ordinary subjects. Lee answered him monosyllabically and ate scarcely anything, though she drank two cups of coffee thirstily.

With the toast and marmalade the old man gave her more of his attention. He looked at her, and at the untouched food on her plate, and a little frown brought his shaggy brows together.

"You're looking pale," he told her, "and you've eaten nothing. I thought I heard a noise downstairs and came down—I expect my switching on the lights made the men think there was something wrong here at the house. Was there"—she forced herself to ask the question steadily—"anyone after all?" Mr. Smithers stirred the coffee Frost set beside his plate and looked up at him.

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neighboring village to see a man on business—going abroad to-day or something of the sort, so couldn't wait. I was back soon after you went to your room. I didn't let you know, as I'd a touch of gout, and I'm devilish fit table when I'm not up to the mark. By the way, I hope Frost made my excuses adequately? You must have thought my leaving you to dine alone last night was rather extraordinary. It occurred to me afterward that I ought to have explained matters myself—that you might be offended."

He peered at her somewhat anxiously, and again Lee's nervous hands fluttered out in a hurried little movement.

"But of course not!" she declared. "Frost made things perfectly clear and I quite understood."

Mr. Smithers beamed.

"That's very sweet of you." He reached across the table and patted the slender hand upon which the little gold circle gleamed so newly. It twitched slightly, but she did not draw it away and after a moment the old man withdrew his own to make a second raid upon the marmalade pot.

"What are your plans for to-day?" he asked presently, and Lee shook her head.

"I don't know. I—hadn't thought. Perhaps—if you don't mind—I'd like to ride this morning. That red mare is perfectly beautiful. I did not see you after our visit to the stables yesterday to thank you, I—you're too good to me!"

Her soft voice took a sudden new warmth; she leaned forward involuntarily stretching her hand toward him. A second time Mr. Smithers laid his own upon it. He was smiling, but there was a note of seriousness in his tone.

"I couldn't be. I want you to be happy, Lee—really happy! I want you to live your life as nearly as possible as if you were free—above all things"—very earnestly—"I want you never to—to regret!"

Lee did not answer immediately. The consciousness of guilt, of deception, was upon her anew, and she was deeply touched. When at last she looked up there were tears in her eyes. She tried to speak, but found it, at that moment, impossible to frame words that were suitable. Her husband spared her the necessity. With a final pressure he relinquished her fingers and leaned back in his chair.

"There, there! That's all right, my dear. We'll quit being sober till there's need for it—which I sincerely hope there never will be. Ride, by all means, and don't let me keep you if you've finished your own breakfast. I like to read my paper over my last cup of coffee. I expect I shall have got through with the news by the time you're ready to start. I'll like to see how the mare carries you."

He passed his empty cup to Lee as he spoke. It rattled in the saucer, and, watching the white, unsteady fingers, the girl knew a fresh pang at the recurring signs of age in this man; a fresh, faint dismay—a sense of oppression.

She filled the coffee cup in silence, and, rising, came with it to his side, setting it down beside his plate. Her own mood bewildered her. A warm gratitude toward him for his kindliness, his understanding, and the quiet tact with which he had made more easy this first embarrassing meal together in newly intimate surroundings warred with a rising revolt—an almost overwhelming desire to escape, to undo that which she had done.

It would pass presently, she knew. But it frightened her while it lasted. She had not expected to feel like this; she had dreamed of no stirring of regret. But the events of the preceding night had changed her outlook upon the future. In spite of her fierce efforts to forget him Denham Carson's face kept rising before her eyes—his last words seemed to ring in her ears:

"This isn't 'good-bye,' you know! We're going to meet again!"

(Continued on Page 16)

Almost Unbelievable

You can hardly realize the wonderful improvement to your skin and complexion your mirror will reveal to you after using Gouraud's Oriental Cream for the first time. Send 15c. for Trial Size.

FERD. T. HOPKINS & SON New York

Gouraud's Oriental Cream

Advertisement.

Beauty Advice

By Ruth Roland

LOS ANGELES, CAL. — When Ruth Roland, the beautiful actress, was interviewed and asked if she would be willing to tell the readers of the paper how she kept her complexion so youthful and fresh looking she answered flatingly and graciously replied: "I shall be more than delighted to do so. It is a very simple matter. First and foremost absolute cleanliness is an important factor. I cleanse my face thoroughly with Lesa cold cream, after which I use a simple astringent preparation called Derwillo. I always apply this before going out.

Ruth Roland

"Anyone can be utterly free from pimples if they will use these preparations every day and Lesa cold cream. I have had no difficulty in procuring them at almost every toilet counter.

"The first application of Derwillo will astonish you. It gives the skin a youthful appearance and a clear baby softness which is instantly like a beautiful rose white complexion and soft, unwrinkled skin, try Derwillo and you will be delightfully surprised. For sale at the toilet counters of all department and drug stores.

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Gingham 6.49 POST PAID

Women large three sizes who are conscious of being stout, nobby, stylish wearing this slenderizing model have been especially designed to give extra inches to the figure. Made of fine quality gingham in the red check illustration. The collar, cuffs and tunic are trimmed with white braid and buttons. Fancy cotton, making this style as attractive when worn alone as silk effects. Has pearl buttons, no starch or separable insert. The wide double box pleat of self material forms a pretty panel effect.

Sizes 38 to 52.

Colors red and white check, brown and white check, or blue and white check. Pay postman only $6.49 and postage.

Send No Money

Just write size, color desired and number with No. 6S-1. Your dress will be sent postpaid. Pay postman only $6.49 and postage. Money back if not satisfied.

WELLS MAIL MFG. CO. 130 E. 23rd St., New York.

Buy Kraft Cheese. Don't the sanitary wrapper, the absence of rind and the tempting freshness of Kraft Cheese appeal to you as being infinitely better? They do to others.

5 varieties: American, Pimento, Swiss, sold by the slice, pound or loaf.

5 VARIETIES IN TINS

KRAFT Loaf CHEESE

Look For The Label and 10¢

Hay Fever—Rose Fever Asthma and Catarrh

Be free from them this year and save the cost of a trip to another climate. Breathe purifying ozone and the balm of pine needles at home with the new

Renulife Ozone Generator

Ozone destroys the germs in the air passages and soothes and heals the inflamed tissues. This scientifically approved treatment gives immediate comfort, and continued treatment should result in permanent relief.

Renulife Violet Ray

Builds up new strength and energy—leaves you as good as new, with clear skin, glowing cheeks and properly functioning body.

Send the coupon for full information to-day. Please check for information wanted.

Renulife Electric Company,
13301 Newberry Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
(In Canada, Pitt St., E. Windsor, Ont.)

Gentlemen
Please send me full information on Renulife (Ozone Generators) (Violet Ray Generators)

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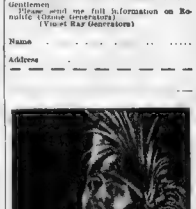

Shannon Day

Pictured the young star in "The Man Who Had Everything."

This fascinating movie star says:

"I use Neet regularly and consider it a very valuable hair requisite."

BEAUTIFUL women of screen, stage, and society, must keep underarms smooth and daintily clean. Invariably they rely upon

Neet

for hair removal

Every woman may share their charm. Simply apply this fragrant, velvety cream just as it comes. Use it wherever unsightly hair annoys you. Leave it on a few minutes and then—just rinse the hair away!

Regular size 50c (60c in Canada), at all toilet counters—or, if you wish first to prove its wonderful results, send 10c. (stamps or coin) for liberal trial size.

RANDOLPH PHARMACAL CO.
631 Olive St. St. Louis, Mo.

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Keeping Your Child's Hair Beautiful

What a Mother Can Do To Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy—Fine, Soft and Silky—Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean; it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly — always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish it by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so.

His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear, warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair, and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

WATKINS **MULSIFIED** COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Advertisement

FRECKLE-FACE

Sun and Wind Bring Out Ugly Spots. How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckle-face, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes the freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling.

Simply get an ounce of

OTHINE

(DOUBLE STRENGTH)

from any drug store or toilet counter and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the homely freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case.

Be sure to ask for double strength Othine, as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles

A Honeymoon for Three--By Anthony Carlyle

(Continued from Page 14)

She turned rather abruptly toward the door, pausing the next moment as Smithers spoke

"Frost has put the papers at your end of the table, my dear Will you give them to me before you go?"

Lee reached out a long arm for them, and picked them up. But she did not give them to him. Instead she stood quite still, even as she had stood once before, staring at black headlines above a familiar photograph and Denham Carson's name

For an instant her vision blurred; her heart leaped, then seemed to grow still. Breathlessly, utterly forgetful of Jason Smithers's presence, of what he might think, she began to read:

DENHAM CARSON IN LONDON.

Denham Carson, the American murderer who escaped recently and who was believed to have contrived to make his way to England, was seen twice in London yesterday. The first occasion was in the morning, in a quiet street backing a square of fashionable houses. A workingman passing him was struck by his likeness to the photograph of Carson published in the various newspapers some few weeks ago. Unfortunately the man did not attempt to detain him, but went in search of a policeman, and in spite of the fact that there was one quite near, upon their return there was no trace of the wanted man. It is something of a mystery how he contrived to get out of sight so quickly, as the street is a long one, with the very high walls of the outer premises of the square houses upon one side, in all of which the gates were found to be securely locked, and a row of smaller houses upon the other The street was almost empty at the time, and no one else appears to have noticed Carson But the workman's description tallies absolutely in every detail with that of the murderer, and there is little or no doubt it was he. . . . Later he was recognised by several people at a popular restaurant; but again contrived to get out and away before an alarm was given. And again it would appear that there was something of a mystery in his complete disappearance. According to all statements he was not recognised until leaving the restaurant, although he had made no attempt at all of disguise. He walked out of the place so quietly that no one realised he was gone until it was too late. Once outside he seemed to vanish. The police, however, are hopeful of tracing him and effecting his arrest within the next twenty-four hours

"What in the world is the matter, child?" Jason Smithers's voice, a shade brusque and impatient, roused Lee violently to a realization of her surroundings. With a little gasp she thrust the newspapers into his outstretched fingers.

"I—why, nothing" She steadied herself for a moment with her hand against the table's edge. "I was—just interested."

She knew that she spoke shakily, and that her face was white. Jason, however, paid no heed. With the paper held close to his eyes he was reading the paragraph she had just perused

"Humph! The Carson case cropped up again! . . . By Gad! But its outrageous! Outrageous the way the police let a man walk away right under their noses! Dunderheads, that's what they are! Drivelling dunderheads! If they hadn't been utterly incompetent they'd have arrested him before he'd been in England two days! Disgraceful I call it! No protection in the world of the law at all!"

He thumped the paper violently with an indignant hand, glaring at Lee truculently. She looked at him vaguely, only half comprehending what he was saying, but feeling grateful for the explosion in that it gave her time to recover herself. Smithers, laboriously continuing the paragraph, snorted anew,

"'Hope to effect an arrest within twenty-four hours' indeed! I should hope so, too!"

Lee turned away rather abruptly, crossing to the hearth. Her face had hardened ever so slightly, her eyes were grown brighter. Vaguely, within her, some instinct of defense was rising. She spoke quickly, almost before she quite knew what she was about to say:

"But, perhaps—he is not guilty."

Her voice came faintly. Mr Smithers made an abrupt movement that sent a fork clattering to the ground and laid down his newspaper. His face was curiously blank, his tone so sharp when he spoke that Lee started

"Not guilty! Good Gad, Lee! What are you talking about? He's been tried, hasn't he? And imprisoned? As far as I can make out, it's by the merest miracle he escaped the extreme penalty! Not guilty? What the devil else should he be?"

"There is no—real proof"—— Again something within her drove her, unwillingly, to a defense of Carson that was half defiant.

Mr. Smithers thumped the table vigorously.

"God bless my soul, Lee! Are you going to tell me that you're in sympathy with the fellow?"

His voice was profoundly shocked. Lee, flushing deeply, let her hands fall to her sides and turned slowly to face him. Her eyes looked unnaturally dark and troubled, but they met his steadfastly.

"As much," she declared quietly, "as I am in sympathy with any creature that is hunted! I don't ride to hounds, you know, for that reason!"

She was crossing the room as she spoke. As she passed him she stooped to pick up the fork and smiled at him half wistfully with a sort of faint apology. Mr. Smithers cleared his throat with unnecessary noise and blinked rapidly.

"God bless my soul!" he ejaculated. And again, as the door closed upon her, "God bless my soul!"

CHAPTER XIII.

THE days that ensued were peaceful, very pleasant and altogether uneventful. For the first week Lee was jumpy, nervous and not quite herself. She had endured a greater strain than she had guessed; the effect was not easy to shake off. She knew a tremor every evening and morning that she picked up a newspaper, but the Carson affair was soon relegated to the background and other interesting events placed before it, so that gradually she mentally relaxed

In a little while she found it possible to appreciate and enjoy her new position. For the first time since Tom Dorice's death she was really free; for the first time in her life every luxury that any woman could desire was hers.

Resolutely she turned her face to the future and strove to forget the past—that past in which Denham Carson had played a part But there were moments when she knew that she never could forget.

Perhaps because of this and a sense of guilt that still lingered she gave Jason Smithers a good deal more of her time and company than otherwise she might have done. At first he had appeared surprised, then flattered and pleased. He roused himself to enter into her moods and the spirit of her desires with an eagerness which touched and warmed her heart toward him.

There were nights, in the pink glow of candles and firelight, with just Frost in attendance at the table, when the halting hesitancy left his speech, his stooped shoulders seemed to straighten, and his eyes to gleam in defiance of the smoked glasses that blurred them; nights when he renewed a little of that lost youth of his which he had so reluctantly let go. Nights when, over a perfectly served dinner, he recalled interesting stories to tell her or discussed with her their favorite books; and later, alone in the drawing room with her, sat in the shadows while she played to him, and sometimes sang, in her throaty, sweet, rather weak voice

There were mornings when he watched her, with a wistfulness she sensed, riding away on the red mare down the drive, and late, misty afternoons when he walked with her, stiffly, under the dripping trees.

An intimacy grew between them which even the girl found more than merely pleasant. It was comforting to be loved and cared for. It reminded her of the glad old days when she and her father had taken their pleasures together. She knew something of the same warmth of well-being now.

Jason Smithers needed her. He gave her much, but she returned it with her constant companionship, her sweetness and her youth. She had swept his days bare of loneliness; as, curiously enough, he had swept hers.

Only on occasions now did she think of the ties which bound her with shrinking. For the most part they lay lightly upon her; and at all times Jason Smithers's affection was unobtrusive. It was not difficult to be happy under such circumstances, and when, a week later than had been expected, Terry came to them for her visit, she found Lee with brighter eyes and pinker cheeks than she had ever known her to have.

She regarded her for a few minutes consideringly, then came quickly across to her where she sat, knees hunched, slim arms encircling them, upon a squat, puffed satin and brocade cushion, before the glowing log fire, and, stooping, laid two firm brown hands upon her shoulders.

"Lord, Lee!" she ejaculated with a greater depth than usual in her gay voice, "but it's good to see you again—especially looking as you are now! It strikes me that being Mrs. Jason Smithers has done you good!"

Lee colored a little, but her eyes smiled. Terry gave her a little ecstatic squeeze.

"Then things really are working all right?" she demanded. "You're still happy—haven't begun to—to be sorry?"

There was the faintest note of anxiety in the young voice; the red-brown eyes were mercilessly searching. For one brief second Lee turned her own away from them; unexpectedly the memory of Denham Carson stirred and shook her. A sharp little pain that was almost physical stabbed at her heart and was gone, followed by a surge of remorse that was almost tenderness as she thought of the queer, crotchety old man who was her husband.

Slowly, resolutely, she met Terry's gaze, and her lips lifted in a fine, faint smile that was not without sweetness.

"No," she said, and believed honestly that she spoke the truth, "I haven't begun to be sorry!"

Terry let her hands fall and drew a long, deep breath

"Cheers! I'm so glad, Lee!"

She straightened herself, stretching her long, young body luxuriously, her head thrown back. Lee's eyes grew at once soft and grave as they watched her. Long limbed as ever, and so carelessly garbed, Terry yet seemed to have subtly altered. The too thin limbs were ever so slightly rounder, her movements not so awkward. Lee got up rather abruptly and, following her as she moved restlessly round the room, linked a hand in her arm.

"You really ought to have different dresses, Terry!" she exclaimed. "I thought—I hoped Teresa"—— She paused, biting her lip vexedly. Terry grinned.

"Would spend some of the money you've been sending her on my wardrobe?" she interpolated swiftly. "Guess again, honey! And don't forget that each inch on my skirts adds a year or so to mother's age!"

She pirouetted cheerfully before a long mirror, adding as she did so:

"And mother's having a gorgeous time just now. You've been much too generous, Lee. She doesn't deserve it and it only encourages her extravagance. But she certainly is enjoying herself. She's taken to entertaining quite a good deal and is always collecting new people about her. But you really oughtn't to do it, Lee. She's such an ungrateful little cat!"

She let her fanning skirts settle about her and laughed at Lee's half-startled, half-reproving expression.

"But I don't want to shock Smithy or scandalize Frost, so I'll let down my evening frock a couple of inches. By the way, I suppose Haines is still here?"

The tone was disinterested, but a deeper rose burned for a moment in her cheeks. Lee nodded.

"I don't know what Mr. Smithers would do without Frost and Haines! I think he would feel utterly lost." She laughed and Terry gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That's a good thing—that Haines is here, I mean. You see, I've a horrible suspicion that Toby, the terrier, has mange, and if so he'll have to be isolated, poor dear, and I'd like Haines to look after him. If you don't mind"—she glanced at the clock—"I think I'll slip along with him to the garage at once—there's half an hour before dinner."

She was gone with her whirlwind impetuosity; to reappear as dinner was announced still surreptitiously battling with the fastening of her belt.

Her toilet had obviously been hastily made and the front of her frock was decidedly longer than the back; but she was flushed and smiling and unusually bright eyed.

She had found Haines and, superbly ignoring the incidents of their recent drive to town, had immediately enlisted his sympathy and services for the terrier. After which she had made a brief inspection of the little black mare awaiting her in the stables, and had returned to the house only a few minutes before the dinner hour.

Jason Smithers greeted her warmly and throughout the meal she

(Continued on Page 18)

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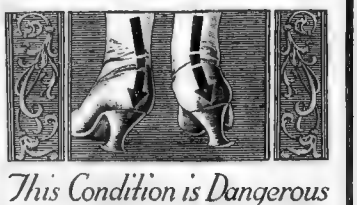

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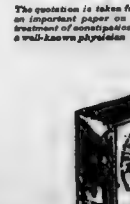

The quotation is taken from an important paper on the treatment of constipation by a well-known physician

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A Honeymoon for Three---By Anthony Carlyle

(Continued from Page 16)

chattered gaily and unceasingly, with an animation which seemed to have increased even since her arrival. Over the prospect of her riding lessons she waxed especially enthusiastic, and drifted from this subject to a collection of droll descriptions of her various adventures in driving the big Rolls-Royce.

"I don't know what I should do without it!" she declared. "Butler looks after it for me, of course, but I never take him out with me now if I can help it except at night. He's so awfully Scotch, isn't he? I don't believe he's ever exceeded the speed limit in his life!"

She paused to make a hearty attack upon her sweet, then went on:

"I drive perfectly now, and it's awfully handy having a car when one is perpetually having guests. Patty Clay asked us down soon after your wedding, Lee. Awfully decent of her, wasn't it? She had a new man there—an American—awfully nice chap!"

The pink deepened in her cheeks; a pair of mischievous dimples came and went.

"We've seen quite a good deal of him since. He was only at Patty's for a week-end visit and he drove back to town with mother and me."

She dimpled again and Lee looked at her for a moment searchingly. Terry caught the glance and blushed.

"I rather like him," she confessed candidly. "He's a sport and never treats me like a kid. We've had some ripping runs in the car together—Butler'd have had heart failure if he'd been with us!"

Jason Smithers chuckled, blinking across at her indulgently. Lee looked a little thoughtful. Terry was the least shade self-conscious and she had never seen her so before. It startled her; made her realize how nearly across the border of womanhood the girl was.

"What sort of a boy is he?" she asked quietly, and Terry frowned.

"He isn't a boy. He isn't even really young—perhaps forty, mother thinks. Maybe a bit more."

Lee checked a smile and a sigh. Smithers, meeting her glance, passed a rueful hand across his thick white hair. Terry proceeded volubly.

"He's fearfully attractive. I'm not interested in men as a rule, but he's different. He's remarkably handsome and, I should think, as rich as you are!" This to Smithers. She added, pulling grapes from their stalk and eating them childishly, stones and all, "His name is Roydon Gish! What on earth's the matter?"

Frost, in the act of handing coffee which had been ordered at the table, caught his elbow sharply against his master's chair. There was tinkle of silver, a soft crash of one of the shell-like cups on the thick carpet, a startled mutter of apology from the man.

Lee glanced apprehensively at her husband. He had not moved, and a deep frown was his only indication of displeasure. She noticed that his usually unsteady fingers were clasped firmly upon the stem of his wine glass.

Terry, bewildered by something in his expression that was not merely annoyance at Frost's clumsiness, exclaimed:

"Why? Have you heard of him? Do you know him?"

Very slowly Mr. Smithers brought his glance back to her face. He did not even look at the distressed Frost.

"I do not know him," he returned. "But"—he lifted his glass and deliberately drained its contents—"yes—I have—heard of him!"

CHAPTER XIV.

TERRY'S riding lessons commenced the next day and proceeded highly satisfactorily. Haines was, she discovered, a superb horseman as well as a careful and efficient instructor.

At the end of a week the paddocks were forsaken for the roads. Terry, absolutely in her element, glowed with enjoyment and enthusiasm. Haines, who was her attendant always, and who had apparently utterly forgotten the Richmond incident, appeared to know even more about horses than he did about cars.

Upon reflection Terry decided that he seemed less like a servant. In his riding kit he might very easily have been a man of her own world; and perhaps it was this which caused her to subtly change her attitude toward him. On horseback, out in the stinging freshness of the open, it was difficult to remember that they were not equals. Terry did not try. She was perfectly content with things as they were and was enjoying herself immensely.

Three weeks later, when Christmas was almost upon the world again, Teresa Dorice wrote to her step-daughter. She commenced with trivialities, finishing characteristically:

"I shall be all alone at Christmas, and this flat, though convenient ordinarily, is too small for any sort of entertaining. I suppose you will have a house party? If so, can I come and bring one or two people with me? I have heard such a lot about Brookbridge, and, of course, I want to see your home there. Let me know quickly, as I shall have to arrange things accordingly. I hope you're not spoiling Terry."

Lee went in search of her husband and put the letter into his hand. He looked up at her after he had perused it, raising his brows.

"You must do exactly as you like," he told her. "I shall be delighted, of course, to welcome Mrs. Dorice and any friends she cares to bring, if you wish it, too. Personally, I like a household at Christmas and there is plenty of room here.

He gave the letter into her hand, holding it for a moment in a warm clasp. He sat in a deep leather armchair before the fire, his long cane propped beside him, a book on his knee. It struck the girl suddenly that he looked very lonely and her eyes softened. He met their glance and smiled.

"You're quite happy?" he asked, and she made a quick movement of assent.

"I should be very ungrateful and hard to please if I were not!" she said gently. She did not try to disengage her hand, and after a moment he lifted it and held it against his cheek. Then, with a sigh, he let it go.

Lee looked down at him gravely. Upon an impulse, coloring faintly, she asked:

"You are, too? I mean—I want to feel that I have not failed you in any respect—that"——

"I'm happier," Smithers interrupted, and the hesitant voice was suddenly firm and very deep, "than I ever hoped I could be!"

There was a sincerity in his tone that brought the color again to Lee's face, a brightening of relief to her eyes. She dwelt no further on the subject and stood beside him speaking for a few minutes of quite ordinary things. But before she left him she laid a slender hand lightly, half-caressingly, upon his shoulder.

She wrote to Teresa that night, stating her accommodation for guests and the number she was already inviting, with the assurance that Mrs. Dorice and any friends she cared to bring would be welcomed whenever she chose to come with them.

Two days later, following a belated telegram, Mrs. Dorice arrived. Two women and a man were with her—Patty Clay, a girl whom Lee had met at the latter's house, and a man whom she had never seen before.

He was a rather big man, well dressed, immaculate and decidedly handsome, in a dark, clean-shaven, rather heavy way. He had splendid teeth and an ingratiating manner and bowed before Lee with a smiling air of deprecation as Teresa airily presented him.

"This is Mr. Gish, Lee. I expect Terry has spoken to you of him. He has only recently come to England and hasn't very many friends as yet. He was contemplating a horribly lonely Christmas, so I brought him along!"

Lee, giving Gish a cool hand, was aware of a sudden, sharp movement behind her, and, looking back over her shoulder, saw her husband half rise, then drop back into his chair again. His face was in the shadow, but there was a curious rigidity about him that she could not fail to notice. Remembering his odd manner when Terry had mentioned Gish before, she proceeded to present the younger man to him a shade uneasily.

Smithers acknowledged it with an unsmiling, courteous bending of his white head. His hands were occupied in fumbling for his cane. Behind his smoked glasses Lee saw a momentary quick gleam of unwonted keenness. Then, rosy, bright-eyed and tempestuous Terry whirled into the room, and with a squeal of delight precipitated her self upon Roydon Gish.

"What an utterly ripping surprise!" she exclaimed, then, having greeted her mother and the other two women, she flung her hard little hat into a chair and herself into another. "I simply must have my tea before I get out of this habit!" she declared; and with something like relief Lee moved to her place to dispense it.

She was puzzled and, watching Terry and Gish, not altogether satisfied. She noticed that Jason Smithers was watching them, too, and she frowned faintly as her white fingers moved among the cups.

"Do you ride?" Terry was asking over her second cup of tea. Gish looked at the glowing face and slender figure in its neat habit, and, courageously ignoring a certain stiffness of his limbs, nodded. Terry beamed.

"You must come out to-morrow. This country is lovely. We went quite a distance to-day, up over the hill and past the woods. Do you know, there's the quaintest little hut right in the middle of those woods! Quite a rough little place, but furnished; and it looks as though it had been lived in quite recently. Haines didn't want to stop and investigate for some reason, but I made him. I can't imagine who could choose such a lonely spot—and, anyway, they must be trespassing. All that is your property, isn't it?"

She turned to Smithers. His hand shook more than ever as he set his teacup down and he looked at Lee with a little frown.

"Too much sugar, my dear—I'll have another cup! Yes, Terry, the wood is my property. The hut is occasionally used at night by one or another of the gamekeepers."

He turned to Mrs. Dorice with a courteous question and Terry gave her attention once more to her tea and Gish. Later, visiting Toby in his cozy quarters in the garage, she found Haines dressing him. He looked up eagerly.

"He's almost well now," he told her. "You'll be able to have him with you in a week, I expect."

"Good!" Terry bent to pat the terrier's head. "You're a wonder, Haines. Oh, by the way, you won't need to ride with me to-morrow. Mr. Gish rides and will be coming with me—we'll want the horses about eight. I want to show him—— What is the matter, Haines? You look as if you'd swallowed a peppermint ball!"

Her tone was aggrieved as well as startled. Haines looked as she had only seen him look once before, and instinctively she drew back.

"Gish!" he repeated slowly. "Not Roydon Gish?" Then, as she nodded, staring blankly, "Good God! Do you mean to say that Roydon Gish is here—staying up at the house?"

Terry reared her small head aggressively.

"Really, Haines! And why not?" "Why not!" Haines choked, then he flung away, taking a couple of swift strides toward the door.

"Good God! Why not? Because he's a rotten cad—a bounder—a cur! Because he's got one of the worst reputations of any man in the whole of the United States! Because he isn't fit to breathe the same air as decent men and women! God! And he's under Jason Smithers's roof—talking of riding with you"——

He stopped abruptly. His face was suffused with dark blood, his eyes aflame. Abruptly, before she realized it, he laid his two hands upon her shoulders, holding her in a grip of steel.

"See here," he said hoarsely, ignoring her furious effort to free herself and the indignation of her face, "let me see Roydon Gish within two yards of you and—and I'll break every bone in his abominable body!"

He loosed her, breathing hard. Then, stooping, he gathered up Toby and strode to the narrow stairway leading to the rooms above. Half way up he looked down at her.

"Don't forget!" he said in an odd, strained sort of way, as though he still found self-control difficult. "I mean it!"

And he was gone.

(To Be Continued Next Sunday)

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But after July 1st, $65

Your last chance to make the full saving of $45 on this famous $100 Oliver—brand new.

We have found that the price of $55 is too low to maintain quality, a thing we guard most carefully. So we announce in advance that after July 1st the price of the Oliver will be $65. Thus we give everyone who has been planning to buy an Oliver, a fair warning, so that they can still buy at $55, if they act quickly.

Our policy is to keep the price as low as possible without endangering the quality. To cheapen it, is unthinkable! Remember, this is the identical Oliver which sold for $100 for years, the finest model we ever built. Over 950,000 have been sold.

If you mail the coupon at once you can take advantage of the full saving of $45. Note that it must be mailed and postmarked before midnight of June 30th.

Send No Money

Just mail the coupon quickly. It brings *either* an Oliver for Free Trial, or further information. Check which you desire.

Our plan is simple. We now sell direct from the factory. That is why the price is no longer $100 although the Oliver is unchanged. Formerly, nearly half was spent in a complicated, costly method of distribution. Now we think it antiquated — and the public profits by dealing direct with the manufacturer.

If any typewriter is worth $100 it is this sturdy, dependable Oliver—speedy, efficient, handsome—It is a 25 year development, and leading business as well as individuals agree upon its superiorities. More money cannot buy a finer typewriter. The lower price merely means economies in distribution, not in the typewriter.

Free Trial

The Oliver sells itself. The coupon brings it. Try it for five days and if you agree that it is the finest, regardless of price, send us $3, then $4 a month until $55 is paid.

If you do not want to own it, ship it back at our expense. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges in that case. So you do not risk one penny.

You become your own salesman. You can make every comparison. You can decide whether you wish to pay $55 for the Oliver or $100 for another. But quick action is necessary—the price advances to $65 on July 1st.

Thousands of people have bought this simpler way. And that means thousands of satisfied users everywhere.

Do not confuse this offer. You get a brand new Oliver, our latest and best model, direct from the factory. It is not second-hand, nor rebuilt. It has never been used. It comes ready for years of constant, reliable service—the only standard, $100 typewriter selling for about half.

Easy Terms

You pay for the Oliver as you use it—only $4 per month. That is about 13c per day. Before you realize it, you own it. It is far better than renting.

You can make a further saving if you pay cash, as the usual discount is given. Note the coupon. Could any plan be simpler? Could any plan be fairer? Thousands have acclaimed this the most advanced way of selling typewriters, welcoming the tremendous saving. Hundreds have written congratulations on our ending old-time extravagances in typewriter selling.

But remember, only the Oliver is distributed this way. It is your only opportunity to buy a new $100 typewriter for less than $100.

You can buy direct from this advertisement. The coupon is for your convenience. Clip it at once and mail it.

Act Quickly

We cannot accept orders at the $55 price unless they are postmarked previous to midnight of June 30th. After that price will be $65.

So do not delay. Such a saving is worth your immediate attention. Check the coupon at once, preferably for the Free Trial Oliver. If you send for further information, that delays. It means you have to hurry later to get your order in before July 1st. We want to prevent disappointments

Canadian Price, $79

MAIL THIS COUPON BEFORE JULY 1st AND SAVE $45

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1646 Oliver Typewriter Building
Chicago, Ill.

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
1646 Oliver Typewriter Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

[] Ship me a new Oliver No. 9 Typewriter for five days' free inspection. If I keep it I will pay $55 as follows: $3 at the time I receive the machine and $4 a month thereafter. The title to remain in you until paid for. If I make cash settlement, I am to receive the cash discount of two per cent and remit to you $51.50.

If I decide not to keep it, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

My shipping point is.....

[] Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

[] Occupation or Business.....

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Rinsing Colored Clothes.

ADD one teaspoonful Epsom salts to each pail of water in which colored clothes are rinsed, and even the most delicate shades will not fade or the colors run.

FREE
Trial strip of Tirro. Mail coupon below

For women

This new way mends and saves

Anything broken? Garden hose leaky?—rubber gloves ripped?—umbrella split?—baby's doll torn?

Mend it quickly with Tirro, the new waterproofed mending tape. Sticks to anything—paper, china, glass, metal, rubber. Binds, mends, seals.

Bauer & Black make it, so you *know* it's good. Keep a spool in the house, another in the garage. Mends some things permanently, others temporarily. You can color it to match the article mended.

Three Sizes: Small, 15¢; Medium, 25¢; Large, 50c
At Drug Stores

A 5-cake size
Tirro MAIL THIS For Free Strip

BAUER & BLACK,
2500 Dearborn St., Chicago
Send me a strip of Tirro.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, French Toast, Coffee.	Cereal, Stewed Prunes, Poached Eggs on Toast, Coffee.	Cereal, Apple Sauce, Minced Veal Omelet, Toast, Coffee.	Cereal, Berries, Baked Bacon, Muffins, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Fish Balls, Toast, Coffee.	Baked Apples, Oatmeal, Soft-Boiled Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Creamed Dried Beef on Toast, Plum Jelly, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Cream Cheese and Date Salad, Sponge Drops, Tea.	Sandwiches, Strawberry Shortcake, Tea.	Whole Wheat Bread and Butter Sandwiches, Tea.	Egg and Green Peas Salad, Cocked Dressing, Corn Starch Blanc Mange, Strawberry Sauce.	Emergency Soup, Banana and Peanut Salad, Whole Wheat Bread, Tea.	Creamed Chicken on Toast, Lettuce Salad, Whole Wheat Bread, Cup Cakes with Quick Frosting.	Veal Loaf, Scalloped Potatoes, String Beans, Strawberries.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Mock Birds (Beef), Asparagus, Fluffy Mashed Potatoes, Strawberry Cobbler, Whipped Cream.	Roast Veal, Browned Potatoes, Green Peas, Rhubarb Sherbet, Cake, Coffee.	Barbecued Ham, Boiled New Potatoes, Buttered Onions, Baked Apple Salad.	Chicken Ragout, Steamed Rice, Asparagus Salad, Coffee Jelly,	Broiled Codfish, New Potatoes, Cucumber Salad, Chilled Caramel Custard.	Broiled Steak, Boiled Potatoes, Beet Greens, Blueberry Pie.	Banana, Canned Cherry and Pineapple Salad, Layer Cake, Iced Tea.

Dignity in the Dining Room

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

WHEN we stop to consider the arrangement and furnishings of the room set apart for eating purposes we must also take into account the space at our command. While formerly no house would have been regarded as complete or satisfactory without a separate dining room, to-day, owing to limited space, we are forced to discuss whether we need such a detached room or if we cannot combine it with another.

The time devoted to meals usually takes no more than three hours a day, and often less, while we occupy certain other rooms for a longer period, even as much as eight or ten hours. The question is, wherever space is limited, do we absolutely need a special dining room? I should say "no," that we can easily and artistically serve meals in space utilized for other purposes. The combination dining-living room is not a makeshift, but an evolution in modern dwelling needs and should be so considered and treated either by the person renting or intending to build.

Probably the most desirable form of restricted eating space is the so-called "Dutch alcove" or "Pullman nook" becoming more and more popular. Here we have a single or double bench instead of chairs, and a narrow table, both generally permanently installed and an integral part of the construction and the woodwork of the room. The place for such an alcove is either off the living room or off the kitchen, to which it may be likened as the hand to the arm. The benches face each other, giving a pew-like effect, and must always include a window or a group of windows of small size which throw the light directly on this table. The artistic effect of such alcoves depends very greatly on the window placing. Generally three small windows, in a balanced order, are preferable to one single window, and casements, or, at least, diamond panes, are more attractive than the uninteresting large sheet of glass.

To the renter or owner with more space, the regular separate dining room is, of course, more desirable. If there is one word alone which could typify the dining room, it would be the word "dignity." This demands that the real dining room have space—sufficient space both to eat in comfort and to permit of graceful, noiseless service. Nothing is more unpleasant than a cramped dining room, where people are crowded together and where it is impossible to move around the table without disturbing those seated. Also far too many dining rooms give guests the impression of confusion and a presence of too many objects of unrelated kinds. I have certainly argued for years against the overloaded plate rail, the masses of exposed bowls and jugs, the elaborate displays of silverware and glass which distract the eye, and also rather dust and require constant housekeeping attention.

A most desirable feature of every large dining room is a built-in buffet or china closet so that these objects and dishes may be protected, and yet be available when desired. Every buffet or closet of any type should be built "flush" with the wall and after what is called the "recessed" construction. This means that the cabinet is sunk back into the wall so that the doors are flush with the wall surfaces. Such construction lessens cleaning effort and makes a far better appearance. An excellent buffet of this type recently built had a "pass-shelf" between it and the kitchen so that dishes of food were passed directly through this opening into the dining room. Another feature was several drawers of graded depths, mounted on ball-bearings and pushing through both ways between kitchen and dining room. This permitted cutlery and other pieces just washed in the kitchen to be put in the drawer, which was then shoved through to the dining room side, ready for use.

Such built-in closets or buffets are much preferable to detached, portable furniture of a heavy type, because this latter seldom fits the wall space and often looks too bulky or out of place. Further, anyone about to build a home can design their own drawer and shelf arrangements to suit their own needs, which is a great advantage.

Suggestions for Sweet Sandwiches

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Apricot Sandwiches.

SPREAD apricot jam between buttered slices of white bread.

Whole Wheat Sandwiches.

WHOLE wheat bread may be substituted for white bread.

Raspberry Jam Sandwiches.

CUT sponge cake in thin slices and put together with raspberry jam. Cut in small triangles or rectangles.

Nut Bread Delights.

CUT stale nut bread into very thin slices. Spread with cream cheese and butter, creamed together and mixed with orange or amber marmalade, and cut in small triangles or rounds.

Banana and Honey Sandwiches.

SLICE 1 or 2 bananas and sprinkle lightly with lemon juice. Mix ¼ cup thick cream with a little choice honey. Spread thinly sliced white bread with the cream and honey mixture and then arrange the bananas between slices of bread.

Whipped Cream Sandwiches.

BEAT 1 cup of cream until thick, add 3 or 4 tablespoons of sifted powdered sugar and a few drops of flavoring. Chill and then spread on small squares of sponge cake or on sponge drops.

Date Sandwiches.

STONE and chop dates which have been washed and dried. Then cook in a little water with a bit of finely chopped preserved ginger to a smooth paste. Add a few drops of lemon juice. Chill and spread.

Agents--$5 to $15 Daily

Introducing New Guaranteed Hosiery — latest modes and shades—nude, camel, silver, etc. Big profits. Repeat orders bring you regular income. You write orders—We Deliver and Collect. Experience unnecessary. Big outfit $14 Free. Write today for full particulars. Strong proof furnished. You should do as well. Outfits contain all colors and grades, including full-fashioned silks.

MAC-O-CHEE MILLS CO.,
Desk 966, Cincinnati, Ohio

Don't Send 1 Penny

SUIT Bargain $3.98

Delivery FREE

This latest greatest Bargain consists of a beautiful Tailored Suit, which can be worn as a separate coat or sweater, and a matching Skirt. Both for the price of one. Only $3.98. Think of it! Two garments for the price of one!

The material is a knitted rayon jersey cloth of excellent weight, which will give wonderful satisfactory wear. Most fashionable shade of rose taupe. Also in navy blue and cocoa. It is a copy of the fine all wool knit sponge which sells for $5.00 a yard.

The jacket is designed with hands front cuffs and neck belt of brushed rayon. Slim cut in sleeves and new roomie pockets. Cut full. Unlined.

The skirt has fancy wide pleats front and back. Cut full and roomy.

This suit can be worn for all occasions. Our price is ridiculously low.

SEND NO MONEY. Select your color and size. Give bust measure in inches. Size 14 to 18 takes 3½ to 4 yards of 54 inch material. Size 20 to 44 takes 4 to 4½ yards. Send your name and address on coupon. We deliver this suit at your door, pay him $3.98 for it. We have paid the transportation rents. If for any reason whatever you find it is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will refund your money. Could anything be fairer? Send to-day.

Don't Send 1 Penny

Just send your name and address—no money. When the postman delivers this suit at your door, pay him $3.98 for it. We have paid the transportation rents. If for any reason whatever you find it is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will refund your money. Could anything be fairer? Send to-day.

Walter Field Co., Dept. 1 1125 Chicago

A clay of such amazing powers as less than a dozen imitations have sprung into being applied in a moment starts its work in ten more minutes; and—

—in forty minutes, wiped away, the clay has forced the clarity and color of youth to any human skin on which it is applied. A new triumph of dermatology

A New Skin in 40 Minutes with this Astounding Beauty Clay!

How a Pleasure Trip to Sunny Wales Uncovered a Secret of Mother Earth's That Forever Ends Any Woman's Need for a Complexion Beautifier

By MARTHA RYERSON

I HAVE brought to America the greatest news women ever heard about the skin. From Wales where I spent a month without seeing a single bad complexion! I went there with a complexion that had been my despair since childhood. *One afternoon I left it in the hills; exchanged it for one of absolute purity and undoubtable natural color.*

Except that I can now let you prove it for yourself, I would never tell the story—a story my own father found it hard to believe!

Hardest of all to believe is this; the transformation took just forty minutes! Here are the facts:

About the first thing one notices in this southern English province, is the uniformly beautiful complexions. The lowliest maid—and her mother, too—has a radiantly beautiful skin. Mine, lacking lustre and color, with impurities nothing seemed to eradicate or even hide, was horribly conspicuous.

It was a happy thought that took a most unhappy girl on a long walk through the hills one afternoon. I had stopped at the apothecary's to replenish my cosmetic—to find it was unknown. They did not have even a cold cream. The irony of it! In a land where beauty of face was in evidence at every turn—the women used no beautifiers! Do you wonder I "took to the hills?" I didn't want to see another peaches-and-creamy complexion that day. But I *did*.

At a house where I paused for a drink from the spring, I stepped back in surprise when the young woman straightened-up to greet me. Her face was covered with *mud*. I recognized the peculiar gray clay of that section; very fine, sleek, smooth clay it was. Seeing my surprise, the girl smiled and said, "Madam does not clay?" I admitted I did *not!*

I Decide to "Clay"

In a moment, she wet the clay which had dried on her face and neck, wiped it away, and stood in all the glory of a *perfect* complexion. I think I shall never again envy another as I did that stolid maiden of the hills. Her features were not pretty; they did not need to be. For no woman ever will have a more gorgeous skin. She explained that this amazing clay treatment did it. The natives made a weekly habit of "claying" the skin, quite as one cares regularly for the hair.

I was easily persuaded to try it. Had I not done ridiculous things in beauty parlors where many could see my plight? We tucked a towel over my blouse, and from the spring's bed she took the soft, soothing clay and applied it.

As we sat and talked, the clay dried. Soon I experienced the most delightful tingling in every facial pore; the impurities were being literally *pulled out*. Half an hour more, and we removed the clay mask. Hopeful, but still skeptical, I followed into the tiny house to glimpse myself in a mirror.

My blemishes were gone!

I fairly glowed with color that spread down the neck to the shoulders. My cheeks were so downy soft, I felt them a hundred times on the way home. Father's surprised look when I entered the rooms of the little inn that evening was the most genuine compliment a woman ever received. In a basket I had two crocks of the precious clay. I thought father's questions would never end; where did I find it; could I take him to the spot; what was its action, and reaction, and lots else I didn't know. Father is a chemist.

Suddenly it dawned on me. He wanted to unearth the secret of that clay's amazing properties, and take it to America! For two weeks we staid on; he worked all day at his "mud pies" as I called them. Back home at last in Chicago, he worked many weeks more. He experimented on me, and on all my girl friends. At last, he scientifically produced clay identical with that Welsh clay in its miraculous effects—only ten times more smooth and pure.

Anyone May Now Have This Wonderful Clay

News of the wonders performed by this clay has brought thousands of requests for it. Women everywhere (and men, too, by the way) are now supplied Forty Minute Clay. The laboratory where it is compounded sends it direct to the user. A jar is five dollars, but I have yet to hear of anyone who did not regard it worth several times that amount. For mind, in over six hundred test cases, it did not once fail. It seems to work on all ages, and regardless of how pimpled, clogged or dull the skin may be.

The application is readily made by anybody, and the changes brought about in less than an hour will cause open-mouthed astonishment. *I knew.*

When I see a woman now, with a coarse-textured skin that mars the whole effect of her otherwise dainty care of self, it is all I can do to refrain from speaking of this natural, perfectly simple way to bring a skin and color such as Nature meant us to have—and has given us the way to have.

Keep your skin pores clean, open, tingling with life! **My father has made you a remarkable offer below. Read carefully:**

FREE DISTRIBUTION of 5 JARS

(Only One Jar to a Family)

The general public is entitled to benefit by a discovery of this importance. So, for a limited time we will distribute regular, full-size $5.00 jars of Forty Minute Clay without profit—at only the actual cost, which is $1.87.

You may have your *first jar* for only this bare cost of getting it in your hands! The expenses of compounding, refining, analyzing, sterilizing, packing, printed announcements, and shipping in large quantity has been figured down to $1.87 per jar, plus postage.

Even the small laboratory cost price of $1.87 for ingredients, shipping, etc., is not really a payment; rather a *deposit* that we will promptly return if you are not unreservedly satisfied that this miracle clay is all we claim.

Send no money now. Pay postman the net laboratory charges of $1.87 plus postage, when Mail has reached you. Or, if unlikely to be home at mail time, enclose $2.00 and jar will arrive postpaid, with the same money-back guarantee.

I can assure any man or woman who will try this miracle of Nature's own chemical laboratory a *re-made* skin.

Head Chemist

THE CENTURY CHEMISTS, Dept. 3
Century Building, Chicago:

I accept your "No Profit" offer. Please send me a full-sized, regular $5.00 jar of Forty Minute Beauty Clay at the net laboratory cost price of $1.87, plus postage, which I will pay postman on delivery. My money back unless only one application proves completely satisfactory.

Name.....

Address.....

I Was Nearly Blind

How I Strengthened My Eyes

By Bernarr Macfadden

Bernarr Macfadden

EIGHTEEN years ago I almost lost my sight. I had just finished writing, editing and proofreading a book, more than 300,000 of which were published in a single morning. After sending the last bit of corrected proof to the printer, I awoke with blindness all around me. I could see no movement, but a general, gray blankness. I realized that my eyes were about failed out. I was prostrated. What could I do, under these tragic circumstances? The question indeed presented a tremendous problem. I finally determined that I had overworked my eyes. That my physical status would be improved if I took a vacation. My eyes improved amazingly. I was soon able to read. I tested gradually for seven days and found that improvement was real, but this was only the beginning.

I began a careful study of the eyes and all of the scientific methods used to restore to their strength. Eventually I was rewarded with a complete return of vision.

That was eighteen years ago. I wrote a book on a result of this experience that has been reprinted in several editions. Finally I met a scientist who has also done fine things in the knowledge of human vision. From him I learned many of the important facts that I had gathered from personal experience, added to much of the invaluable information gleaned by the scientist and as result I have a course entitled

"Strengthening the Eyes"

that is priceless to any one who cares for his optical strength.

This course is worth a lot as much as your eyesight is worth. It will present methods of strengthening the eyes that are different and dependable. It will give you an insight into the source of eye strength that is invaluable to those who wish to preserve their eyesight.

Now, in my fifty-fourth year, yesterday, standing the enormous amount of editorial and literary work which I have done, I have never seen my glasses, and I would be blind as an oculist told me I did not wear glasses. It does not seem to me that my work has in any way lessened my eyesight, and that they are equally as strong as they were when I was a young man.

I want you to read it at my expense.

Send No Money

You are not required to send any money. The course is sent to you on five days' trial. You pay the postman $3.00 when he hands you the package, and if you are not satisfied with it in two weeks after having received it for five days' trial, you may send your money will be refunded without question.

BERNARR MACFADDEN
Dept. AW-119 Wm. 60th St., N. Y. City

(Fill Out and Mail This Coupon)

FREE TRIAL COUPON

BERNARR MACFADDEN,
c/o Physical Culture Corporation,
Dept. AW-8, 119 West 40th St., N. Y. City

Entirely at your risk you may send me your course of Eye Exercises. Upon receipt I will pay the postman $3.00.

It is understood if after trying it for five days I decide not to keep it you will immediately refund my $3.00 upon return of the course.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A POPULAR STYLE WITH NEW FEATURES (3867). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size requires 3¾ yards of 54-inch material.

A NEAT AND PRACTICAL "APRON FROCK" (4003). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44; extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 4¼ yards of 36-inch material.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL (3997). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 5¼ yards of 32-inch material.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE HOUSE DRESS OR DAY DRESS (3718). It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. It made as illustrated it will require 4¾ yards of plaid and 1⅝ yards of plain material, 36 inches wide.

A SIMPLE PLAY GARMENT (3954). It is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 2-year size will require 2¾ yards of 27-inch material.

A PRACTICAL SET OF SHORT CLOTHES FOR A LITTLE GIRL (3875). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires, for the dress, 2¾ yards; for the petticoat, 1⅛ yards; for the combination, 1½ yards of 36-inch material.

A FAVORITE DRESS FOR THE LITTLE GIRL (4002). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 3½ yards of 36-inch material.

To obtain any of these desirable patterns fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 12c in silver or stamps for each pattern (each number represents 1 pattern) to

SUNDAY PATTERNS,
P. O. BOX NO. 260,
CITY HALL STATION,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

IMPORTANT—Be Sure to Fill in Name, Address and Size.

SUNDAY AMERICAN-EXAMINER PATTERNS,
12c EACH.

3867.....Years	3718.....Bust
4003.....Size	3954.....Years
3997.....Years	3875.....Years
4002.....Years	

Name .....

Street and Number.....

City and State.....

Send the in silver or stamps for our UP-TO-DATE SPRING AND SUMMER 1922 CATALOGUE.

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F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. 5 AND 10¢ STORE

Each Envelope Represents a Fashion Need!
BLUE and GREEN—double mesh—for sports wear
PINK and ORANGE—single mesh—for dress occasions

Lorraine HAIR NET WEEK

Now On! June 10th to 17th

LORRAINE WEEK! A feature week at Woolworth's! A week when more women will buy Lorraine Nets—when more women will learn that all they desire in either single or *double mesh* hair nets—size, invisibility, natural color, strength, quality—is found in Lorraine Nets every time!

Buy a supply of Lorraine Hair Nets for your summer needs *now*—at the beginning of the season. Buy them by the dozen and assure your trimness *always*. Buy them while Woolworth stores the country over are featuring these wonderful values!

Remember that only Woolworth stores with their tremendous buying power can offer hair nets of Lorraine quality at only 10c.

10¢ EACH

Double & Single Mesh

All Colors
Cap and Fringe
Extra Large

Sold Exclusively at and Guaranteed by F. W. WOOLWORTH CO. *Stores*

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